


149
11



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

VOL. I.

H7661
.Ebr

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VOLUME I.



50588
25/8/01

BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.
New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Copyright, 1898,
By JULIA SANDS BRYANT.

All rights reserved.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

P R E F A C E .

HAVING now nearly completed my translation of the Iliad of Homer, I sit down to write the Preface, that it may be prefixed to the first volume. To this task of translation, which I began in 1865, I afterwards gave myself the more willingly because it helped in some measure to divert my mind from a great domestic sorrow. I am not sure that, when it shall be concluded, it may not cost me some regret to part with so interesting a companion as the old Greek poet, whose thoughts I have, for four years past, been occupied, though with interruptions, in the endeavor to transfer from his own grand and musical Greek to our less sonorous but still manly and flexible tongue.

In what I shall say of my own translation I do not mean to speak in disparagement of any of the previous English versions of the Iliad, nor to extenuate my obligations to some of them. I acknowledge that although Homer is, as Cowper has well observed, the most perspicuous of poets, I have been sometimes, perhaps often, guided by the labors of my predecessors to a better mode of dealing with certain refractory passages of my author than I should otherwise have found. Let me, without detracting from their merits, state what I have endeavored to do. I have endeavored to be strictly faithful in my rendering ; to add nothing of my own, and to give the reader, so far as our language

would allow, all that I found in the original. There are, however, in Homer, frequently recurring, certain expressions which are merely a kind of poetical finery, introduced when they are convenient to fill out a line or to give it a sonorous termination, and omitted when they are not needed for this purpose. The Greeks, for example, almost whenever they are spoken of, are magnanimous, or valiant, or warlike, or skilled in taming steeds: the Trojans are magnanimous also, and valiant, and warlike, and equally eminent in horsemanship. The warriors of the *Iliad* are all sons of some magnanimous or warlike parent. Achilles is the son of Peleus, and Peleus is magnanimous; and these epithets are repeated upon page after page throughout the poem. Achilles is spoken of as swift-footed or godlike almost whenever he appears, and sometimes is honored by both epithets. Hector is illustrious, and knightly, and distinguished by his beamy crest. Even the coccomb Paris, for whom Homer seems to entertain a proper contempt, is godlike. These complimentary additions to the name of the warrior are, however, dispensed with whenever the hexameter is rounded to a well-sounding conclusion without them. Where they appear in the Greek, I have in nearly all instances retained them, making Achilles swift-footed and Ulysses fertile in resources, to the end of the poem; but in a very few cases, where they embarrassed the versification, I have used the liberty taken by Homer himself, and left them out. Everywhere else it has been my rule not to exclude from the translation anything which I found in the text of my author.

There is another point in regard to which I have taken equal pains, and which seems to me equally important. I have endeavored to preserve the simplicity of style which distinguishes the old Greek poet, who

wrote for the popular ear and according to the genius of his language, and I have chosen such English as offers no violence to the ordinary usages and structure of our own. I have sought to attain what belongs to the original, — a fluent narrative style, which shall carry the reader forward without the impediment of unexpected inversions and capricious phrases, and in which, if he find nothing to stop at and admire, there will at least be nothing to divert his attention from the story and the characters of the poem, from the events related and the objects described. I think that not many readers of the present day would agree with Pope, who, as Spence relates, after remarking that he had nothing to say for rhyme, went on to observe that he doubted whether a poem could be supported without it in our language, unless it were stiffened with such strange words as would destroy our language itself. It is remarkable that this should have been said by one who had given the reading world an edition of Shakespeare, in whose dramas are to be found passages of blank-verse which might be instanced as the perfection of that form of versification, — not to be excelled in sweetness of modulation, and grace and freedom of language, — without a single harsh inversion, or any of that clumsy stiffening which Pope so disapproved, yet seemed to think so necessary. The other dramatists of the Elizabethan period also supply examples of the same noble simplicity of language and construction, suited to the highest poetry. In this translation the natural order of the words has been carefully preserved, as far as the exigencies of versification would allow, and I have ventured only upon those easy deviations from it which form no interruptions to the sense, and at most only remind the reader that he is reading verse.

I have chosen blank-verse for this reason among

others, that it enabled me to keep more closely to the original in my rendering, without any sacrifice either of ease or of spirit in the expression. The use of rhyme in a translation is a constant temptation to petty infidelities, and to the employment of expressions which have an air of constraint, and do not the most adequately convey the thought. I had my reasons also for not adopting the ballad measure, which some have thought to allow the nearest approach to the manner of Homer. There are, it is true, certain affinities between the style of Homer and that of the old ballad poems of Great Britain. Both were the productions of a rude age; both were composed to be sung to public audiences; and this gave occasion to certain characteristics in which they resemble each other. But the Homeric poems, as it seems to me, are beyond the popular ballads of any modern nation in reach of thought and in richness of phraseology; and if I had adopted that form of poetry there would have been, besides the disadvantage of rhyme, a temptation to make the version conform in style and spirit to the old ballads of our own literature, in a degree which the original does not warrant, and which, as I think, would lead to some sacrifice of its dignity. I did not adopt the hexameter verse, principally for the reason that in our language it is confessedly an imperfect form of versification, the true rhythm of which it is difficult for those whose ear is accustomed only to our ordinary metres to perceive. I found that I could not possibly render the Greek hexameters line for line, like Voss in his marvellous German version, in which he has not only done this, but generally preserved the pauses in the very part of the line in which Homer placed them. We have so many short words in English, and so few of the connective particles which are lavishly used by Homer, that often when I

reached the end of the Greek line I found myself only in the middle of my line in English. This difficulty of subduing the thought — by compression or expansion of phrase — to the limits it must fill would alone have been sufficient to deter me from attempting a translation in hexameters. I therefore fell back upon blank-verse, which has been the vehicle of some of the noblest poetry in our language ; both because it seemed to me by the flexibility of its construction best suited to a narrative poem, and because, while it enabled me to give the sense of my author more perfectly than any other form of verse, it allowed me also to avoid in a greater degree the appearance of constraint which is too apt to belong to a translation.

I make no apology for employing in my version the names Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and others of Latin origin, for Zeus, Here, Aphrodite, and other Greek names of the deities of whom Homer speaks. The names which I have adopted have been naturalized in our language for centuries, and some of them, as Mercury, Vulcan, and Dian, have even been provided with English terminations. I was translating from Greek into English, and I therefore translated the names of the gods, as well as the other parts of the poem.

In explanation of what may appear to some readers an unauthorized abridgment of the famous simile of the moon and stars at the end of the Eighth Book, I will mention here, by way of note, — the only one which I shall have occasion to make, — that in translating I have omitted two lines of the text, which the best critics regard as not properly belonging to it, but as transferred by some interpolator from another simile in the Sixteenth Book, where they are found in their proper place.

In the intimate acquaintance with the Iliad which

the work of translation has given me, an impression has been revived which was made upon my mind when in my boyhood I first read that poem in an English version. I recollect very well the eager curiosity with which I seized upon the translation of Pope when it came within my reach, and with what avidity I ran through the pages which rendered into our language what was acknowledged to be the greatest production of poetic genius that the world had seen. I read with a deep interest for the fate of Troy, and with a kindly feeling toward Hector, whose part I took warmly against the bloodthirsty Achilles; and great as might have been the guilt of Paris, I read with an earnest wish that Troy might be delivered from its besiegers. When I came to the end of the poem, I laid it down with a feeling of disappointment. I was not told, save in certain dim predictions, what became of Troy, which the Greeks had mustered from so many regions to besiege, nor what was the fate of the mild and venerable Priam, and the aged Hecuba, and Andromache, the gentle and affectionate wife, and her infant son, — personages for whose fortunes the poet had so powerfully awakened my concern and my curiosity. Helen, to recover whom the war was waged, was still in Troy, and Paris, her effeminate husband, was still alive and unharmed. Why the Trojans, who hated Paris — why Hector and the other sons of Priam, who disapproved of their brother's conduct — why Priam himself, who is never said to have approved of it, did not insist that the seducer should restore Helen to her first and proper husband, for whom she seems to have still entertained a lingering regard, I could never imagine. Particularly strange it seemed that Paris was not forced by his countrymen to give up Helen after the combat between him and Menelaus, in which he was clearly overcome.

and by the terms of the solemn treaty which preceded the duel was bound to restore his stolen bride and her wealth to the Greeks. The poet has chosen to leave that circumstance without adequate explanation. The breaking of the truce by Pandarus, and the sudden renewal of the war in consequence, does not explain it, for afterwards, in the Seventh Book, we have Antenor proposing, in council, to restore Helen and her wealth, as a certain way of ending the war, — a proposal which is not adopted simply because Paris objects to it. Paris would not consent to restore Helen, and the Trojan princes and leaders, as if Paris were their absolute monarch, allowed him to have his way, and to prolong a war which Hector foresaw — as he says in the famous interview with Andromache — was to end in the destruction of Troy. The impression to which I refer has been confirmed by the minute study which I have recently made of the poem. I can make nothing of it but a detached chapter of the poetic history of the Trojan war, — an episode in the narrative of that long siege which was to be concluded by a greater event than any recorded in the Iliad, the taking of the city of Troy ; — a work of an inexhaustible imagination, with characters vigorously drawn and finely discriminated, and incidents rapidly succeeding each other and infinitely diversified, — everywhere a noble simplicity, mellifluous numbers, and images of beauty and grandeur ; yet everywhere indications that the poem had a continuation. It is full of references to events which are yet to be related, and provokes a desire for further disclosures, which it fails to gratify. There are frequent allusions to the brief term of life allotted to Achilles, and several, one of which I have already mentioned, to the final capture of Troy. Thetis predicts that her son, perishing almost immediately after taking the life

of Hector, will not live to see the fall of the besieged city. The audiences before whom the books of the Iliad were recited by the minstrels would naturally say: "You speak of the capture of Troy; tell us how it was taken at last. Achilles, the mightiest of warriors, you say, was to be slain soon after the death of Hector. Relate the manner of his death, and how it was received by the Greeks and the Trojans. Describe his funeral, as you described those of his friend Patroclus and his adversary Hector. Tell us what became of Andromache, and Astyanax, her son, and all the royal family of Priam." Thus may we suppose that, until Aristotle arose to demonstrate the contrary, the fable of the Iliad must have appeared to the general mind to be incomplete.

Let me say a word or two of the personage whom the critics call the hero of the Iliad. Achilles is ill-used by Agamemnon, the general-in-chief of the Greeks, — and so far he has the sympathy of the reader; but he is a ferocious barbarian at best, and as the narrative proceeds, he loses all title to our interest. His horrid prayer that the Greeks may be slaughtered by thousands until they learn to despise a monarch who has done him a personal injury, and his inhuman delight in the havoc made of them by the Trojans under Hector, cause us to turn from him with the horror and aversion due to a selfish and cruel nature which imposes no reserve or restraint upon its own impulses. His warm affection for his gentle friend and companion, Patroclus, partly restores him to our favor; but his pitiless treatment of the Trojans who supplicate him for quarter, and his capture of twelve Trojan youths in order to cut their throats at the funeral pile of Patroclus, as he afterwards does in cold blood, bring back our disgust; and when Hector with his dying voice warns him of his approaching

death, the reader has no objection to offer. If Achilles be the hero of the poem, the poet has not succeeded in obtaining for him either our good opinion or our good wishes. In the fortunes of Hector, however, whose temper is noble and generous, who while grieving at the crime of Paris defends his country with all his valor, whose character is as gentle and affectionate as it is spirited and manly, it is impossible for the reader not to feel a strong interest. The last book of the Iliad relates the recovery of his dead body from the Greeks, and the celebration of his funeral in Troy. In this book, also, the character of Achilles appears less unamiable, since he grants the rites of hospitality to Priam, and is persuaded by his entreaties to restore, for a princely ransom, the dead body of Hector, contrary to his first resolution. It is to be observed, however, that he is moved to this, not by his own native magnanimity, but by considerations which indirectly relate to himself, — that is to say, by being artfully led to think of his own father, Peleus, an aged man like Priam, anxiously waiting in his distant palace for the return of his son from the war, and fearing that he may never behold him again. Once in the interview with Priam the fierce and brutal nature of Achilles breaks out in threats, which terrify the old king into silence. Priam is himself warned by the gods that he is not safe in remaining overnight in the tent of Achilles, and, lest he should not be protected from the ferocity of Agamemnon, withdraws by stealth in the darkness and returns to Troy.

I have no answer to make to those who regard it as a blemish in the great work of Homer that he represents the gods in their dealings with men as governed, for the most part, by motives either mean and base, or frivolous and childish. In the Trojan war everything happens by their direction or their prompting. In the sys-

tem of Homer it is they who stir up men to strife, who bring on the battles, promote the slaughter, and bring it to an end, urge the personages of the fable to various follies and imprudences, and give or withhold victory at their pleasure ; and in all this their rule is not one of justice and beneficence, but of caprice. Their favor is purchased by hecatombs, and their hatred incurred by acts which have no moral quality that should give offence to an upright judge. They are debauched, mercenary, rapacious, and cruel ; they dwell in a world in which the rules of right and the maxims necessary to the well-being of human society find no recognition. It was for this reason that Plato, the earliest author of an *Index expurgatorius*, forbade the circulation of the writings of the Greek poets in his imaginary commonwealth.

Yet let me say this in favor of my author, that in one part of the poem the absolute rectitude of the Divine government is solemnly recognized. In the Third Book of the Iliad, a truce is agreed upon between the Trojans and the Greeks, while Menelaus and Paris are to decide by single combat the quarrel which has occasioned the siege of Troy. A compact is made, according to which the victor is to possess Helen and her wealth, and the Trojans and Greeks are ever afterward to remain friends and allies. The gods are invoked to be witnesses of the treaty, and to pursue with their vengeance those by whom it shall be violated, whether they be Greeks or Trojans. Few passages in the Iliad are more striking or of graver import than this appeal to the justice of the gods. — this testimony, given by two warring nations, of their confidence in the equity with which the immortals govern the world. Paris is overcome by Menelaus in the combat ; the truce is broken by a Trojan, who wounds Menelaus severely ; the treaty

is not fulfilled by delivering up Helen ; and, as the action of the poem proceeds in the next book, Agamemnon exhorts the Greeks to fight valiantly, in the full assurance that Jupiter and the other gods will never permit treachery to remain unpunished ; and accordingly he predicts a terrible retribution already hanging over Troy. And whatever may be our admiration for the amiable and noble qualities of Hector, and our sympathy for the thousands of innocent persons dwelling in his populous city, it cannot be denied that the interference of the gods in the affairs of Troy leads in the end to a great result consistent with substantial justice. Paris, the violator of the laws of hospitality, the adulterer and robber, is sheltered, protected, and countenanced in Troy, — the Trojan people make themselves partakers in his guilt ; and in the end they share in its punishment. Hector, the prop of their state, the champion in whom they put their trust, is slain ; and we are allowed, by means of predictions, a glimpse of the coming destruction of Troy, and learn that the sceptre of the kingdom will pass from the house of Priam, whose son committed the crime which led to the war, and will be swayed by the posterity of the blameless Æneas.

Here I leave my translation in the hands of the reading public, who, if they do not wholly neglect it, will judge whether I have made any approach toward the fulfilment of the design set forth in the beginning of this Preface.

W. C. BRYANT.

DECEMBER, 1869.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.



BOOK I.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

	Page
The Visit of Chryses, Priest of Apollo, to Agamemnon, asking the Ransom of his Daughter. — Refusal of Agamemnon. — A Pestilence sent by Apollo upon the Greek Army. — A Council called by Achilles. — The Cause of the Pestilence declared by the Seer Calchas. — Dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles, which ends with the taking away of Briseis from Achilles. — The Daughter of Chryses restored to him. — Visit of Thetis to Jupiter, who promises to avenge Achilles. — Mutual Chiding of Jupiter and Juno.	1

BOOK II.

THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY, AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

A treacherous Dream sent by Jupiter to Agamemnon, who assembles th Army in the Hope to take Troy. — Debate of the Chiefs in Council. — Agamemnon pretends a Desire to return to Greece, in Order to try the Disposition of the Army. — Insolent Speech of Thersites, and his Punishment by Ulysses. — Advice of Nestor to review the Troops. — Catalogue of the Troops and Ships. — Enumeration of the Trojan Forces.	28
---	----

BOOK III.

SINGLE COMBAT OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

Proposal of Hector to end the War by a Duel between Menelaus and Paris, the Victor to possess Helen and her Wealth. — Priam and Helen behold the Combat. — Description of the principal Greek Princes and Chiefs, given by Helen to Priam. — Paris snatched away from the Combat by Venus, as he was in Danger of being slain, and conveyed to the Bedchamber of Helen.	67
---	----

BOOK IV.

THE BREAKING OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE

- A Council of the Gods, who decide that the War shall go on.—
 Minerva sent down to cause the Breaking of the Truce.—
 Pandarus persuaded by her to aim an Arrow at Menelaus, who is
 wounded by it, and healed by Machaon.— Exhortations of Aga-
 memnon addressed to the Greek Chiefs — A furious Battle, and
 great Slaughter on both Sides. 87

BOOK V.

THE EXPLOITS OF DIOMED.

- The Valor of Diomed, aided by Minerva. — He is wounded by Pan-
 darus, and healed by the Goddess, who forbids him to fight with
 any of the Immortals, save Venus. — His Combat with Pandarus
 and Æneas. — Pandarus slain, and Æneas, wounded and in great
 Danger, rescued by Venus, who in the act is wounded by Diomed,
 and leaves Æneas to the Care of Apollo. — Descent of Mars to
 the Field in Aid of Hector. — Return of Æneas to the Field. —
 Descent of Juno and Minerva to resist Mars, who is wounded by
 Diomed. — Return of the Gods to Heaven. 111

BOOK VI.

INTERVIEWS BETWEEN GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND HECTOR
AND ANDROMACHE.

- Successes of the Greeks. — Hector recalled to Troy by Helenus, to
 appoint a Procession of the Trojan Matrons to the Temple of
 Minerva. — Meeting of Glaucus and Diomed, who recognize each
 other as old Friends. — Their Exchange of Weapons. — Meeting
 of Hector and Andromache, and Return of Hector and Paris to
 the Field. 151

BOOK VII.

THE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

- Prowess of Hector. — Meeting of Minerva and Apollo near the
 Scæan Gates. — They incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to
 a Single Combat. — Ajax selected by Lot to meet Hector. — The
 Combat ended by the Night. — Proposal of Antenor to deliver

Helen to the Greeks. — Refusal of Paris, who offers to restore her Wealth. — Rejection of this Offer by Agamemnon. — A Truce for burying the Dead. — The Greek Camp fortified. 174

BOOK VIII.

THE SECOND BATTLE.

A Council of the Gods. — Jupiter forbids them to take Part with either Side. — Minerva permitted to advise the Greeks. — Beginning of the Second Battle. — The Fate of the two Armies weighed in the Scales by Jupiter. — Nestor rescued by Diomed. — Exploits of Diomed and of Hector. — Neptune denies the Request of Juno to aid the Greeks. — Teucer wounded by Hector. — Juno and Minerva restrained by Jupiter from going to the Aid of the Greeks, who are driven within their Intrenchments. — The Trojans pass the Night before the Greek Camp, and kindle Fires around it. 196

BOOK IX.

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES.

Agamemnon's Proposal to raise the Siege opposed by Diomed and Nestor. — A Council. — Ulysses, Ajax, and Phœnix sent to Achilles to request a Reconciliation. — Their Reception, their Persuasions, and their Ill Success. 229

BOOK X.

THE NIGHT-ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES.

Agamemnon's Distress at the Obstinacy of Achilles. — Consults with Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed. — A Council. — Diomed and Ulysses set out for the Enemy's Camp to learn his Designs. — Death of Dolon, the Trojan Spy. — Rhesus the Thracian killed in his Tent and his Horses taken. 251

BOOK XI.

THE THIRD BATTLE, AND EXPLOITS OF AGAMEMNON.

Renewal of the Fight by Agamemnon. — His Prowess. — Hector warned by Iris not to fight till Agamemnon is wounded. — Aga-

memnon disabled. — Hector makes great Havoc till checked by Ulysses and Diomed. — Diomed wounded by Paris, and rescued by Ajax, who rallies the Greeks. — Machaon wounded. — Conversations of Nestor and Patroclus.	276
---	-----

BOOK XII.

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

Division of the Trojan Army, by Advice of Polydamas, into Five Bodies, to storm the Greek Intrenchments. — A Breach in the Wall made by Sarpedon. — One of the Gates beaten open by Hector with a Stone. — His Entrance at the Head of his Troops.	312
--	-----

THE ILIAD.



BOOK I.

O GODDESS! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air, — 5
For so had Jove appointed, — from the time
When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,
And great Achilles, parted first as foes.

Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs,
That they should thus contend? Latona's son 10
And Jove's. Incensed against the king, he bade
A deadly pestilence appear among
The army, and the men were perishing.
For Atreus' son with insult had received
Chryses the priest, who to the Grecian fleet 15
Came to redeem his daughter, offering
Uncounted ransom. In his hand he bore
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,
Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued

To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host : —

“Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs,
Well-greaved Achaians, may the gods who dwell
Upon Olympus give you to o’erthrow
The city of Priam, and in safety reach
Your homes ; but give me my beloved child,
And take her ransom, honoring him who sends
His arrows far, Apollo, son of Jove.”

Then all the other Greeks, applauding, bade
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts
He offered, but the counsel did not please
Atrides Agamemnon ; he dismissed
The priest with scorn, and added threatening words : —

“Old man, let me not find thee loitering here,
Beside the roomy ships, or coming back
Hereafter, lest the fillet thou dost bear
And sceptre of thy god protect thee not.
This maiden I release not till old age
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,
Far from her native country, where her hand
Shall throw the shuttle and shall dress my couch.
Go, chafe me not, if thou wouldst safely go.”

He spake ; the aged man in fear obeyed
The mandate, and in silence walked apart,
Along the many-sounding ocean-side,
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,
Apollo, golden-haired Latona’s son : —

“Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow,

Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos, 50
O Smintheus! if I ever helped to deck
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed." 55

So spake he supplicating, and to him
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver; there the arrows rang 60
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote 65
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man
He turned the deadly arrow. All around
Glared evermore the frequent funeral piles.
Nine days already had his shafts been showered
Among the host, and now, upon the tenth, 70
Achilles called the people of the camp
To council. Juno, of the snow-white arms,
Had moved his mind to this, for she beheld
With sorrow that the men were perishing.
And when the assembly met and now was full, 75
Stood swift Achilles in the midst and said:—

“To me it seems, Atrides, that ’t were well,

Since now our aim is baffled, to return
 Homeward, if death o'ertake us not ; for war
 And pestilence at once destroy the Greeks. 60
 But let us first consult some seer or priest,
 Or dream-interpreter, — for even dreams
 Are sent by Jove, — and ask him by what cause
 Phœbus Apollo has been angered thus ;
 If by neglected vows or hecatombs, 85
 And whether savor of fat bulls and goats
 May move the god to stay the pestilence."

He spake, and took again his seat ; and next
 Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief
 Of augurs, one to whom were known things past 90
 And present and to come. He, through the art
 Of divination, which Apollo gave,
 Had guided Iliumward the ships of Greece.
 With words well ordered courteously he spake : —

" Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me 95
 Explain the wrath of Phœbus, monarch-god,
 Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly
 Will I make known the cause ; but covenant thou,
 And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,
 To bring me succor. For my mind misgives 100
 That he who rules the Argives, and to whom
 The Achaian race are subject, will be wroth.
 A sovereign is too strong for humbler men,
 And though he keep his choler down awhile,
 It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart. 105
 And now consider : wilt thou hold me safe ? "

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus :—
 “ Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate’er
 Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven.
 For by Apollo, dear to Jove, whom thou, 11
 Calchas, dost pray to, when thou givest forth
 The sacred oracles to men of Greece,
 No man, while yet I live, and see the light
 Of day, shall lay a violent hand on thee
 Among our roomy ships ; no man of all 115
 The Grecian armies, though thou name the name
 Of Agamemnon, whose high boast it is
 To stand in power and rank above them all.”

Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on :—
 “ ’T is not neglected vows or hecatombs 120
 That move him, but the insult shown his priest,
 Whom Agamemnon spurned, when he refused
 To set his daughter free, and to receive
 Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god
 These woes, and still will send them on the Greeks, 125
 Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand
 From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid
 Freely, and without ransom, be restored
 To her beloved father, and with her
 A sacred hecatomb to Chrysa sent. 130
 So may we haply pacify the god.”

Thus having said, the augur took his seat.
 And then the hero-son of Atreus rose,
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, greatly chafed.
 His gloomy heart was full of wrath, his eyes 135

Sparkled like fire ; he fixed a menacing look
Full on the augur Calchas, and began : —

“ Prophet of evil ! never hadst thou yet
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
Of coming mischief is thy great delight. 140
Good dost thou ne'er foretell nor bring to pass.
And now thou pratest, in thine auguries,
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god
Afflicts us thus, because I would not take
The costly ransom offered to redeem 145
The virgin child of Chryses. ’T was my choice
To keep her with me, for I prize her more
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,
In form and feature, mind and pleasing arts. 150
Yet will I give her back, if that be best ;
For gladly would I see my people saved
From this destruction. Let meet recompense,
Meantime, be ready, that I be not left,
Alone of all the Greeks, without my prize. 155
That were not seemly. All of you perceive
That now my share of spoil has passed from me.”

To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,
Replied : “ Renowned Atrides, greediest
Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks 160
Find other spoil for thee, since none is set
Apart, a common store ? The trophies brought
From towns which we have sacked have all been
shared

Among us, and we could not without shame
 Bid every warrior bring his portion back. 165
 Yield, then, the maiden to the god, and we,
 The Achaians, freely will appoint for thee
 Threefold and fourfold recompense, should Jove
 Give up to sack this well-defended Troy."

Then the king Agamemnon answered thus:— 170

"Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art,
 Godlike Achilles; thou hast not the power
 To circumvent nor to persuade me thus.
 Think'st thou that, while thou keepest safe thy prize,
 I shall sit idly down, deprived of mine? 175

Thou bid'st me give the maiden back. 'Tis well,
 If to my hands the noble Greeks shall bring
 The worth of what I lose, and in a shape
 That pleases me. Else will I come myself,
 And seize and bear away thy prize, or that 180
 Of Ajax or Ulysses, leaving him
 From whom I take his share with cause for rage.

Another time we will confer of this.

Now come, and forth into the great salt sea
 Launch a black ship, and muster on the deck 185

Men skilled to row, and put a hecatomb
 On board, and let the fair-cheeked maid embark,
 Chryseis. Send a prince to bear command,—

Ajax, Idomeneus, or the divine
 Ulysses;—or thyself, Pelides, thou 190

Most terrible of men, that with due rites
 Thou soothe the anger of the archer-god."

Achilles the swift footed, with stern look,
Thus answered : " Ha, thou mailed in impudence
And bent on lucre ! Who of all the Greeks 255
Can willingly obey thee, on the march,
Or bravely battling with the enemy ?
I came not to this war because of wrong
Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.
No feud had I with them ; they never took 260
My beeves or horses, nor, in Phthia's realm,
Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest fields.
For many a shadowy mount between us lies,
And waters of the wide-resounding sea.
Man unabashed ! we follow thee that thou 265
Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy
The grudge of Menelaus and thy own,
Thou shameless one ! and yet thou hast for this
Nor thanks nor care. Thou threatenest now to take
From me the prize for which I bore long toils 270
In battle ; and the Greeks decreed it mine.
I never take an equal share with thee
Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked
Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform
The harder labors of the field in all 275
The tumult of the fight ; but when the spoil
Is shared, the largest share of all is thine,
While I, content with little, seek my ships,
Weary with combat. I shall now go home
To Phthia ; better were it to return 280
With my beaked ships : but here, where I am held

In little honor, thou wilt fail, I think,
To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."

Him answered Agamemnon, king of men :—

"Desert, then, if thou wilt ; I ask thee not 225
To stay for me ; there will be others left
To do me honor yet, and, best of all,
The all-providing Jove is with me still.
Thee I detest the most of all the men
Ordained by him to govern ; thy delight 230
Is in contention, war, and bloody frays.
If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,
Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home,
With all thy ships and men ! there domineer
Over thy Myrmidons ; I heed thee not, 235
Nor care I for thy fury. Thus, in turn,
I threaten thee ; since Phœbus takes away
Chryseis, I will send her in my ship
And with my friends, and, coming to thy tent,
Will bear away the fair-cheeked maid, thy prize, 240
Briseis, that thou learn how far I stand
Above thee, and that other chiefs may fear
To measure strength with me, and brave my power."

The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spake,
Grew fiercer ; in that shaggy breast his heart 245
Took counsel, whether from his thigh to draw
The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,
Smite down Atrides, or subdue his wrath
And master his own spirit. While he thus
Debated with himself, and half unsheathed 251

The ponderous blade, Pallas Athene came,
 Sent from on high by Juno, the white-armed,
 Who loved both warriors and made both her care.
 She came behind him, seen by him alone,
 And plucked his yellow hair. The hero turned 215
 In wonder, and at once he knew the look
 Of Pallas and the awful-gleaming eye,
 And thus accosted her with winged words :—
 “ Why com’st thou hither, daughter of the god
 Who bears the ægis? Art thou here to see 220
 The insolence of Agamemnon, son
 Of Atreus? Let me tell thee what I deem
 Will be the event. That man may lose his life,
 And quickly too, for arrogance like this.”

Then thus the goddess, blue-eyed Pallas, spake :—
 “ I came from heaven to pacify thy wrath, 225
 If thou wilt heed my counsel. I am sent
 By Juno the white-armed, to whom ye both
 Are dear, who ever watches o’er you both.
 Refrain from violence ; let not thy hand 230
 Unsheathe the sword, but utter with thy tongue
 Reproaches, as occasion may arise,
 For I declare what time shall bring to pass ;
 Threefold amends shall yet be offered thee,
 In gifts of princely cost, for this day’s wrong. 235
 Now calm thy angry spirit, and obey.”

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus :—
 “ O goddess, be the word thou bring’st obeyed,
 However fierce my anger ; for to him

Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear." 280

So speaking, on the silver hilt he stayed
 His strong right hand, and back into its sheath
 Thrust his good sword, obeying. She, meantime,
 Returned to heaven, where ægis-bearing Jove
 Dwells with the other gods. And now again 285
 Pelides, with opprobrious words, bespake
 The son of Atreus, venting thus his wrath:—

“Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog
 And a deer’s heart! Thou never yet hast dared
 To arm thyself for battle with the rest, 290
 Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie
 In ambush, — such thy craven fear of death.
 Better it suits thee, midst the mighty host
 Of Greeks, to rob some warrior of his prize
 Who dares withstand thee. King thou art, and yet 295
 Devourer of thy people. Thou dost rule
 A spiritless race, else this day’s insolence,
 Atrides, were thy last. And now I say,
 And bind my saying with a mighty oath:
 By this my sceptre, which can never bear 300
 A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem
 Among the mountains, — for the steel has pared
 Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more, —
 And now the Achaian judges bear it, — they
 Who guard the laws received from Jupiter, — 305
 Such is my oath, — the time shall come when all
 The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back,
 While multitudes are perishing by the hand

Of Hector, the man-queller ; thou, meanwhile,
 Though thou lament, shalt have no power to help, 250
 And thou shalt rage against thyself to think
 That thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."

As thus he spake, Pelides to the ground
 Flung the gold-studded wand, and took his seat.
 Fiercely Atrides raged : but now arose 255
 Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,
 The clear-toned Pylian orator, whose tongue
 Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen
 Two generations that grew up and lived
 With him on sacred Pylos pass away, 300
 And now he ruled the third. With prudent words
 He thus addressed the assembly of the chiefs : —

"Ye gods ! what new misfortunes threaten Greece !
 How Priam would exult and Priam's sons,
 And how would all the Trojan race rejoice, 305
 Were they to know how furiously ye strive, —
 Ye who in council and in fight surpass
 The other Greeks. Now hearken to my words, —
 Ye who are younger than myself, — for I
 Have lived with braver men than you, and yet 310
 They held me not in light esteem. Such men
 I never saw, nor shall I see again, —
 Men like Pirithous and like Druas, lord
 Of nations, Cæneus and Exadius,
 And the great Polypheme, and Theseus, son 315
 Of Ægeus, likest to the immortal gods.
 Strongest of all the earth-born race they fought —

The strongest with the strongest of their time —
With Centaurs, the wild dwellers of the hills,
And fearfully destroyed them. With these men ³⁴⁰
Did I hold converse, coming to their camp
From Pylos in a distant land. They sent
To bid me join the war, and by their side
I fought my best, but no man living now
On the wide earth would dare to fight with them. ³⁴⁵
Great as they were, they listened to my words
And took my counsel. Hearken also ye,
And let my words persuade you for the best.
Thou, powerful as thou art, take not from him
The maiden ; suffer him to keep the prize ³⁵⁰
Decreed him by the sons of Greece ; and thou,
Pelides, strive no longer with the king,
Since never Jove on sceptred prince bestowed
Like eminence to his. Though braver thou,
And goddess-born, yet hath he greater power ³⁵⁵
And wider sway. Atrides, calm thy wrath —
’T is I who ask — against the chief who stands
The bulwark of the Greeks in this fierce war.”

To him the sovereign Agamemnon said : —
“The things which thou hast uttered, aged chief, ³⁶⁰
Are fitly spoken ; but this man would stand
Above all others ; he aspires to be
The master, over all to domineer,
And to direct in all things ; yet, I think,
There may be one who will not suffer this. ³⁶⁵
For if by favor of the immortal gods

He was made brave, have they for such a cause
Given him the liberty of insolent speech?"

Hereat the great Achilles, breaking in,
Answered: "Yea, well might I deserve the name 375
Of coward and of wretch, should I submit
In all things to thy bidding. Such commands
Lay thou on others, not on me; nor think
I shall obey thee longer. This I say, —
And bear it well in mind, — I shall not lift 375
My hand to keep the maiden whom ye gave
And now take from me; but whatever else
May be on board that swift black ship of mine,
Beware thou carry not away the least
Without my leave. Come, make the trial now, 380
That these may see thy black blood bathe my spear."

Then, rising from that strife of words, the twain
Dissolved the assembly at the Grecian fleet.
Pelides to his tents and well-manned ships
Went with Patroclus and his warrior friends, 385
While Agamemnon bade upon the sea
Launch a swift bark with twenty chosen men
To ply the oar, and put a hecatomb
Upon it for the god. He thither led
The fair-checked maid Chryseis: the command 390
He gave to wise Ulysses; forth they went,
Leader and crew, upon their watery path.
Meanwhile, he bade the camp be purified;
And straight the warriors purified the camp,
And, casting the pollutions to the waves, 395

They burned to Phœbus chosen hecatombs
Of bulls and goats beside the barren main,
From which the savor rose in smoke to heaven.

So was the host employed. But not the less
Did Agamemnon persevere to urge 400
His quarrel with Pelides ; and he thus
Addressed Talthymbius and Eurybates,
His heralds and his faithful ministers : —

“ Go ye to where Achilles holds his tent,
And take the fair Briseis by the hand, 405
And bring her hither. If he yield her not,
I shall come forth to claim her with a band
Of warriors, and it shall be worse for him.”

He spake, and sent them forth with added words
Of menace. With unwilling steps they went 410
Beside the barren deep, until they reached
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,
And found Achilles seated by his tent
And his black ship ; their coming pleased him not.
They, moved by fear and reverence of the king, 415
Stopped, and bespake him not, nor signified
Their errand ; he perceived their thought and said : —

“ Hail, heralds, messengers of Jove and men !
Draw near ; I blame you not. I only blame
Atrides, who hath sent you for the maid. 420
Noble Patroclus ! bring the damsel forth,
And let them lead her hence. My witnesses
Are ye, before the blessed deities,
And mortal men, and this remorseless king,

If ever he shall need me to avert 425
 The doom of utter ruin from his host.
 Most sure it is, he madly yields himself
 To fatal counsels, thoughtless of the past
 And of the future, nor forecasting how
 The Greeks may fight, unvanquished, by their fleet."

He spake. Meantime Patroclus had obeyed 431
 The word of his beloved friend. He brought
 The fair-cheeked maid Briseis from the tent,
 And she was led away. The messengers
 Returned to where their barks were moored, and she 435
 Unwillingly went with them. Then in tears
 Achilles, from his friends withdrawing, sat
 Beside the hoary ocean-marge, and gazed
 On the black deep beyond, and stretched his hands,
 And prayed to his dear mother, earnestly : — 440

" Mother ! since thou didst bring me forth to dwell
 Brief space on earth, Olympian Jupiter,
 Who thunders in the highest, should have filled
 That space with honors, but he grants them not.
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon takes and holds 445
 The prize I won, and thus dishonors me."

Thus, shedding tears, he spake. His mother heard,
 Sitting within the ocean deeps, beside
 Her aged father. Swiftly from the waves
 Of the gray deep emerging like a cloud, 450
 She sat before him as he wept, and smoothed
 His brow with her soft hand, and kindly said : —

" My child, why weepest thou ? What grief is this ?

Speak, and hide nothing, so that both may know."

Achilles, swift of foot, sighed heavily, 455
 And said : " Thou know'st already. Why relate
 These things to thee, who art apprised of all ?

" To Thebè, to Eëtion's sacred town,
 We marched, and plundered it, and hither brought
 The booty, which was fairly shared among 460
 The sons of Greece, and Agamemnon took
 The fair-cheeked maid Chryseis as his prize.
 But Chryses, priest of Phœbus, to the fleet
 Of the Achaian warriors, brazen-mailed,
 Came, to redeem his daughter, offering 465
 Ransom uncounted. In his hand he bore
 The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,
 Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued
 To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons
 Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host. 470
 Then all the other chiefs, applauding, bade
 Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts
 He offered ; but the counsel did not please
 Atrides Agamemnon : he dismissed
 The priest with scorn, and added threatening
 words. 475

The aged man indignantly withdrew ;
 And Phœbus — for the priest was dear to him —
 Granted his prayer and sent among the Greeks
 A deadly shaft. The people of the camp
 Were perishing in heaps. His arrows flew 480
 Among the Grecian army, far and wide.

A seer expert in oracles revealed
 The will of Phœbus, and I was the first
 To counsel that the god should be appeased.
 But Agamemnon rose in sudden wrath, 485
 Uttering a threat, which he has since fulfilled.
 And now the dark-eyed Greeks are taking back
 His child to Chryses, and with her they bear
 Gifts to the monarch-god ; while to my tent
 Heralds have come, and borne away the maid 490
 Briseis, given me by the sons of Greece.
 But succor thou thy son, if thou hast power ;
 Ascend to heaven and bring thy prayer to Jove,
 If e'er by word or act thou gav'st him aid.
 For I remember, in my father's halls 495
 I often heard thee, glorying, tell how thou,
 Alone of all the gods, didst interpose
 To save the cloud-compeller, Saturn's son,
 From shameful overthrow, when all the rest
 Who dwell upon Olympus had conspired 500
 To bind him, — Juno, Neptune, and with them
 Pallas Athene. Thou didst come and loose
 His bonds, and call up to the Olympian heights
 The hundred-handed, whom the immortal gods
 Have named Briareus, but the sons of men 505
 Ægeon, mightier than his sire in strength ;
 And he, rejoicing in the honor, took
 His seat by Jove, and all the immortals shrank
 Aghast before him, and let fall the chains.
 Remind him of all this, and, sitting down, 510

Embrace his knees, and pray him to befriend
 The Trojans, that the Greeks, hemmed in and slain
 Beside their ships and by the shore, may learn
 To glory in their king, and even he,
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, may perceive 515
 How grievous was his folly when he dared
 To treat with scorn the bravest of the Greeks."

And Thetis answered, weeping as she spake : —
 "Alas, my son, why did I rear thee, born
 To sorrow as thou wert? O would that thou 520
 Unwronged, and with no cause for tears, couldst dwell
 Beside thy ships, since thou must die so soon.
 I brought thee forth in an unhappy hour,
 Short-lived and wronged beyond all other men.
 Yet will I climb the Olympian height among 525
 Its snows and make my suit to Jupiter
 The Thunderer, if haply he may yield
 To my entreaties. Thou, meanwhile, abide
 By thy swift ships, incensed against the Greeks,
 And take no part in all their battles more. 530
 But yesterday did Jove depart to hold
 A banquet far in Ocean's realm, among
 The blameless Ethiopians, and with him
 Went all the train of gods. Twelve days must pass
 Ere he return to heaven, and I will then 535
 Enter his brazen palace, clasp his knees,
 And hope to move his purpose by my prayers."

So saying, she departed, leaving him
 In anger for the shapely damsel's sake,

Whom forcibly they took away. Meantime 540
 Ulysses, with the sacred hecatomb,
 Arrived at Chrysa. Entering the deep port,
 They folded up the sails and laid them down
 In the black ship, and lowering the mast,
 With all its shrouds, they brought it to its place. 545
 Then to the shore they urged the bark with oars,
 And cast the anchors and secured the prow
 With fastenings. Next, they disembarked and stood
 Upon the beach and placed the hecatomb
 In sight of Phœbus, the great archer. Last, 550
 Chryseis left the deck, and, leading her
 Up to the altar, wise Ulysses gave
 The maid to her dear father, speaking thus :—
 “ O Chryses ! Agamemnon, king of men,
 Sends me in haste to bring this maid to thee 555
 And offer up this hallowed hecatomb
 To Phœbus, for the Greeks ; that so the god,
 Whose wrath afflicts us sore, may be appeased.
 So speaking, to her father’s hands he gave
 The maiden ; joyfully the priest received 560
 The child he loved. Then did the Greeks array
 The noble hecatomb in order round
 The sculptured altar, and with washen hands
 They took the salted meal, while Chryses stood
 And spread abroad his hands and prayed aloud :— 565
 “ Hear me, thou bearer of the glittering bow,
 Who guardest Chrysa and the pleasant isle
 Of Cilla and art lord in Tenedos !

Already hast thou listened to my prayer
 And honored me, and terribly hast scourged 575
 The Achaian people. Hear me yet again,
 And cause the plague that wastes the Greeks to
 cease."

So spake he, supplicating, and to him
 Phœbus Apollo hearkened. When the prayers
 Were ended, and the salted meal was flung, 575
 Backward they turned the necks of the fat beeves,
 And cut their throats, and flayed the carcasses,
 And hewed away the thighs, and covered them
 With caul in double folds; and over this
 They laid raw fragments of the other parts. 580
 O'er all the aged priest poured dark red wine,
 And burned them on dry wood. A band of youths
 With five-pronged spits, beside him, thrust these
 through

The entrails, which they laid among the flames.
 And when the thighs were all consumed, and next 585
 The entrails tasted, all the rest was carved
 Into small portions and transfixed with spits
 And roasted with nice care and then withdrawn
 From the hot coals. This task performed, they made
 The banquet ready. All became its guests 590
 And all were welcome to the equal feast.
 And when their thirst and hunger were allayed,
 Boys crowned the ample urns with wreaths, and served
 The wine to all, and poured libations forth.
 Meantime the Argive youths, that whole day long, 595

Sang to appease the god ; they chanted forth
High anthems to the archer of the skies.
He listened to the strain, and his stern mood
Was softened. When, at length, the sun went down
And darkness fell, they gave themselves to sleep 600
Beside the fastenings of their ships, and when
Appeared the rosy-fingered Dawn, the child
Of Morning, they returned to the great host
Of the Achaians. Phœbus deigned to send
A favoring breeze ; at once they reared the mast 605
And opened the white sails ; the canvas swelled
Before the wind, and hoarsely round the keel
The dark waves murmured as the ship flew on.
So ran she, cutting through the sea her way.
But when they reached the great Achaian host, 610
They drew their vessel high upon the shore
Among the sands, and underneath its sides
They laid long beams to prop the keel, and straight
Dispersed themselves among the tents and ships.

The goddess-born Achilles, swift of foot, 615
Beside his ships still brooded o'er his wrath,
Nor came to council with the illustrious chiefs,
Nor to the war, but suffered idleness
To eat his heart away ; for well he loved
Clamor and combat. But when now, at length, 620
The twelfth day came, the ever-living gods
Returned together to the Olympian mount
With Jove, their leader. Thetis kept in mind
Her son's desire, and, with the early morn,

Emerging from the depths of ocean, climbed 625
 To the great heaven and the high mount, and found
 All-seeing Jove, who, from the rest apart,
 Was seated on the loftiest pinnacle
 Of many-peaked Olympus. She sat down
 Before the son of Saturn, clasped his knees 630
 With her left arm, and lifted up her right
 In supplication to the Sovereign One :—

“O Jupiter, my father, if among
 The immortals I have ever given thee aid
 By word or act, deny not my request. 635
 Honor my son, whose life is doomed to end
 So soon ; for Agamemnon, king of men,
 Hath done him shameful wrong : he takes from him
 And keeps the prize he won in war. But thou,
 Olympian Jupiter, supremely wise, 640
 Honor him thou, and give the Trojan host
 The victory, until the humbled Greeks
 Heap large increase of honors on my son.”

She spake, but cloud-compelling Jupiter
 Answered her not ; in silence long he sat. 645
 But Thetis, who had clasped his knees at first,
 Clung to them still, and prayed him yet again :—

“O promise me, and grant my suit ; or else
 Deny it, — for thou need'st not fear, — and I
 Shall know how far below the other gods 650
 Thou holdest me in honor.” As she spake,
 The Cloud-compeller, sighing heavily,
 Answered her thus : “Hard things dost thou require,

And thou wilt force me into new disputes
 With Juno, who will anger me again 655
 With contumelious words ; for ever thus,
 In presence of the immortals, doth she seek
 Cause of contention, charging that I aid
 The Trojans in their battles. Now depart,
 And let her not perceive thee. Leave the rest 660
 To be by me accomplished ; and that thou
 Mayst be assured, behold, I give the nod ;
 For this, with me, the immortals know, portends
 The highest certainty : no word of mine
 Which once my nod confirms can be revoked, 665
 Or prove untrue, or fail to be fulfilled."

As thus he spake, the son of Saturn gave
 The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls
 Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head
 Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount 670
 Olympus trembled. Then they parted, she
 Plunging from bright Olympus to the deep,
 And Jove returning to his palace home ;
 Where all the gods, uprising from their thrones,
 At sight of the Great Father, waited not 675
 For his approach, but met him as he came.

And now upon his throne the Godhead took
 His seat, but Juno knew — for she had seen —
 That Thetis of the silver feet, and child
 Of the gray Ancient of the Deep, had held 680
 Close council with her consort. Therefore she
 Bespake the son of Saturn harshly, thus : —

“O crafty one, with whom, among the gods,
 Plottest thou now? Thus hath it ever been
 Thy pleasure to devise, apart from me, 685
 Thy plans in secret; never willingly
 Dost thou reveal to me thy purposes.”

Then thus replied the Father of the gods
 And mortals: “Juno, do not think to know
 All my designs, for thou wilt find the task 690
 Too hard for thee, although thou be my spouse.
 What fitting is to be revealed, no one
 Of all the immortals or of men shall know
 Sooner than thou; but when I form designs
 Apart from all the gods, presume thou not 695
 To question me or pry into my plans.”

Juno, the large-eyed and august, rejoined:—
 “What words, stern son of Saturn, hast thou said!
 It never was my wont to question thee
 Or pry into thy plans, and thou art left 700
 To form them as thou wilt; yet now I fear
 The silver-footed Thetis has contrived—
 That daughter of the Ancient of the Deep—
 To o’erpersuade thee, for, at early prime,
 She sat before thee and embraced thy knees; 705
 And thou hast promised her, I cannot doubt,
 To give Achilles honor and to cause
 Myriads of Greeks to perish by their fleet.”

Then Jove, the cloud-compeller, spake again:—
 “Harsh-tongued! thou ever dost suspect me thus,
 Nor can I act unwatched; and yet all this 711

Profits thee nothing, for it only serves
 To breed dislike, and is the worse for thee.
 But were it as thou deemest, 't is enough
 That such has been my pleasure. Sit thou down
 In silence, and obey, lest all the gods 716
 Upon Olympus, when I come and lay
 These potent hands on thee, protect thee not."

He spake, and Juno, large-eyed and august,
 O'erawed, and curbing her high spirit, sat 720
 In silence; meanwhile all the gods of heaven
 Within the halls of Jove were inly grieved.
 But Vulcan, the renowned artificer,
 Sought to console his mother in her grief, —
 The white-armed Juno, — and thus interposed: —

“Great will the evil be and hard to bear, 726
 If, for the sake of mortals, ye are moved
 To such contention and the assembled gods
 Disturbed with discord. Even the pleasant feast
 Will lose its flavor when embittered thus. 730
 And let me warn my mother while I speak,
 Wise as she is, that she defer to Jove,
 Lest the All-Father angrily again
 Reply, and spoil the banquet of the day.
 The Thunderer of Olympus, if he choose 736
 To make a wreck of all things, wields a power
 Far greater than we all. Accost him thou
 With gentle speeches, and the Lord of heaven
 Will then regard us in a kindly mood.”

As thus he spake, he gave into the hands 740

Of his beloved mother the round cup
Of double form, and thus he spake again : —

“ Mother, be patient and submit, although
In sadness, lest these eyes behold thee yet
Beaten with stripes, and though I hold thee dear ⁷⁴⁵
And grieve for thee, I cannot bring thee help ;
For hard it is to strive with Jupiter.
Already once, when I took part with thee,
He seized me by the foot and flung me o'er
The battlements of heaven. All day I fell, ⁷⁵⁰
And with the setting sun I struck the earth
In Lemnos. Little life was left in me,
What time the Sintians took me from the ground.”

He spake, and Juno, the white-shouldered, smiled,
And smiling took the cup her son had brought ; ⁷⁵⁵
And next he poured to all the other gods
Sweet nectar from the jar, beginning first
With those at the right hand. As they beheld
Lame Vulcan laboring o'er the palace-floor,
An inextinguishable laughter broke ⁷⁶⁰
From all the blessed gods. So feasted they
All day till sunset. From that equal feast
None stood aloof, nor from the pleasant sound
Of harp, which Phœbus touched, nor from the voice
Of Muses singing sweetly in their turn. ⁷⁶⁵

But when the sun's all-glorious light was down,
Each to his sleeping-place betook himself ;
For Vulcan, the lame god, with marvellous art,
Had framed for each the chamber of his rest.

For on that very day he thought to take
 The city of Priam. Fool! who little knew
 What Jupiter designed should come to pass, 62
 And little thought by his own act to bring
 Great woe and grief on Greeks and Trojans both
 In hard-fought battles. From his sleep he woke,
 The heavenly voice still sounding in his ears,
 And sat upright, and put his tunic on, 65
 Soft, fair, and new, and over that he cast
 His ample cloak, and round his shapely feet
 Laced the becoming sandals. Next, he hung
 Upon his shoulders and his side the sword
 With silver studs, and took into his hand 68
 The ancestral sceptre, old, but undecayed,
 And with it turned his footsteps toward the fleet
 Of the Achaian warriors brazen-mailed.

Now Dawn, the goddess, climbed the Olympian
 height,

Foretelling Day to Jupiter and all 69
 The immortal gods, when Agamemnon bade
 The shrill-voiced heralds call the long-haired Greeks
 Together; they proclaimed his will, and straight
 The warriors came in throngs. But first he bade
 A council of large-minded elders meet 72
 On Pylia Nestor's royal bark, and there
 Laid his well-pondered thought before them thus:--
 "My friends, give ear: a Vision from above
 Came to me sleeping in the balmy night;
 Most like to noble Nestor was its look, — 75

Its face, its stature, and its garb. It stood
Beside me at my head, and thus it spake : —

“ ‘ O warrior-son of Atreus, sleepest thou?
Tamer of steeds! It ill becomes a chief,
Who has the charge of nations and sustains 80
Such mighty cares, to sleep the livelong night.
Give earnest heed to me, for I am come
A messenger from Jove, who, though far off,
Takes part in thy concerns and pities thee.
He bids thee arm, with all the array of war, 85
The long-haired Greeks, for now the hour is come
Which gives into thy hands the city of Troy
With all its spacious streets. The powers who dwell
In the celestial mansions are no more
At variance ; Juno’s prayers have moved them all, 90
And o’er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom,
Decreed by Jove. Bear what I say in mind.’ ”

“ It spake and passed away, and with it fled
My slumbers. Now must we devise a way
To bring into the field the sons of Greece. 95
I first will try, as best I may, with words,
And counsel flight from Troy with all our ships.
Ye each, with different counsels, do your part.”

He spake, and took his seat, and after him
Nestor, the king of sandy Pylus, rose, 100
With well-considered words. “ O friends,” he said,
“ Leaders and princes of the Grecian race,
Had any other of the Argive host
Related such a dream, we should have said

The tale is false, and spurned the counsel given. 115
But he has seen it who in rank and power
Transcends us all, and ours it is to see
How we may arm for war the sons of Greece."

He spake, and left the council, and the rest,
All sceptred kings, arose, prepared to obey 119
The shepherd of the people. All the Greeks
Meanwhile came thronging to the appointed place.
As, swarming forth from cells within the rock,
Coming and coming still, the tribe of bees
Fly in a cluster o'er the flowers of spring, 125
And some are darting out to right and left,
So from the ships and tents a multitude
Along the spacious beach, in mighty throngs,
Moved toward the assembly. Rumor went with them,
The messenger of Jove, and urged them on. 130
And now, when they were met, the place was stunned
With clamor ; earth, as the great crowd sat down,
Groaned under them ; a din of mingled cries
Arose ; nine shouting heralds strove to hush
The noisy crowd to silence, that at length 135
The heaven-descended monarchs might be heard.

And when the crowd was seated and had paused
From clamor, Agamemnon rose. He held
The sceptre ; Vulcan's skill had fashioned it,
And Vulcan gave it to Saturnian Jove, 140
And Jove bestowed it on his messenger,
The Argus-queller Hermes. He in turn
Gave it to Pelops, great in horsemanship ;

And Pelops passed the gift to Atreus next,
 The people's shepherd. Atreus, when he died, 135
 Bequeathed it to Thyestes, rich in flocks ;
 And last, Thyestes left it to be borne
 By Agamemnon, symbol of his rule
 O'er many isles and all the Argive realm.

Leaning on this, he spake these winged words :—

“ Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars, 141
 Saturnian Jove hath in an evil net
 Entangled me most cruelly. He gave
 His promise and his nod, that, having razed
 Troy with her strong defences, I should see 145
 My home again ; but now he meditates
 To wrong me, and commands me to return,
 With lessened glory and much people lost,
 To Argos. Thus hath it seemed good to Jove
 The mighty, who hath overthrown the towers 150
 Of many a city, and will yet o'erthrow.
 The ages yet to come will hear with shame
 That such a mighty army of the Greeks
 Have waged a fruitless war, and fought in vain
 A foe less numerous ; yet no end appears 155
 To this long strife. Should Greeks and Trojans make
 A treaty, faithfully to number each,
 And should the Trojans count their citizens,
 And we the Greeks, disposed in rows of tens,
 Should call the Trojans singly to pour out 160
 The wine for us, full many a company
 Of ten would lack its cup-bearer ; so far,

I judge, the sons of Greece outnumber those
 Who dwell in Troy. But they have yet allies
 From many a city, men who wield the spear, 165
 Withstanding my attempt to overthrow
 That populous town. Nine years of mighty Jove
 Have passed already, and the planks that form
 Our barks are mouldering, and the cables drop
 In pieces, and our wives within their homes, 170
 With their young children, sit expecting us ;
 Yet is the enterprise for which we came
 Still unperformed. Now let us all obey
 The mandate I reveal, and hasten hence,
 With all our fleet, to our beloved homes ; 175
 For Troy with her broad streets we cannot take."

He spake, and in the bosoms of the crowd
 Stirred every heart ; even those who heard him not
 Were moved : the assembly wavered to and fro
 Like the long billows of the Icarian Sea, 180
 Roused by the East wind and the South, that rush
 Forth from the cloudy seat of Father Jove ;
 Or like the harvest-field, when west winds stoop
 Suddenly from above, and toss the wheat.
 So was the whole assembly swayed ; they ran 185
 With tumult to the ships ; beneath their feet
 Rose clouds of dust, and each exhorted each
 To seize the ships and drag them to the deep.
 They cleared the channels mid the clamorous cries
 Of multitudes, who hastened to return, 190
 And drew the props from underneath their barks.

Then had the Greeks returned before their time
If Juno had not to Minerva said : —

“ Unconquerable child of Jove! What change
Is this? Shall then the Argive army thus 195
Flee to their homes across the deep and leave
Glory to Priam, and to Ilium's sons
The Argive Helen, for whose sake have died
So many Greeks upon the Trojan strand,
Far from the land they loved? But hasten thou 200
To the host of Argive warriors mailed in brass,
And with persuasive words restrain their men.
Nor let them launch their barks upon the sea.”

She spake ; nor did the blue-eyed Pallas fail
To heed the mandate, but with quick descent 205
She left the Olympian height and suddenly
Stood by the swift ships of the Grecian host.
She found Ulysses there, the man endowed
With wisdom like to Jove's ; he had not touched
His well-appointed bark, for grief had seized 210
The hero's heart. The blue-eyed goddess took
Her place beside him, and addressed him thus : —

“ Son of Laertes, nobly born and sage
Ulysses, will ye, entering your good ships,
Return in flight to your own land and leave 215
Glory to Priam, and to Ilium's sons
The Argive Helen, for whose sake have died
So many Greeks upon the Trojan strand,
Far from the land they loved? Go thou at once
And seek the Argive warriors and restrain 220

With thy persuasive words the impatient men,
Nor let them launch their well-appointed ships."

She spake ; Ulysses knew the heavenly voice,
And hastened back, and as he ran cast by
His cloak. Eurybates of Ithaca, 225
The herald, caught it as he followed him.
And now before Atrides, king of men,
The warrior stood, and from his hand received
The ancestral sceptre, old, but undecayed ;
And bearing this, he went among the ships 230
Which brought the Achaian army, mailed in brass ;
And whomso'er he met upon his way,
Monarch or eminent among the host,
He stopped him, and addressed him blandly, thus : —

" Good friend, this eager haste as if from fear 235
Befits thee not. Sit down, and cause the rest
To sit. What Agamemnon's will may be
Thou canst not yet be certain ; he intends
To try the Greeks, and soon will punish those
Who act amiss. We cannot all have heard 240
What he has said ; beware, then, lest his wrath
Fall heavily upon the sons of Greece.
The monarch, foster-child of Jupiter,
Is terrible enraged. Authority
Is given by Jove, all-wise, who loves the king." 245

But when he found one of the lower sort
Shouting and brawling, with the royal wand
He smote him, and reproved him sharply, thus : —

" Friend, take thy seat in quiet, and attend

To what thy betters say ; thou art not strong 250
 Nor valiant, and thou art of mean repute
 In combat and in council. We, the Greeks,
 Cannot be all supreme in power. The rule
 Of the many is not well. One must be chief
 In war, and one the king, to whom the son 255
 Of Saturn gives the sceptre, making him
 The lawgiver, that he may rule the rest."

Thus did he act the chief, and make the host
 Obey his word ; they to the council ground
 Came rushing back from all the ships and tents 260
 With tumult, as, on the long-stretching shore
 Of ocean many-voiced, his billows fling
 Themselves in fury, and the deep resounds.

All others took their seats and kept their place ;
 Thersites only, clamorous of tongue, 265
 Kept brawling. He, with many insolent words,
 Was wont to seek unseemly strife with kings,
 Uttering whate'er it seemed to him might move
 The Greeks to laughter. Of the multitude
 Who came to Ilium, none so base as he, — 270
 Squint-eyed, with one lame foot, and on his back
 A lump, and shoulders curving towards the chest ;
 His head was sharp, and over it the hairs
 Were thinly scattered. Hateful to the chiefs
 Achilles and Ulysses, he would oft 275
 Revile them. He to Agamemnon now
 Called with shrill voice and taunting words. The
 Greeks

Heard him impatiently, with strong disgust
 And vehement anger, yet he shouted still
 To Agamemnon, and kept railing on : —

“Of what dost thou complain ; what wouldst thou
 more,

Atrides? In thy tents are heaps of gold ;
 Thy tents are full of chosen damsels, given
 To thee before all others, by the Greeks,

Whene'er we take a city. Dost thou yet

Hanker for gold, brought by some Trojan knight,
 A ransom for his son, whom I shall lead —

I, or some other Greek — a captive bound ?

Or dost thou wish, for thy more idle hours,
 Some maiden, whom thou mayst detain apart ?

Ill it beseems a prince like thee to lead

The sons of Greece, for such a cause as this,
 Into new perils. O ye coward race !

Ye abject Greeklings, Greeks no longer, haste
 Homeward with all the fleet, and let us leave

This man at Troy to win his trophies here,

That he may learn whether the aid we give

Avails him aught or not, since he insults

Achilles, a far braver man than he,

And takes from him by force and holds his prize.

And yet, Achilles is not moved by this

To anger : he is spiritless, or else,

Atrides, this injustice were thy last.”

Taunting the shepherd of the people thus,

Thersites shouted to the king of men.

But great Ulysses, coming quickly up,
 Rebuked him with a frown: "Thou garrulous wretch!
 Glib as thou art of tongue, Thersites, cease,
 Nor singly dare to seek dispute with kings.
 There came, I deem, no viler wretch than thou 310
 To Troy with Agamemnon. Prate no more
 Of kings, reviling them, and keeping watch
 For pretexts to return. We know not yet
 Whether to go or to remain were best.
 Thou railest at the shepherd of the host, 315
 Atrides Agamemnon, for thou seest
 The Grecian heroes load him with rewards,
 While thou insultest him with scurrilous words.
 I tell thee now, — and I shall keep my word, —
 If e'er again I find thee railing on, 320
 As now thou dost, then let Ulysses wear
 His head no longer, let me not be called
 The father of Telemachus, if I
 Shall fail to seize thee, and to strip thee bare
 Of cloak and tunic, and whatever else 325
 Covers thy carcass, and to send thee forth,
 Howling, to our swift barks upon the shore,
 Scourged from the council with a storm of blows."

He spake, and with his sceptre smote the back
 And shoulders of the scoffer, who crouched low 330
 And shed a shower of tears. A bloody whelk
 Rose where the golden sceptre fell. He took
 His seat, dismayed, and still in pain wiped off
 The tears from his smutched face. The multitude

Around him, though in anxious mood, were moved
To smiles, and one addressed his neighbor thus :—

“ Strange that Ulysses does a thousand things 337
So well, — so wise in council, and in war
So brave ; and for the Grecian army now
He does the best of all, in silencing 340
The chatter of this saucy slanderer,
Whose acrid temper will not soon again
Move him to rail with insolent speech at kings.”

So talked the multitude. Ulysses then,
Holding the sceptre, rose, and by his side 345
The blue-eyed Pallas, in a herald's form,
Commanded silence, that the Argive host —
The mightiest and the meanest — might attend
To what should now be said, and calmly weigh
The counsel given them. With a prudent art 350
Ulysses framed his speech, and thus he spake :—

“ The Greeks, O Atreus' son, would bring on thee
Dishonor in the eyes and speech of men,
Breaking the promise made when first they came
From Argos, famed for steeds, that, having spoiled
This well-defended Troy, thou shouldst return 355
A conqueror. And now, like tender boys
Or widowed women, all give way to grief
And languish to return. 'T were hard to bear
If, after all our sufferings and our toils, 360
We go back now. And yet, whoe'er remains
A single month away from wife and home
Chafes if the winter storms and angry sea

Detain him still on board his well-oared bark ;
And we have seen the ninth full year roll round 365
Since we came hither. Therefore blame I not
The Greeks if they in their beaked ships repine
At this delay. But then it were disgrace
To linger here so long and journey home
With empty hands. Bear with us yet, and wait 370
Till it be certain whether Calchas speaks
Truly or not. For we remember well,
And all of you whom cruel death has spared
Are witnesses with me, that when the ships
Of Greece — it seems as if but yesterday — 375
Mustered in Aulis on their way to bring
Woe upon Priam and the town of Troy,
And we, beside a fountain, offered up
On sacred altars chosen hecatombs,
Under a shapely plane-tree, from whose root 380
Flowed the clear water, there appeared to us
A wondrous sign. A frightful serpent, marked
With crimson spots, which Jupiter sent forth
To daylight from beneath the altar-stone,
Came swiftly gliding toward the tree, whereon 385
A sparrow had her young — eight unfledged birds —
Upon the topmost bough and screened by leaves ;
The mother was the ninth. The serpent seized
The helpless brood and midst their piteous cries
Devoured them, while the mother fluttered round,
Lamenting, till he caught her by the wing ; 391
And when he had destroyed the parent bird

And all her brood, the god who sent him forth
 Made him a greater marvel still. The son
 Of crafty Saturn changed the snake to stone ; 394
 And we who stood around were sore amazed.
 Such was the awful portent which the gods
 Showed at that sacrifice. But Calchas thus
 Instantly spake, interpreting the sign :—

“ ‘ O long-haired Greeks,’ he said, ‘ why stand ye
 thus 400

In silence? All-foreseeing Jupiter
 Hath sent this mighty omen ; late it comes
 And late will be fulfilled, yet gloriously,
 And with a fame that never shall decay.
 For as the snake devoured the sparrow’s brood, 405
 Eight nestlings, and the mother-bird the ninth, —
 So many years the war shall last ; the tenth
 Shall give into our hands the stately Troy.’

“ So spake the seer ; thus far his words are true.
 Bide ye then here, ye well-greaved sons of Greece,
 Until the city of Priam shall be ours.” 411

He spake, and loud applause thereon ensued
 From all the Greeks, and fearfully the ships
 Rang with the clamorous voices uttering
 The praises of Ulysses and his words. 415
 Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, arose
 And thus addressed them : “ Strangely ye behave,
 Like boys unwonted to the tasks of war.
 Where now are all your promises and oaths?
 Shall all our councillings and all our cares, 420

Leagues made with wine, religiously outpoured,
And plightings of the strong right hand, be cast
Into the flames? Idly we keep alive
A strife of words, which serves no end though long
We loiter here! But thou, Atrides, firm 425
Of purpose, give command that now the Greeks
Move to the war, and leave to meet their fate
Those — one or more — who, parting from our host,
Meditate — but I deem in vain — to flee
Homeward to Argos ere they are assured 430
Whether the word of Jove omnipotent
Be false or true. For when the Greeks embarked
In their swift ships, to carry death and fate
To Ilium's sons, almighty Jupiter
Flung down his lightnings on the right and gave 435
Propitious omens. Therefore let no Greek
Go home till he possess a Trojan wife
And ye have signally avenged the wrongs
And griefs of Helen. Yet, if one be here
Who longs to go, let him but lay his hand 440
On his black ship, prepared to cross the deep,
And he shall die before the rest. But thou,
O king, be wisely counselled, lend an ear
To others, nor neglect what I propose.
Marshal the Greeks by tribes and brotherhoods, 445
That tribe may stand by tribe, and brotherhoods
Succor each other; if thou thus command
And they obey, thou shalt discern which chief
Or soldier is faint-hearted, which is brave,

For each will fight his best, and thou shalt know 455
 Whether through favor of the gods to Troy,
 Or our own cowardice and shameful lack
 Of skill in war, the town is not o'erthrown."

In turn the monarch Agamemnon spake : —
 " O aged warrior, thou excellest all 455
 The Greeks in council. Would to Jupiter,
 To Pallas and Apollo, that with me
 There were but ten such comrades. Priam's town
 Would quickly fall before us and be made
 A desolation. But the god who bears 460
 The ægis, Saturn's son, hath cast on me
 Much grief, entangling me in idle strifes
 And angry broils. Achilles and myself
 Have quarrelled for a maid with bitter words,
 And I was first incensed. But if again 465
 We meet and act as friends, the overthrow
 That threatens Ilium will not be delayed, —
 Not for an hour. Now all to your repast !
 And then prepare for battle. First let each
 See that his spear be sharp, and put his shield 470
 In order, give to his swift-footed steeds
 Their ample forage, and o'erlook his car
 That it be strong for war ; for all the day
 Shall we maintain the stubborn fight, nor cease
 Even for a moment, till the night come down 475
 To part the wrathful combatants. The band
 Of each broad buckler shall be moist with sweat
 On every breast, and weary every arm

That wields the spear, and every horse that drags
 The polished chariot o'er the field shall smoke 430
 With sweat. But whosoever shall be found
 By the beaked ships and skulking from the fray
 Shall be the feast of birds of prey and dogs !”

He spake ; the Argives raised a mighty shout,
 Loud as when billows lash the beetling shore, 435
 Rolled by the south-wind toward some jutting rock
 On which the waves, whatever wind may blow,
 Beat ceaselessly. In haste the people rose
 And went among the ships, and kindled fires
 Within their tents and took their meal. And one
 Made offerings to one god ; another paid 491
 Vows to another of the immortal race ;
 And all implored deliverance from death
 And danger. Agamemnon, king of men,
 Offered a fatted ox of five years old 495
 To Jupiter Almighty, summoning
 The elder princes of the Grecian host, —
 Nestor the first, the king Idomeneus,
 And then the warriors Ajax and the son
 Of Tydeus, with Ulysses, like to Jove 500
 In council, sixth and last. Unbidden came
 The valiant Menelaus, for he knew
 The cares that weighed upon his brother's heart.
 Then, as they stood around the fatted ox
 And took in hand the salted barley-meal, 505
 King Agamemnon in the circle prayed : —

“ O Jove, most great and glorious ! who dost rule

The tempest, — dweller of the ethereal space !
 Let not the sun go down and night come on
 Ere I shall lay the halls of Priam waste 510
 With fire, and give their portals to the flames,
 And hew away the coat of mail that shields
 The breast of Hector, splitting it with steel.
 And may his fellow-warriors, many a one,
 Fall round him to the earth and bite the dust.” 515

He spake ; the son of Saturn hearkened not,
 But took the sacrifice and made more hard
 The toils of war. And now when they had prayed,
 And strown the salted meal, they drew the neck
 Of the victim back and cut the throat and flayed 520
 The carcass, hewed away the thighs and laid
 The fat upon them in a double fold,
 On which they placed raw strips of flesh, and these
 They burned with leafless billets. Then they fixed
 The entrails on the spits and held them forth 525
 Above the flames, and when the thighs were burned
 And entrails tasted, all the rest was carved
 Into small portions and transfixed with spits
 And roasted carefully and drawn away.
 And when these tasks were finished and the board
 Was spread, they feasted ; from that equal feast 530
 None went unsated. When they had appeased
 Their thirst and hunger, the Gerenian knight
 Nestor stood forth and spake : “ Most glorious son
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men ! 535
 Waste we no time in prattle, nor delay

The work appointed by the gods, but send
 The heralds of the Achaians, brazen-mailed,
 To call the people to the fleet, while we
 Pass in a body through their vast array . 540
 And wake the martial spirit in their breasts.”

He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,
 Followed the counsel. Instantly he bade
 The loud-voiced herald summon to the war
 The long-haired Argives. At the call they came, 545
 Quickly they came together, and the kings,
 Nurslings of Jupiter, who stood beside
 Atrides, hastened through the crowd to form
 The army into ranks. Among them walked
 The blue-eyed Pallas, bearing on her arm 550
 The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,
 And undecaying ; from its edge there hung
 A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,
 And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.
 With this and fierce, defiant looks she passed 555
 Through all the Achaian host, and made their hearts
 Impatient for the march and strong to endure
 The combat without pause, — for now the war
 Seemed to them dearer than the wished return,
 In their good galleys, to the land they loved. 560

As when a forest on the mountain-top
 Is in a blaze with the devouring flame
 And shines afar, so, while the warriors marched,
 The brightness of their burnished weapons flashed
 On every side and upward to the sky. 565

The tempest, — dweller of the ethereal space !
Let not the sun go down and night come on
Ere I shall lay the halls of Priam waste 510
With fire, and give their portals to the flames,
And hew away the coat of mail that shields
The breast of Hector, splitting it with steel.
And may his fellow-warriors, many a one,
Fall round him to the earth and bite the dust.” 515

He spake ; the son of Saturn hearkened not,
But took the sacrifice and made more hard
The toils of war. And now when they had prayed,
And strown the salted meal, they drew the neck
Of the victim back and cut the throat and flayed —
The carcass, hewed away the thighs and laid
The fat upon them in a double fold,
On which they placed raw strips of flesh, and these
They burned with leafless billets. Then they fixed
The entrails on the spits and held them forth 520
Above the flames, and when the thighs were burned
And entrails tasted, all the rest was carved
Into small portions and transfixed with spits
And roasted carefully and drawn away.
And when these tasks were finished and the board
Was spread, they feasted : from that equal feast 525
None went unsated. When they had appeased
Their thirst and hunger, the Gerenian knight
Nestor stouf forth and spake : “ Most glorious son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men ! 530
Waste we no time in prattle, nor delay

The work appointed by the gods, but send
The heralds of the Achaians, brazen-mailed,
To call the people to the fleet, while we
Pass in a body through their vast array 540
And wake the martial spirit in their breasts.”

He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,
Followed the counsel. Instantly he bade
The loud-voiced herald summon to the war
The long-haired Argives. At the call they came, 545
Quickly they came together, and the kings,
Nurslings of Jupiter, who stood beside
Atrides, hastened through the crowd to form
The army into ranks. Among them walked
The blue-eyed Pallas, bearing on her arm 550
The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,
And undecaying ; from its edge there hung
A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,
And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.
With this and fierce, defiant looks she passed 555
Through all the Achaian host, and made their hearts
Impatient for the march and strong to endure
The combat without pause, — for now the war
Seemed to them dearer than the wished return,
In their good galleys, to the land they loved. 560

As when a forest on the mountain-top
Is in a blaze with the devouring flame
And shines afar, so, while the warriors marched,
The brightness of their burnished weapons flashed
On every side and upward to the sky. 565

And as when water-fowl of many tribes —
 Geese, cranes, and long-necked swans — disport
 themselves

In Asia's fields beside Cayster's streams,
 And to and fro they fly with screams, and light,
 Flock after flock, and all the fields resound ; 570
 So poured, from ships and tents, the swarming tribes
 Into Scamander's plain, where fearfully
 Earth echoed to the tramp of steeds and men ;
 And there they mustered on the river's side,
 Numberless as the flowers and leaves of spring. 575
 And as when flies in swarming myriads haunt
 The herdsman's stalls in spring-time, when new milk
 Has filled the pails, — in such vast multitudes
 Mustered the long-haired Greeks upon the plain,
 Impatient to destroy the Trojan race. 580

Then, as the goatherds, when their mingled flocks
 Are in the pastures, know and set apart
 Each his own scattered charge, so did the chiefs,
 Moving among them, marshal each his men.
 There walked King Agamemnon, like to Jove 585
 In eye and forehead, with the loins of Mars,
 And ample chest like him who rules the sea.
 And as a bull amid the hornèd herd
 Stands eminent and nobler than the rest,
 So Jove to Agamemnon on that day 590
 Gave to surpass the chiefs in port and mien.

O Muses, goddesses who dwell on high,
 Tell me, — for all things ye behold and know,

While we know nothing and may only hear
 The random tales of rumor, — tell me who 595
 Were chiefs and princes of the Greeks ; for I
 Should fail to number and to name them all, —
 Had I ten tongues, ten throats, a voice unapt
 To weary, uttered from a heart of brass, —
 Unless the Muses aided me. I now 600
 Will sing of the commanders and the ships.

Peneleus, Prothoënor, Leïtus,
 And Clonius, and Arcesilaus led
 The warriors of Bœotia, all who dwelt
 In Hyria and in rocky Aulis, all 605
 From Schœenus and from Scolus and the hill
 Of Eteonus and Thespeia's fields,
 And Graia and the Mycalesian plain,
 All who from Herma and Ilesius came,
 And Erythræ, and those who had their homes 610
 In Eleon, Hyla, and Ocalea,
 And Peteona, and the stately streets
 Of Medeon, Copæ, Thisbè full of doves,
 And those whose dwelling-place was Eutresis,
 And Coronæa, and the grassy lawns 615
 Of Haliartus, all the men who held
 Plataea, or in Glissa tilled the soil,
 Or dwelt in Hypothebæ nobly built,
 Or in Onchestus with its temple-walls
 Sacred to Neptune, or inhabited 620
 Arnè with fruitful vineyards, Midea
 And Nyssa the divine, and Anthedon

The distant, — fifty were their barks, and each
Held sixscore youths of the Bœotian race.

Next, over those who came from Aspledon 605
And from Orchomenus in Minyas
Ascalaphus ruled with his brother chief
Ialmenus, — two sons of mighty Mars.
These, in the halls of Actor, Azis' son,
Astyoche bore to the god of war, 630
Who met by stealth the bashful maid, as once
She sought the upper palace-rooms. Their ships
Were thirty, ranged in order on the shore.

Then Schedius and Epistrophus, two chiefs
Born to Iphitus, son of Naubolus 635
The large of soul, led the Phœcean host,
Those who in Cyparissus had their homes,
In Panope and Crissa the divine
And Daulis, or about Hyampolis
Anemoreia, and upon the banks 640
Of broad Cephissus, and with them the race
Who held Lilæa by Cephissus' springs.
With these came forty ships. Their leaders went
Among them, ranging them in due array
And close to the Bœotians on the left. 645

Ajax the swift of foot, Oïleus' son,
Was leader of the Locrians, — less in limb
And stature than the other Ajax, — nay,
Much smaller than that son of Telamon,
Wearing a linen corselet ; but to wield 650
The spear he far excelled all other men

Of Hellas and Achaia. Those who dwelt
 In Cynus, Opus, Bessa, and the fields
 Of Scarpha and Calliarus and green
 Augeia, Tarpha, and the meadows where 655
 Boagrius waters Thronium, followed him
 With forty dark-hulled Locrian barks, that came
 From coasts beyond Eubœa's sacred isle.

The Eubœans breathing valor, they who held
 Chalcis, Eretria, and the vineyard slopes 660
 Of Histiaëa, and the lofty walls
 Of Dium and Cerinthus by the sea,
 And Styra, and Earystus ; these obeyed
 Elphenor of the line of Mars, and son
 Of the large-souled Chalcodon ruler o'er 665
 The Abantes. Him with loosely-flowing locks
 The Abantes followed, swift of foot and fierce
 In combat, and expert to break the mail
 Upon the enemies' breasts with ashen spears ;
 With forty dark-hulled barks they followed him. 670

Next they who came from Athens nobly built,
 The city of Erechtheus, great of soul,
 Son of the teeming Earth, whom Pallas reared,
 That daughter of the Highest, and within
 Her sumptuous temple placed him, where the sons
 Of Athens, with the circling year's return, 676
 Paid worship at her altars, bringing bulls
 And lambs to lay upon them ; these obeyed
 Menestheus, son of Peteus, whom no chief
 On earth could equal in the art to place 680

Squadrons of men and horse in due array
 For battle. Nestor only sought to share
 This praise, but Nestor was the elder chief.
 Fifty dark galleys with Menestheus came.

Ajax had brought twelve ships from Salamis, 685
 And these he stationed near the Athenian host.

But they who dwelt in Argos, or within
 The strong-walled Tiryns, or Hermione
 And Asine with their deep, sheltering bays,
 Trœzene and Eïonæ, and hills 690
 Of Epidaurus planted o'er with vines,
 And they who tilled Ægina and the coast
 Of Mases, — Grecian warriors, — over these
 Brave Diomed bore sway, with Sthenelus,
 Beloved son of far-famed Campaneus, 695
 And, third in rule, Euryalus, who seemed
 Like to a god, Mecisteus' royal son
 Who sprung from Talaus ; yet the chief command
 Was given to Diomed, the great in war.
 A fleet of eighty galleys came with them. 700

The dwellers of Mycenæ nobly built,
 Of Corinth famed for riches, and the town
 Of beautiful Cleonæ, they who tilled
 Orneia, Aræthyrea's pleasant land,
 And Sicyon, where of yore Adrastus reigned, 705
 And Hyperesia and the airy heights
 Of Gonoessa, and Pellenè's fields,
 And they who came from Ægium and the shores
 Around it, and broad lands of Helicè, —

These had a hundred barks, and over them 710
 Atrides Agamemnon bore command ;
 And with him came the largest train of troops
 And bravest. He was cased in gleaming mail,
 And his heart gloried when he thought how high
 He stood among the heroes, — mightier far 715
 In power, and leader of a mightier host.

Then they who dwelt within the hollow vale
 Of queenly Lacedæmon, they who held
 Phare and Sparta, Messa full of doves,
 Bryseïæ, and Augeia's rich domain, 730
 Amyclæ and the town of Helos, built
 Close to the sea, and those who had their homes
 In Laäs and the fields of CÆtylus ;
 All these obeyed the brother of the king,
 The valiant Menelaus. Sixty ships 735
 They brought, but these he ranged apart from those
 Of Agamemnon. Through the ranks he went,
 And, trusting in his valor, quickened theirs
 For battle ; for his heart within him burned
 To avenge the wrongs of Helen and her tears. 730

Then came the men who tilled the Pylean coast
 And sweet Arenè, Thrya at the fords
 Of Alpheus, and the stately palace homes
 Of Æpy, or in Cyparissus dwelt,
 Or in Amphigeneia, Pteleum, 735
 Helos and Dorium, where the Muses once
 Met, journeying from Cæcalian Eurytus,
 The Thracian Thamyris, and took from him

His power of voice. For he had made his boast
 To overcome in song the daughters nine 740
 Of Jove the Ægis-bearer. They in wrath
 Smote him with blindness, took the heavenly gift
 Of song away, and made his hand forget
 Its cunning with the harp. All those were led
 By Nestor, the Gerenian knight, who came 745
 To war on Troy with fourscore ships and ten.

The Arcadians, dwelling by the lofty mount
 Cyllene, near the tomb of Epytus,
 Warriors who combat hand to hand, and they
 Who tilled the fields of Pheneus and possessed 750
 Orchomenus with all its flocks, or dwelt
 In Ripa and in Stratia, and the bleak
 Enispe, beaten with perpetual winds,
 And in Tegea, and the lovely land
 Of Mantinea, and in Stymphalus 755
 And in Parrhasia, came in sixty ships
 To Troy, with Agapenor for their chief,
 Son of Anceus. Every ship was thronged
 With warriors of Arcadia, for the king
 Of men, Atrides, gave them well-oared barks 760
 To cross the dark blue deep, since not to them
 Pertained the cares and labors of the sea.

Then from Euprasium and the sacred coast
 Of Elis, from Hyrmine and remote
 Myrsinus and the Olenian precipice, 765
 And from Alisium came, with chieftains four,
 The warriors, ten swift galleys following

Each chieftain, crowded with Epean troops.
 And part obeyed Amphimachus, the son
 Of Cteatus, and part with Thalpius came, 770
 The son of Eurytus Actorides,
 And part with brave Diores, of the line
 Of Amarynceus. Last, Polyxenus,
 The godlike offspring of Agasthenes,
 Whose father was Augeias, led the rest. 775

They from Dulichium and the Echinades,
 Those holy isles descried from Elis o'er
 The waters, had for leader Megas, brave
 As Mars, — the son of Phyleus, dearly loved
 By Jove. He left his father's house in wrath 780
 And dwelt within Dulichium. With the troops
 Of Megas came a fleet of forty ships.

Ulysses led the Cephallenian men,
 Who dwelt in Ithaca, or whose abode
 Was leafy Neritus, and those who came 785
 From Crocyleia, and from Ægilips
 The craggy, and Zacynthus, and the isle
 Of Samos, and Epirus, and from all
 The bordering lands. O'er these Ulysses ruled,
 A chief like Jove in council, and with him 790
 There came twelve galleys with their scarlet prows.

Then with the Ætolians came Andræmon's son
 Thoas, their leader. With him were the men
 Of Pleuron and Pylene, Olenus,
 And Chalcis on the sea-coast and the rocks 795
 Of Calydon ; for now no more the sons

Of large-souled Ceneus were alive on earth,
 Nor lived the chief himself, and in his tomb
 Was Meleager of the golden hair ;
 And thus the Ætolian rule to Thoas came. 810
 A fleet of fourscore galleys followed him.

Idomeneus, expert to wield the spear,
 Commanded those of Crete, the men who dwelt
 In Cnosus or Gortyna, strongly walled
 Lyctus, Miletus, and the glimmering 815
 Lycastus, Phæstus, Rhytium's populous town,
 And all the warrior train inhabiting
 The hundred towns of Crete. Idomeneus
 The mighty spearman, and Meriones,
 Fierce as the god of war, commanded these, 820
 And came to Troy with eighty dark-ribbed barks.

Tlepolemus, a warrior of the stock
 Of Hercules, was leader of the troops
 Of Rhodes, and brought nine vessels to the war,
 Manned with the haughty Rhodians. These were
 ranged 825

In threefold order : those of Lindus, those
 Who dwell in white Camirus, lastly those
 Of Ialassa. These Tlepolemus,
 The valiant spearman, ruled. Astyoche 830
 Bore him to mighty Hercules, who led
 The maid from Ephyra, upon the banks
 Of Selleis, to be his wife, what time
 His valor had o'erthrown and made a spoil
 Of many a city full of noble youths.

Tlepolemus, when in the palace-halls 825
 He grew to manhood, slew an aged man,
 An uncle of his father, whom he loved,
 Lycimnius, of the line of Mars, and straight
 He rigged a fleet of ships and led on board
 A numerous host and fled across the sea. 830
 For fearful were the threats of other sons
 And grandsons of the mighty Hercules.
 In Rhodes they landed after wanderings long
 And many hardships. There they dwelt in tribes,—
 Three tribes, — and were beloved of Jupiter, 835
 The ruler over gods and men, who poured
 Abundant riches on their new abode.

Nireus with three good ships from Syma came, —
 Nireus, Aglaia's son by Charopus
 The monarch, — Nireus who in comeliness 840
 Surpassed all Greeks that came to Ilium, save
 The faultless son of Peleus. Yet was he
 Unwarlike and few people followed him.

The dwellers of Nisyros, Crapathus,
 And Cos, the city of Eurypylus, 845
 Casus, and the Calydnian isles, obeyed
 Phidippus and his brother Antiphus,
 Sons of the monarch Thessalus, who sprang
 From Hercules. With thirty ships they came.

But those who held Pelasgian Argos, those 850
 Who dwelt in Alos, Trachys, Alope,
 Phthia, and Hellas full of lovely dames, —
 Named Myrmidons, Achaians, Hellenes, —

Achilles led their fifty ships ; but they
 Now heeded not the summons to the war, 655
 For there was none to form their ranks for fight.
 The great Achilles, swift of foot, remained
 Within his ships, indignant for the sake
 Of the fair-haired Briseis, whom he brought
 A captive from Lyrnessus after toils
 And dangers many. He had sacked and spoiled
 Lyrnessus, and o'erthrown the walls of Thebes
 And smitten Mynes and Epistrophus,
 The warlike sons of King Evenus, sprung
 From old Selapius. For this cause he kept 665
 Within his ships, full soon to issue forth.

The men of Phylace, of Pyrasus, —
 Sacred to Ceres and o'erspread with flowers,
 And of Itona, mother of white flocks,
 Antrona on the sea, and Pteleum green 675
 With herbage, — over these while yet he lived
 The brave Protesilaus ruled ; but now
 The dark earth covered him, and for his sake
 His consort, desolate in Phylace,
 Tore her fair cheeks, and all unfinished stood 685
 His palace, for a Dardan warrior slew
 Her husband as he leaped upon the land,
 The foremost of the Achaians. Yet his troops
 Were not without a leader, though they mourned
 Their brave old chief. Podarees, loved by Mars, —
 Son of Iphiclus, rich in flocks, who sprang 695
 From Phylacus, — led them and formed their ranks.

A younger brother of the slain was he.
 The slain was braver. Though the warriors grieved
 To lose their glorious chief, they did not lack 885
 A general. Forty dark ships followed him.

Then they who dwelt in Pheræ, by the lake
 Bæbeis, and in Bæbe, Glaphyræ,
 And nobly built Iolchos, came to Troy,
 Filling eleven galleys, and obeyed 890
 Eumelus, whom Alcestis the divine
 Bore to Admetus, — fairest, she, of all
 The house of Pelias and of womankind.

Those from Methonè and Olizon's rocks,
 And Melibœa and Thaumacia, filled 895
 Seven ships, with Philoctetes for their chief,
 A warrior skilled to bend the bow. Each bark
 Held fifty rowers, bowmen all, and armed
 For stubborn battle. But their leader lay
 Far in an island, suffering grievous pangs, — 900
 The hallowed isle of Lemnos. There the Greeks
 Left him, in torture from a venomed wound
 Made by a serpent's fangs. He lay and pined.
 Yet was the moment near when they who thus
 Forsook their king should think of him again. 905
 Meantime his troops were not without a chief ;
 Though greatly they desired their ancient lord,
 For now the base-born Medon marshalled them,
 Son of Oileus. Rhene brought him forth
 To that destroyer of strong fortresses. 910

The men of Tricca and Ithome's hills,

And they who held Cœchalia and the town
 Of Eurytus the Cœchalian, had for chiefs
 Two sons of Æsculapius, healers both,
 And skilful, — Podalirius one, and one 915
 Machaon. Thirty hollow barks were theirs.

The dwellers of Ormenium, they whose homes
 Were by the Hyperian fount, and they
 Who held Asterium and the snowy peaks
 Of Titanus, obeyed Eurypylus, 920
 Evæmon's son, and far renowned. A fleet
 Of forty dark-ribbed vessels followed him.

Those who possessed Argissa, those who held
 Gyrtonè, Orthè, and Helonè, those
 Who dwelt in Oloösion with white walls, 925
 The sturdy warrior Polypœtes led,
 Son of Pirithoüs, who derived his birth
 From deathless Jove. Hippodameia bore
 The warrior to Pirithoüs on the day
 When he took vengeance on the shaggy brood 930
 Of Centaurs, and from Pelion drove them forth
 To Æthicæ. Yet not alone in rule
 Was Polypœtes, for Leonteus, sprung
 From the large-souled Coronus, Cæneus' son,
 Shared with him the command. With them a fleet
 Of forty dark-hulled vessels came to Troy. 935

Then Ganeus came, with two and twenty ships
 From Cythus. Under his command he held
 The Enienes, and that sturdy race,
 The Peribœan warriors, and the men 940

Who built on cold Dodona, or who tilled
 The fields where pleasant Titaresius flows
 And into Peneus pours his gentle stream,
 Yet with its silver eddies mingles not,
 But floats upon the current's face like oil, — 945
 A Stygian stream by which the immortals swear.

With Prothoüs, Tenthredon's son, there came
 The warriors of Magnesia, who abode
 By Peneus, and by Pelion hung with woods ;
 Swift-footed Prothoüs led these. They came 950
 With forty dark-hulled galleys to the war.

These were the chiefs and princes of the Greeks.
 Say, Muse, who most excelled among the kings,
 And which the noblest steeds, of all that came
 With the two sons of Atreus to the war ? 955

The noblest steeds were those in Pheræ bred,
 That, guided by Eumelus, flew like birds, —
 Alike in hue and age ; the plummet showed
 Their height the same, and both were mares, and,
 reared

By Phœbus of the silver bow among 960
 The meadows of Pieria, they became
 The terror of the bloody battle-field.

The mightiest of the chiefs, while yet in wrath
 Achilles kept aloof, was Ajax, son
 Of Telamon ; yet was Pelides far 965

The greater warrior, and the steeds which bore
 That perfect hero were of noblest breed.
 In his beaked galleys, swift to cut the sea,

Achilles lay, meanwhile, and nursed the wrath
 He bore to Agamemnon, Atreus' son, 977
 The shepherd of the people. On the beach
 His warriors took their sport with javelins
 And quoits and bows, while near the chariots tied
 The horses, standing, browsed on lotus-leaves
 And parsley from the marshes. But beneath 978
 The tents the closely covered chariots stood,
 While idly through the camp the charioteers,
 Hither and thither sauntering, missed the sight
 Of their brave lord and went not to the field.

The army swept the earth as when a fire 980
 Devours the herbage of the plains. The ground
 Groaned under them as when the Thunderer Jove
 In anger with his lightnings smites the earth
 About Typhœus — where they say he lies —
 In Arimi. So fearfully the ground 982
 Groaned under that swift army as it moved.

Now to the Trojans the swift Iris came
 A messenger from ægis-bearing Jove,
 Tidings of bale she brought. They all had met —
 Old men and youths — in council at the gates 990
 Of Priam's mansion. There did Iris take
 Her station near the multitude, and spake,
 In voice and gesture like Polites, son
 Of Priam, who, confiding in his speed,
 Had stood a watcher for the sons of Troy 995
 On aged Æsyeta's lofty tomb,
 To give them warning when the Achaian host

Should issue from their galleys. Thus disguised,
Swift Iris spake her message from the skies : —

“ Father! thou art delighted with much speech,
As once in time of peace, but now 't is war, 1001
Inevitable war, and close at hand.

I have seen many battles, yet have ne'er
Beheld such armies, and so vast as these, —
In number like the sands and summer leaves. 1005
They march across the plain, prepared to give
Battle beneath the city walls. To thee,
O Hector, it belongs to heed my voice
And counsel. Many are the allies within
The walls of this great town of Priam, men 1010
Of diverse race and speech. Let every chief
Of these array his countrymen for war,
And give them orders for the coming fight.”

She spake, and Hector heeded and obeyed
The counsel of the goddess ; he dismissed 1015
The assembly ; all the Trojans rushed to arms,
And all the gates were opened. Horse and foot
Poured forth together in tumultuous haste.

In the great plain before the city stands
A mound of steep ascent on every side ; 1020
Men named it Batiea, but the gods
Called it the swift Myrinna's tomb ; and here
Mustered the sons of Troy and their allies.

Great Hector of the beamy helm, the son
Of Priam, led the Trojan race. The host 1025
Of greatest multitude was marshalled there,

And there the bravest, mighty with the spear.

Æneas marshalled the Dardanian troops, —

The brave son of Anchises. Venus bore

The warrior to Anchises on the heights 1090

Of Ida, where the mortal lover met

The goddess. Yet he ruled them not alone ;

Two chiefs, Antenor's sons Archelochus

And Acamas, were with him in command,

Expert in all the many arts of war. 1095

The Trojans from Zeleia, opulent men,

Who drank the dark Æsepus, — over these

Ruled Pandarus, Lycaon's valiant son,

To whom the god Apollo gave his bow.

The troops from Adrasteia, they who dwelt 1100

Within Apæsus' walls, or tilled the soil

Of Pityeia and Tereia's heights,

Were led by Amphius and Adrastus, clad

In linen corselets for the war, the sons

Of Merops the Percosian, skilled beyond 1105

All other men in the diviner's art.

Nor would he that his sons should seek the field

Of slaughter. They obeyed him not ; the fates

Decreed their early death and urged them on.

The dwellers of Percote, Practium, 1110

And Sestus, and Abydus, and divine

Arisba, followed Asius, great among

The heroes and the son of Hyrtacus, —

Asius, who came with strong and fiery steeds,

Borne from Arisba and from Selleis' banks. 1115

Hippochoüs over the Pelasgian tribes —
 Skilled spearman, who abode among the fields
 Of the deep-soiled Larissa — bore command, —
 Hippochoüs with Pylæus, who derived
 Their race from Mars, and for their father claimed
 Pelasgian Lethus, son of Teutamus. 1061

And Acamas, and Peiroüs, valiant chief,
 Were captains of the Thracian men, whose fields
 Were bounded by the rushing Hellespont.
 Euphemus led the Cicones, expert 1065
 To wield the spear in fight. The nobly-born
 Trœzenus was his father. Ceas' son
 Pyræchmes with Pæonia's archers came
 From the broad Axius in far Amydon, —
 Axius, the fairest river of the earth. 1070

Pylæmenes, a chief of fearless heart,
 Led from the region of the Eneti,
 Where first the stubborn race of mules was bred,
 The Paphlagonian warriors, they who held
 Cytorus, Sesamus, and fair abodes 1075
 Built where Parthenius wanders on, and those
 Who dwelt in Cromna and Ægialus,
 And on the lofty Erythinian heights.

And Hodus and Epistrophus led on
 The Halezonians from the distant land 1080
 Of Alyba, where ores of silver lie.
 And Chromis and the augur Ennomus
 Were leaders of the Mysians ; but his skill
 Saved not the augur from the doom of death,

Slain by the swift of foot, Æacides, 1095
 With other men of Troy where Xanthus flows.
 And Phorcys and Ascanius, who was like
 A god in beauty, led the Phrygian troops
 From far Ascania, eager for the fray.
 And Antiphus and Mesthles were the chiefs 1095
 Of the Mæonian warriors, reared beside
 The ships of Tmolus. There Gygæa's lake
 Brought forth both chieftains to Pylæmenes.

Nastes was leader of the Carian troops,
 Who spake in barbarous accents and possessed 1095
 Miletus and the leafy mountain heights
 Where dwell the Phthirians, and Mæander's stream,
 And airy peaks of Mycalè. O'er these
 Amphimachus and Nastes held command, —
 Amphimachus and Nastes, far renowned 1100
 Sons of Nomion, him who, madly vain,
 Went to the battle pranked like a young girl
 In golden ornaments. They spared him not
 The bitter doom of death; he fell beneath
 The hand of swift Æacides within 1105
 The river's channel. There the great in war,
 Achilles, spoiled Nomion of his gold.

Sarpedon and the noble Glaucus bore
 Rule o'er the Lycians coming from afar,
 Where eddying Xanthus runs through Lycia's meads.

BOOK III.

NOW when both armies were arrayed for war,
Each with its chiefs, the Trojan host moved on
With shouts and clang of arms, as when the cry
Of cranes is in the air, that, flying south
From winter and its mighty breadth of rain, 5
Wing their way over ocean, and at dawn
Bring fearful battle to the pygmy race,
Bloodshed and death. But silently the Greeks
Went forward, breathing valor, mindful still
To aid each other in the coming fray. 10

As when the south wind shrouds a mountain-top
In vapors that awake the shepherd's fear, —
A surer covert for the thief than night, —
And round him one can only see as far
As one can hurl a stone, — such was the cloud 15
Of dust that from the warriors' trampling feet
Rose round their rapid march and filled the air.

Now drew they near each other, face to face,
And Paris in the Trojan van pressed on,
In presence like a god. A leopard's hide 20
Was thrown across his shoulders, and he bore
A crooked bow and falchion. Brandishing
Two brazen-pointed javelins, he defied
To mortal fight the bravest of the Greeks.

Him, Menelaus, loved of Mars, beheld 25
Advancing with large strides before the rest ;

And as a hungry lion who has made
 A prey of some large beast — a hornèd stag
 Or mountain goat — rejoices, and with speed
 Devours it, though swift hounds and sturdy youths
 Press on his flank, so Menelaus felt
 Great joy when Paris, of the godlike form,
 Appeared in sight, for now he thought to wreak
 His vengeance on the guilty one, and straight
 Sprang from his car to earth with all his arms. 37

But when the graceful Paris saw the chief
 Come toward him from the foremost ranks, his heart
 Was troubled, and he turned and passed among
 His fellow-warriors and avoided death.

As one, who meets within a mountain glade 49
 A serpent, starts aside with sudden fright,
 And takes the backward way with trembling limbs
 And cheeks all white, — the graceful Paris thus
 Before the son of Atreus shrank in fear,
 And mingled with the high-souled sons of Troy. 45
 Hector beheld and thus upbraided him
 Harshly : “ O luckless Paris, nobly formed,
 Yet woman-follower and seducer ! Thou
 Shouldst never have been born, or else at best
 Have died unwedded ; better were it far, 50
 Than thus to be a scandal and a scorn
 To all who look on thee. The long-haired Greeks,
 How they will laugh, who for thy gallant looks
 Deemed thee a hero, when there dwells in thee
 No spirit and no courage ? Wast thou such 55

When, crossing the great deep in thy stanch ships
 With chosen comrades, thou didst make thy way
 Among a stranger-people and bear off
 A beautiful woman from that distant land,
 Allied by marriage-ties to warrior-men, — 60
 A mischief to thy father and to us
 And all the people, to our foes a joy,
 And a disgrace to thee? Why couldst thou not
 Await Atrides? 'Then hadst thou been taught
 From what a valiant warrior thou didst take 65
 His blooming spouse. Thy harp will not avail,
 Nor all the gifts of Venus, nor thy locks,
 Nor thy fair form, when thou art laid in dust.
 Surely the sons of Troy are faint of heart,
 Else hadst thou, for the evil thou hast wrought, 70
 Been laid beneath a coverlet of stone."

Then Paris, of the godlike presence, spake
 In answer: "Hector, thy rebuke is just;
 Thou dost not wrong me. Dauntless is thy heart;
 'T is like an axe when, wielded by the hand 75
 That hews the shipwright's plank, it cuts right
 through,
 Doubling the wielder's force. Such tameless heart
 Dwells in thy bosom. Yet reproach me not
 With the fair gifts which golden Venus gave.
 Whatever in their grace the gods bestow 80
 Is not to be rejected: 't is not ours
 To choose what they shall give us. But if thou
 Desirest to behold my prowess shown

In combat, cause the Trojans and the Greeks
 To pause from battle, while, between the hosts, 85
 I and the warlike Menelaus strive
 In single fight for Helen and her wealth.
 Whoever shall prevail and prove himself
 The better warrior, let him take with him
 The treasure and the woman, and depart ; 90
 While all the other Trojans, having made
 A faithful league of amity, shall dwell
 On Ilium's fertile plain, and all the Greeks
 Return to Argos, famed for noble steeds,
 And to Achaia, famed for lovely dames." 95

He spake, and Hector, hearing him, rejoiced,
 And went between the hosts, and with his spear,
 Held by the middle, pressed the phalanxes
 Of Trojans back, and made them all sit down.
 The long-haired Greeks meanwhile, with bended
 bows, 100

Took aim against him, just about to send
 Arrows and stones ; but Agamemnon, king
 Of men, beheld, and thus he cried aloud :—

“ Restrain yourselves, ye Argives ; let not fly
 Your arrows, ye Achaians ; Hector asks — 105
 He of the beamy helmet asks to speak.”

He spake, and they refrained, and all, at once,
 Were silent. Hector then stood forth and said :—

“ Hearken, ye Trojans and ye nobly-armed
 Achaians, to what Paris says by me. 110
 He bids the Trojans and the Greeks lay down

Their shining arms upon the teeming earth,
 And he and Menelaus, loved of Mars,
 Will strive in single combat, on the ground
 Between the hosts, for Helen and her wealth ; 115
 And he who shall o'ercome, and prove himself
 The better warrior, to his home shall bear
 The treasure and the woman, while the rest
 Shall frame a solemn covenant of peace."

He spake, and both the hosts in silence heard. 120
 Then Menelaus, great in battle, said :—

"Now hear me also, — me whose spirit feels
 The wrong most keenly. I propose that now
 The Greeks and Trojans separate reconciled,
 For greatly have ye suffered for the sake 125
 Of this my quarrel, and the original fault
 Of Paris. Whomsoever fate ordains
 To perish, let him die ; but let the rest
 Be from this moment reconciled, and part.
 And bring an offering of two lambs — one white, 130
 The other black — to Earth and to the Sun,
 And we ourselves will offer one to Jove.
 And be the mighty Priam here, that he
 May sanction this our compact, — for his sons
 Are arrogant and faithless, — lest some hand 135
 Wickedly break the covenant of Jove.
 The younger men are of a fickle mood ;
 But when an elder shares the act he looks
 Both to the past and future, and provides
 What is most fitting and the best for all." 140

He spake, and both the Greeks and Trojans heard
 His words with joy, and hoped the hour was come
 To end the hard-fought war. They reined their
 steeds

Back to the ranks, alighted, and put off
 Their armor, which they laid upon the ground 147
 Near them in piles, with little space between.

Then Hector sent two heralds forth with speed
 Into the town, to bring the lambs and call
 King Priam. Meanwhile Agamemnon bade
 Talthylbius seek the hollow ships and find 149
 A lamb for the altar. He obeyed the words
 Of noble Agamemnon, king of men.

Meanwhile to white-armed Helen Iris came
 A messenger. She took a form that seemed
 Laodice, the sister of Paris, whom 155
 Antenor's son, King Helicaon, wed, —
 Fairest of Priam's daughters. She drew near
 To Helen, in the palace, weaving there
 An ample web, a shining double-robe,
 Whereon were many conflicts fairly wrought, 156
 Endured by the horse-taming sons of Troy
 And brazen-mailed Achaïans for her sake
 Upon the field of Mars. Beside her stood
 Swift-footed Iris, and addressed her thus : —

“ Dear lady, come and see the Trojan knights 157
 And brazen-mailed Achaïans doing things
 To wonder at. They who, in this sad war,
 Eager to slay each other, lately met

In murderous combat on the field, are now
Seated in silence, and the war hath ceased. 170

They lean upon their shields, their massive spears
Are near them, planted in the ground upright.
Paris, and Menelaus, loved of Mars,
With their long lances will contend for thee,
And thou wilt be declared the victor's spouse." 175

She said, and in the heart of Helen woke
Dear recollections of her former spouse
And of her home and kindred. Instantly
She left her chamber, robed and veiled in white,
And shedding tender tears; yet not alone, 180
For with her went two maidens, — Æthra, child
Of Pitheus, and the large-eyed Clymene.

Straight to the Scæan gates they walked, by which
Panthoüs, Priam, and Thymœtes sat,
Lampus and Clytius, Hicetaon sprung 185
From Mars, Antenor and Ucalegon,
Two sages, — elders of the people all.

Beside the gates they sat, unapt, through age,
For tasks of war, but men of fluent speech,
Like the cicadas that within the wood 190
Sit on the trees and utter delicate sounds.

Such were the nobles of the Trojan race
Who sat upon the tower. But when they marked
The approach of Helen, to each other thus
With winged words, but in low tones, they said: — 195

“ Small blame is theirs, if both the Trojan knights
And brazen-mailed Achaians have endured

So long so many evils for the sake
 Of that one woman. She is wholly like
 In feature to the deathless goddesses. 200
 So be it : let her, peerless as she is,
 Return on board the fleet, nor stay to bring
 Disaster upon us and all our race."

So spake the elders. Priam meantime called
 To Helen : "Come, dear daughter, sit by me. 205
 Thou canst behold thy former husband hence,
 Thy kindred and thy friends. I blame thee not ;
 The blame is with the immortals who have sent
 These pestilent Greeks against me. Sit and name
 For me this mighty man, the Grecian chief, 210
 Gallant and tall. True, there are taller men ;
 But of such noble form and dignity
 I never saw : in truth, a kingly man."

And Helen, fairest among women, thus
 Answered : "Dear second father, whom at once 215
 I fear and honor, would that cruel death
 Had overtaken me before I left,
 To wander with thy son, my marriage-bed,
 And my dear daughter, and the company
 Of friends I loved. But that was not to be ; 220
 And now I pine and weep. Yet will I tell
 What thou dost ask. The hero whom thou seest
 Is the wide-ruling Agamemnon, son
 Of Atreus, and is both a gracious king
 And a most dreaded warrior. He was once 225
 Brother-in-law to me, if I may speak —

Lost as I am to shame — of such a tie.”

She said, the aged man admired, and then
 He spake again : “ O son of Atreus, born
 Under a happy fate, and fortunate 230
 Among the sons of men ! A mighty host
 Of Grecian youths obey thy rule. I went
 To Phrygia once, — that land of vines, — and there
 Saw many Phrygians, heroes on fleet steeds,
 The troops of Otreus, and of Mygdon, shaped 235
 Like one of the immortals. They encamped
 By the Sangarius. I was an ally ;
 My troops were ranked with theirs upon the day
 When came the unsexed Amazons to war.
 Yet even there I saw not such a host 240
 As this of black-eyed Greeks who muster here.”

Then Priam saw Ulysses, and inquired : —
 “ Dear daughter, tell me also who is that,
 Less tall than Agamemnon, yet more broad
 In chest and shoulders. On the teeming earth 245
 His armor lies, but he, from place to place,
 Walks round among the ranks of soldiery,
 As when the thick-fleeced father of the flocks
 Moves through the multitude of his white sheep.”

And Jove-descended Helen answered thus : — 250
 “ That is Ulysses, man of many arts,
 Son of Laertes, reared in Ithaca,
 That rugged isle, and skilled in every form
 Of shrewd device and action wisely planned.”

Then spake the sage Antenor : “ Thou hast said 255

The truth, O lady. This Ulysses once
 Came on an embassy, concerning thee,
 To Troy with Menelaus, great in war ;
 And I received them as my guests, and they
 Were lodged within my palace, and I learned 260
 The temper and the qualities of both.

When both were standing 'mid the men of Troy,
 I marked that Menelaus's broad chest
 Made him the more conspicuous, but when both
 Were seated, greater was the dignity 265
 Seen in Ulysses. When they both addressed

The council. Menelaus briefly spake
 In pleasing tones, though with few words, — as one
 Not given to loose and wandering speech, — although
 The younger. When the wise Ulysses rose, 270
 He stood with eyes cast down, and fixed on earth,

And neither swayed his sceptre to the right
 Nor to the left, but held it motionless,
 Like one unused to public speech. He seemed

An idiot out of humor. But when forth 275
 He sent from his full lungs his mighty voice,
 And words came like a fall of winter snow,
 No mortal then would dare to strive with him
 For mastery in speech. We less admired
 The aspect of Ulysses than his words." 280

Beholding Ajax then, the aged king
 Asked yet again : " Who is that other chief
 Of the Achaians, tall, and large of limb, —
 Taller and broader-chested than the rest ? "

Helen, the beautiful and richly-robed, 285
 Answered : " Thou seest the mighty Ajax there,
 The bulwark of the Greeks. On the other side,
 Among his Cretans, stands Idomeneus,
 Of godlike aspect, near to whom are grouped
 The leaders of the Cretans. Oftentimes 290
 The warlike Menelaus welcomed him
 Within our palace, when he came from Crete.
 I could point out and name the other chiefs
 Of the dark-eyed Achaians. Two alone,
 Princes among their people, are not seen, — 295
 Castor the fearless horseman, and the skilled
 In boxing, Pollux, — twins ; one mother bore
 Both them and me. Came they not with the rest
 From pleasant Lacedæmon to the war ?
 Or, having crossed the deep in their good ships, 300
 Shun they to fight among the valiant ones
 Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame ? "

She spake ; but they already lay in earth
 In Lacedæmon, their dear native land.

And now the heralds through the city bore 305
 The sacred pledges of the gods, — two lambs,
 And joyous wine, the fruit of Earth, within
 A goat-skin. One of them — Idæus — brought
 A glistening vase and golden drinking-cups,
 And summoned, in these words, the aged king : — 310

" Son of Laomedon, arise ! . The chiefs
 Who lead the Trojan knights and brazen-mailed
 Achaians pray thee to descend at once

Into the plain, that thou mayst ratify
 A faithful compact. Alexander now 315
 And warlike Menelaus will contend
 With their long spears for Helen. She and all
 Her treasures are to be the conqueror's prize ;
 While all the other Trojans, having made
 A faithful league of amity, shall dwell 320
 On Ilium's fertile plain, and all the Greeks
 Return to Argos, famed for noble steeds,
 And to Achaia, famed for lovely dames."

He spake, and Priam, shuddering, heard and bade
 The attendants yoke the horses to his car. 325
 Soon were they yoked ; he mounted first and drew
 The reins ; Antenor took a place within
 The sumptuous car, and through the Scæan gates
 They guided the fleet coursers toward the field.

Now when the twain had come where lay the
 hosts 330
 Of Trojans and Achaians, down they stepped
 Upon the teeming earth, and went among
 The assembled armies. Quickly, as they came,
 Rose Agamemnon, king of men, and next
 Uprose the wise Ulysses. To the spot 335
 The illustrious heralds brought the sacred things
 That bind a treaty, and with mingled wine
 They filled a chalice, and upon the hands
 Of all the kings poured water. Then the son
 Of Atreus drew a dagger which he wore 340
 Slung by his sword's huge sheath, and clipped away

The forelocks of the lambs, and parted them
 Among the Trojan and Achaian chiefs,
 And stood with lifted hands and prayed aloud :—

“O Father Jupiter, who rulest all 345
 From Ida, mightiest, most august! and thou,
 O all-beholding and all-hearing Sun!
 Ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye who dwell
 Beneath the earth and punish after death
 Those who have sworn false oaths, bear witness ye, 350
 And keep unbroken this day's promises.
 If Alexander in the combat slay
 My brother Menelaus, he shall keep
 Helen and all her wealth, while we return
 Homeward in our good ships. If, otherwise, 355
 The bright-haired Menelaus take the life
 Of Alexander, Helen and her wealth
 Shall be restored, and they of Troy shall pay
 Such fine as may be meet, and may be long
 Remembered in the ages yet to come. 360
 And then if, after Alexander's fall,
 Priam and Priam's sons refuse the fine,
 I shall make war for it, and keep my place
 By Troy until I gain the end I seek.”

So spake the king, and with the cruel steel 365
 Cut the lambs' throats, and laid them on the ground,
 Panting and powerless, for the dagger took
 Their lives away. Then over them they poured
 Wine from the chalice, drawn in golden cups,
 And prayed to the ever-living gods; and thus 370

Were Trojans and Achaians heard to say :—

“O Jupiter most mighty and august !

Whoever first shall break these solemn oaths,
So may their brains flow down upon the earth, —
Theirs and their children's, —like the wine we pour,
And be their wives the wives of other men.” 376

Such was the people's vow. Saturnian Jove
Confirmed it not. Then Priam, of the line
Of Dardanus, addressed the armies thus :—

“Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye well-greaved
Greeks! 380

For me I must return to wind-swept Troy.

I cannot bear, with these old eyes, to look
On my dear son engaged in desperate fight
With Menelaus, the beloved of Mars.

Jove and the ever-living gods alone 385
Know which of them shall meet the doom of death.”

So spake the godlike man, and placed the lambs
Within his chariot, mounted, and drew up
The reins. Antenor by him took his place
Within the sumptuous chariot. Then they turned
The horses and retraced their way to Troy. 391

But Hector, son of Priam, and the great
Ulysses measured off a fitting space,
And in a brazen helmet, to decide
Which warrior first should hurl the brazen spear,
They shook the lots, while all the people round
Lifted their hands to heaven and prayed the gods ;
And thus the Trojans and Achaians said :—

“O Father Jove, who rulest from the top
 Of Ida, mightiest one and most august! 400
 Whichever of these twain has done the wrong,
 Grant that he pass to Pluto’s dwelling, slain,
 While friendship and a faithful league are ours.”

So spake they. Hector of the beamy helm
 Looked back and shook the lots. Forth leaped at
 once 405

The lot of Paris. Then they took their seats
 In ranks beside their rapid steeds, and where
 Lay their rich armor. Paris the divine,
 Husband of bright-haired Helen, there put on
 His shining panoply, — upon his legs 410
 Fair greaves, with silver clasps, and on his breast
 His brother’s mail, Lycaon’s, fitting well
 His form. Around his shoulders then he hung
 His silver-studded sword, and stout, broad shield,
 And gave his glorious brows the dreadful helm, 415
 Dark with its horse-hair plume. A massive spear
 Filled his right hand. Meantime the warlike son
 Of Atreus clad himself in like array.

And now when both were armed for fight, and each
 Had left his host, and, coming forward, walked 420
 Between the Trojans and the Greeks, and frowned
 Upon the other, a mute wonder held
 The Trojan cavaliers and well-greaved Greeks.
 There near each other in the measured space
 They stood in wrathful mood with lifted spears. 425

First Paris hurled his massive spear; it smote

The round shield of Atrides, but the brass
 Broke not beneath the blow ; the weapon's point
 Was bent on that strong shield. The next assault
 Atrides Menelaus made, but first 439
 Offered this prayer to Father Jupiter : —

“ O sovereign Jove ! vouchsafe that I avenge
 On guilty Paris wrongs which he was first
 To offer ; let him fall beneath my hand,
 That men may dread hereafter to requite 445
 The friendship of a host with injury.”

He spake, and flung his brandished spear ; it
 smote

The round shield of Priamides ; right through
 The shining buckler went the rapid steel,
 And, cutting the soft tunic near the flank, 449
 Stood fixed in the fair corselet. Paris bent
 Sideways before it and escaped his death.
 Atrides drew his silver-studded sword,
 Lifted it high and smote his enemy's crest.
 The weapon, shattered to four fragments, fell. 445
 He looked to the broad heaven, and thus ex-
 claimed : —

“ O Father Jove ! thou art of all the gods
 The most unfriendly. I had hoped to avenge
 The wrong by Paris done me, but my sword
 Is broken in my grasp, and from my hand 450
 The spear was vainly flung and gave no wound.”

He spake, and, rushing forward, seized the helm
 Of Paris by its horse-hair crest, and turned

And dragged him toward the well-armed Greeks.
 Beneath

His tender throat the embroidered band that held ⁴⁵⁵
 The helmet to the chin was choking him.

And now had Menelaus dragged him thence,
 And earned great glory, if the child of Jove,
 Venus, had not perceived his plight in time.
 She broke the ox-hide band ; an empty helm ⁴⁶⁰

Followed the powerful hand ; the hero saw,
 Swung it aloft and hurled it toward the Greeks,
 And there his comrades seized it. He again
 Rushed with his brazen spear to slay his foe.

But Venus — for a goddess easily ⁴⁶⁵
 Can work such marvels — rescued him, and, wrapped
 In a thick shadow, bore him from the field
 And placed him in his chamber, where the air
 Was sweet with perfumes. Then she took her way
 To summon Helen. On the lofty tower ⁴⁷⁰

She found her, midst a throng of Trojan dames,
 And plucked her perfumed robe. She took the form
 And features of a spinner of the fleece,
 An aged dame, who used to comb for her
 The fair white wool in Lacedæmon's halls, ⁴⁷⁵
 And loved her much. In such an humble guise
 The goddess Venus thus to Helen spake : —

“ Come hither, Alexander sends for thee ;
 He now is in his chamber and at rest
 On his carved couch ; in beauty and attire ⁴⁸⁰
 Resplendent, not like one who just returns

From combat with a hero, but like one
 Who goes to mingle in the choral dance,
 Or, when the dance is ended, takes his seat."

She spake, and Helen heard her, deeply moved ;
 Yet when she marked the goddess's fair neck, 496
 Beautiful bosom, and soft, lustrous eyes,
 Her heart was touched with awe, and thus she said :—

“ Strange being ! why wilt thou delude me still ?
 Wouldst thou decoy me further on among 498
 The populous Phrygian towns, or those that stud
 Pleasant Mæonia, where there haply dwells
 Some one of mortal race whom thou dost deign
 To make thy favorite. Hast thou seen, perhaps,
 That Menelaus, having overpowered 499
 The noble Alexander, seeks to bear
 Me, hated as I must be, to his home ?
 And hast thou therefore fallen on this device ?
 Go to him, sit by him, renounce for him
 The company of gods, and never more 500
 Return to heaven, but suffer with him ; watch
 Beside him till he take thee for his wife
 Or handmaid. Thither I shall never go,
 To adorn his couch and to disgrace myself.
 The Trojan dames would taunt me. O, the griefs 501
 That press upon my soul are infinite ! ”

Displeas'd, the goddess Venus answered : “ Wretch,
 Incense me not, lest I abandon thee
 In anger, and detest thee with a zeal
 As great as is my love, and lest I cause 502

Trojans and Greeks to hate thee, so that thou
 Shalt miserably perish." Thus she spake ;
 And Helen, Jove-begotten, struck with awe,
 Wrapped in a robe of shining white, went forth
 In silence from amidst the Trojan dames, 515
 Unheeded, for the goddess led the way.

When now they stood beneath the sumptuous roof
 Of Alexander, straightway did the maids
 Turn to their wonted tasks, while she went up,
 Fairest of women, to her chamber. There 520
 The laughing Venus brought and placed a seat
 Right opposite to Paris. Helen sat,
 Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, with eyes
 Averted, and reproached her husband thus :—

"Com'st thou from battle? Rather would that
 thou 525

Hadst perished by the mighty hand of him
 Who was my husband. It was once, I know,
 Thy boast that thou wert more than peer in strength
 And power of hand, and practice with the spear,
 To warlike Menelaus. Go then now, 530
 Defy him to the combat once again.
 And yet I counsel thee to stand aloof,
 Nor rashly seek a combat, hand to hand,
 With fair-haired Menelaus, lest perchance
 He smite thee with his spear and thou be slain." 535

Then Paris answered : "Woman, chide me not
 Thus harshly. True it is, that, with the aid
 Of Pallas, Menelaus hath obtained

The victory ; but I may vanquish him
 In turn, for we have also gods with us. 540
 Give we the hour to dalliance ; never yet
 Have I so strongly proved the power of love, —
 Not even when I bore thee from thy home
 In pleasant Lacedæmon, traversing
 The deep in my good ships, and in the isle 545
 Of Cranaë made thee mine, — such glow of love
 Possesses me, and sweetness of desire.”

He spake, and to the couch went up ; his wife
 Followed, and that fair couch received them both.

Meantime Atrides, like a beast of prey, 550
 Went fiercely ranging through the crowd in search
 Of godlike Alexander. None of all
 The Trojans, or of their renowned allies,
 Could point him out to Menelaus, loved
 Of Mars ; and had they known his lurking-place 555
 They would not for his sake have kept him hid,
 For like black death they hated him. Then stood
 Among them Agamemnon, king of men,
 And spake : “ Ye Trojans and Achaians, hear,
 And ye allies. The victory belongs 560
 To warlike Menelaus. Ye will then
 Restore the Argive Helen and her wealth,
 And pay the fitting fine, which shall remain
 A memory to men in future times.”

Thus spake the son of Atreus, and the rest 565
 Of the Achaian host approved his words.

BOOK IV.

MEANTIME the immortal gods with Jupiter
 Upon his golden pavement sat and held
 A council. Hebe, honored of them all,
 Ministered nectar, and from cups of gold
 They pledged each other, looking down on Troy. 5
 When, purposely to kindle Juno's mood
 To anger, Saturn's son, with biting words
 That well betrayed his covert meaning, spake :—

“ Two goddesses — the Argive Juno one,
 The other Pallas, her invincible friend — 10
 Take part with Menelaus, yet they sit
 Aloof, content with looking on, while still
 Venus, the laughter-loving one, protects
 Her Paris, ever near him, warding off
 The stroke of fate. Just now she rescued him 15
 When he was near his death. The victory
 Belongs to Menelaus, loved of Mars.
 Now let us all consider what shall be
 The issue, — whether we allow the war,
 With all its waste of life, to be renewed, 20
 Or cause the warring nations to sit down
 In amity. If haply it shall be
 The pleasure and the will of all the gods,
 Let Priam's city keep its dwellers still,
 And Menelaus lead his Helen home.” 25

He spake, but Juno and Minerva sat,

And with closed lips repined, for secretly
 They plotted evil for the Trojan race.
 Minerva held her peace in bitterness
 Of heart and sore displeas'd with Father Jove. 32
 But Juno could not curb her wrath, and spake : —
 “ What words, austere Saturnius, hast thou said !
 Wilt thou then render vain the toils I bear,
 And all my sweat ? My very steeds even now
 Are weary with the mustering of the host 35
 That threaten woe to Priam and his sons.
 Yet do thy will ; but be at least assured
 That all the other gods approve it not.”

The cloud-compelling Jupiter replied
 In anger : “ Pestilent one ! what grievous wrong 40
 Hath Priam done to thee, or Priam's sons,
 That thou shouldst persevere to overthrow
 His noble city ? Shouldst thou through the gates
 Of Ilium make thy way, and there devour,
 Within the ramparts, Priam and his sons 45
 And all the men of Troy alive, thy rage
 Haply might be appeas'd. Do as thou wilt,
 So that this difference breed no lasting strife
 Between us. Yet I tell thee this, — and thou
 Bear what I say in mind : In time to come, 50
 Should I design to level in the dust
 Some city where men dear to thee are born,
 Seek not to thwart my vengeance, but submit.
 For now I fully yield me to thy wish,
 Though with unwilling mind. Wherever dwell 55

The race of humankind beneath the sun
 And starry heaven, of all their cities Troy
 Has been by me most honored, — sacred Troy, —
 And Priam, and the people who obey
 Priam, the wielder of the ashen spear; 60
 For there my altars never lacked their rites, —
 Feasts, incense, and libations duly paid.”

Then Juno, the majestic, with large eyes,
 Rejoined : “ The cities most beloved by me
 Are three, — Mycenæ, with her spacious streets, 65
 Argos, and Sparta. Raze them to the ground,
 If they be hateful to thee. I shall ne'er
 Contend to save them, nor repine to see
 Their fall ; for, earnestly as I might seek
 To rescue them from ruin, all my aid 70
 Would not avail, so much the mightier thou.
 Yet doth it ill become thee thus to make
 My efforts vain. I am a goddess, sprung
 From the same stock with thee ; I am the child
 Of crafty Saturn, and am twice revered, — 75
 Both for my birth and that I am the spouse
 Of thee who rulest over all the gods.
 Now let us each yield somewhat, — I to thee
 And thou to me ; the other deathless gods
 Will follow us. Let Pallas be despatched 80
 To that dread battle-field on which are ranged
 The Trojans and Achaians, and stir up
 The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands
 Against the elated Greeks and break the league.”

She ended, and the Father of the gods 85
 And mortals instantly complied, and called
 Minerva, and in wingèd accents said :—
 “Haste to the battle-field, and there, among
 The Trojan and Achaian armies, cause
 The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands 90
 Against the elated Greeks and break the league.”

So saying, Jupiter to Pallas gave
 The charge she wished already. She in haste
 Shot from the Olympian summits, like a star
 Sent by the crafty Saturn’s son to warn 95
 The seamen or some mighty host in arms, —
 A radiant meteor scattering sparkles round.
 So came and lighted Pallas on the earth
 Amidst the armies. All who saw were seized
 With wonder, — Trojan knights and well-armed
 Greeks ; 100

And many a one addressed his comrade thus : —

“Sure we shall have the wasting war again,
 And stubborn combats ; or, it may be, Jove,
 The arbiter of wars among mankind,
 Decrees that the two nations dwell in peace.” 105

So Greeks and Trojans said. The goddess went
 Among the Trojan multitude disguised ;
 She seemed Laodocus, Antenor’s son,
 A valiant warrior, seeking through the ranks
 For godlike Pandarus. At length she found 110
 Lycaon’s gallant and illustrious son,
 Standing with bucklered warriors ranged around,

Who followed him from where Æsepus flows ;
 And, standing near, she spake these wingèd words :—

“ Son of Lycaon ! wilt thou hear my words, 115
 Brave as thou art ? Then wilt thou aim a shaft
 At Menelaus ; thus wilt thou have earned
 Great thanks and praise from all the men of Troy,
 And chiefly from Prince Paris, who will fill,
 Foremost of all, thy hands with lavish gifts, 120
 When he shall look on Menelaus slain —
 The warlike son of Atreus — by thy hand,
 And laid upon his lofty funeral pile.
 Aim now at Menelaus the renowned
 An arrow, while thou offerest a vow 125
 To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,
 That thou wilt bring to him a hecatomb
 Of firstling lambs, when thou again shalt come
 Within thine own Zeleia’s sacred walls.”

So spake Minerva, and her words o’ercame 130
 The weak one’s purpose. He uncovered straight
 His polished bow, made of the elastic horns
 Of a wild goat, which, from his lurking-place,
 As once it left its cavern lair, he smote,
 And pierced its breast, and stretched it on the rock.
 Full sixteen palms in length the horns had grown 135
 From the goat’s forehead. These an artisan
 Had smoothed, and, aptly fitting each to each,
 Polished the whole and tipped the work with gold.
 To bend that bow, the warrior lowered it 140
 And pressed an end against the earth. His friends

Held up, meanwhile, their shields before his face,
 Lest the brave sons of Greece should lift their spears
 Against him ere the champion of their host,
 The warlike Menelaus, should have felt 145
 The arrow. Then the Lycian drew aside
 The cover from his quiver, taking out
 A well-fledged arrow that had never flown, —
 A cause of future sorrows. On the string
 He laid that fatal arrow, while he made 150
 To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,
 A vow to sacrifice before his shrine
 A noble hecatomb of firstling lambs
 When he should come again to his abode
 Within his own Zeleia's sacred walls. 155
 Grasping the bowstring and the arrow's notch,
 He drew them back, and forced the string to meet
 His breast, the arrow-head to meet the bow,
 Till the bow formed a circle. Then it twanged.
 The cord gave out a shrilly sound ; the shaft 160
 Leaped forth in eager haste to reach the host.
 Yet, Menelaus, then the blessed gods,
 The deathless ones, forgot thee not ; and first,
 Jove's daughter, gatherer of spoil, who stood
 Before thee, turned aside the deadly shaft. 165
 As when a mother, while her child is wrapped
 In a sweet slumber, scares away the fly,
 So Pallas turned the weapon from thy breast,
 And guided it to where the golden clasps
 Made fast the belt, and where the corselet's mail 170

Was doubled. There the bitter arrow struck
 The belt, and through its close contexture passed,
 And fixed within the well-wrought corselet stood,
 Yet reached the plated quilt which next his skin
 The hero wore, — his surest guard against 175
 The weapon's force, — and broke through that
 alike ;

And there the arrow gashed the part below,
 And the dark blood came gushing from the wound.
 As when some Carian or Mæonian dame
 Tinges with purple the white ivory, 180
 To form a trapping for the cheeks of steeds, —
 And many a horseman covets it, yet still
 It lies within her chamber, to become
 The onarment of some great monarch's steed
 And make its rider proud, — thy shapely thighs, 185
 Thy legs, and thy fair ankles thus were stained,
 O Menelaus ! with thy purple blood.

When Agamemnon, king of men, beheld
 The dark blood flowing from his brother's wound,
 He shuddered. Menelaus, great in war, 190
 Felt the like horror ; yet, when he perceived
 That still the arrow, neck and barb, remained
 Without the mail, the courage rose again
 That filled his bosom. Agamemnon, then,
 The monarch, sighing deeply, took the hand 195
 Of Menelaus, — while his comrades round
 Like him lamented, — sighing as he spake : —

“ Dear brother, when I sent thee forth alone

To combat with the Trojans for the Greeks,
 I ratified a treaty for thy death, — 200
 Since now the Trojans smite and under foot
 Trample the league. Yet not in vain shall be
 The treaty, nor the blood of lambs, nor wine
 Poured to the gods, nor right hands firmly pledged ;
 For though it please not now Olympian Jove 205
 To make the treaty good, he will in time
 Cause it to be fulfilled, and they shall pay
 Dearly with their own heads and with their wives
 And children for this wrong. And this I know
 In my undoubting mind, — a day will come 210
 When sacred Troy and Priam and the race
 Governed by Priam, mighty with the spear,
 Shall perish all. Saturnian Jove, who sits
 On high, a dweller of the upper air,
 Shall shake his dreadful ægis in the sight 215
 Of all, indignant at this treachery.
 Such the event will be ; but I shall grieve
 Bitterly, Menelaus, if thou die,
 Thy term of life cut short. I shall go back
 To my dear Argos with a brand of shame 220
 Upon me. For the Greeks will soon again
 Bethink them of their country ; we shall then
 Leave Argive Helen to remain the boast
 Of Priam and the Trojans, — while thy bones
 Shall moulder, mingling with the earth of Troy, — 225
 Our great design abandoned. Then shall say
 Some haughty Trojan, leaping on the tomb

Of Menelaus : ' So in time to come
 May Agamemnon wreak his wrath, as here
 He wreaked it, whither he had vainly led 30
 An army, and now hastens to his home
 And his own land, with ships that bear no spoil,
 And the brave Menelaus left behind.'
 So shall some Trojan say ; but, ere that time,
 May the earth open to receive my bones ! " 235

The fair-haired Menelaus cheerfully
 Replied : " Grieve not, nor be the Greeks alarmed
 For me, since this sharp arrow has not found
 A vital part, but, ere it reached so far,
 The embroidered belt, the quilt beneath, and plate 240
 Wrought by the armorer's cunning, broke its force."

King Agamemnon took the word and said : —
 " Dear Menelaus ! would that it were so,
 Yet the physician must explore thy wound,
 And with his balsams soothe the bitter pain." 245
 Then turning to Talthybius, he addressed
 The sacred herald : " Hasten with all speed,
 Talthybius ; call Machaon, warrior-son
 Of Æsculapius, that much-honored leech,
 And bring him to the Achaian general, 250
 The warlike Menelaus, whom some hand
 Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend
 The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed
 For him to exult in, but a grief to us."

He spake ; nor failed the herald to obey, 255
 But hastened at the word and passed among

The squadrons of Achaia, mailed in brass,
 In search of great Machaon. Him he found
 As midst the valiant ranks of bucklered men
 He stood, — the troops who followed him to war 266
 From Tricæ, nurse of steeds. Then, drawing near,
 The herald spake to him in wingèd words :—

“O son of Æsculapius, come in haste.
 King Agamemnon calls thee to the aid
 Of warlike Menelaus, whom some hand 268
 Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend
 The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed
 For him to exult in, but a grief to us.”

Machaon's heart was touched, and forth they went
 Through the great throng, the army of the Greeks. 270
 And when they came where Atreus' warlike son
 Was wounded, they perceived the godlike man
 Standing amid a circle of the chiefs,
 The bravest of the Achaians, who at once
 Had gathered round. Without delay he drew 275
 The arrow from the fairly-fitted belt.
 The barbs were bent in drawing. Then he loosed
 The embroidered belt, the quilted vest beneath,
 And plate, — the armorer's work, — and carefully
 O'erlooked the wound where fell the bitter shaft, 280
 Cleansed it from blood, and sprinkled over it
 With skill the soothing balsams which of yore
 The friendly Chiron to his father gave.

While round the warlike Menelaus thus
 The chiefs were busy, all the Trojans moved 285

Into array of battle ; they put on
 Their armor, and were eager for the fight.
 Then wouldst thou not have seen, hadst thou been
 there,

King Agamemnon slumbering, or in fear,
 And skulking from the combat, but alert, 290
 Preparing for the glorious tasks of war.

His horses, and his chariot bright with brass,
 He left, and bade Eurymedon, his groom,
 The son of Ptolemy Piraides,
 Hold them apart still panting, yet with charge 295
 To keep them near their master, till the hour
 When he should need them, weary with the toil
 Of such a vast command. Meantime he went
 On foot among his files of soldiery,
 And whomsoe'er he found with fiery steeds 300
 Hasting to battle, thus he cheered them on :—

“ O Argives ! let not your hot courage cool,
 For Father Jove will never take the part
 Of treachery. Whosoe'er have been the first
 To break the league, upon their lifeless limbs 305
 Shall vultures feast ; and doubt not we shall bear
 Away in our good ships the wives they love
 And their young children, when we take their town.”

But whomsoe'er he saw that kept afar
 From the dread field, he angrily rebuked :— 310

“ O Argives ! who with arrows only fight,
 Base as ye are, have ye no sense of shame ?
 Why stand ye stupefied, like fawns, that, tired

With coursing the wide pastures, stop at last,
 Their strength exhausted ! Thus ye stand amazed,
 Nor think of combat. Wait ye for the hour 344
 When to your ships, with their fair-sculptured prows,
 Moored on the borders of the hoary deep,
 The Trojans come, that haply ye may see
 If the great hand of Jove will shield you then ? ” 345

Thus Agamemnon, as supreme in power,
 Threaded the warrior-files, until he came
 Where stood the Cretans. All in arms they stood
 Around Idomeneus, the great in war.
 Like a wild boar in strength, he led the van, 346
 And, in the rear, Meriones urged on
 His phalanxes. The king of men rejoiced,
 And blandly thus bespake Idomeneus : —

“ Idomeneus ! I honor thee above
 The other knights of Greece, as well in war 347
 As in all other labors, and no less
 In banquets, when the Achaian nobles charge
 Their goblets with the dark-red mingled wine
 In sign of honor. All the other Greeks
 Drink by a certain measure, but thy cup 348
 Stands ever full, like mine, that thou mayst drink
 When thou desirest. Hasten to the war
 With all the valor thou dost glory in.”

The Cretan chief, Idomeneus, replied : —
 “ Atrides, I remain thy true ally, 349
 As I have pledged my faith. But thou exhort
 The other long-haired Greeks, and bid them rush

To combat, since the Trojans break their oath.
 For woe and death must be the lot of those
 Who broke the peace they vowed so solemnly." 345

He spake. The son of Atreus, glad at heart,
 Passed on among the squadrons, till he came
 To where the warriors Ajax formed their ranks
 For battle, with a cloud of infantry.
 As when some goatherd from the hill-top sees 350

A cloud that traverses the deep before
 A strong west wind, — beholding it afar,
 Pitch-black it seems, and bringing o'er the waves
 A whirlwind with it ; he is seized with fear,
 And drives his flock to shelter in a cave, — 355

So with the warriors Ajax to the war
 Moved, dense and dark, the phalanxes of youths
 Trained for the combat, and their serried files
 Bristling with spears and shields. The king of men
 Saw with delight, and spake these wingèd words : —

“ O warriors Ajax, leaders of the Greeks 360
 In brazen armor, I enjoin you not
 To rouse the courage of your soldiery.
 Such word would ill become me, for yourselves
 Have made your followers eager to engage 365
 In manful combat. Would to Jupiter,
 To Pallas, and Apollo, that there dwelt
 In every bosom such a soul as yours !
 Then would the city of King Priam fall
 At once, o'erthrown and levelled by our hands.” 370

Thus having said, he left them and went on

To others. There he found the smooth of speech,
 Nestor, the Pylian orator, employed
 In marshalling his squadrons. Near to him
 Alastor and the large-limbed Pelagon, 375
 Chromius, and Hæmon, prince among his tribe,
 And Bias, shepherd of the people, stood.
 The cavalry with steeds and cars he placed
 In front. A vast and valiant multitude
 Of infantry he stationed in the rear, 380
 To be the bulwark of the war. Between
 He made the faint of spirit take their place,
 That, though unwillingly, they might be forced
 To combat with the rest. And first he gave
 His orders to the horsemen, bidding them 385
 To keep their coursers reined, nor let them range
 At random through the tumult of the crowd :—

“ And let no man, too vain of horsemanship,
 And trusting in his valor, dare advance
 Beyond the rest to attack the men of Troy, 390
 Nor let him fall behind the rest, to make
 Our ranks the weaker. Whoso from his car
 Can reach an enemy's, let him stand and strike
 With his long spear, for 't is the shrewder way.
 By rules like these, which their brave hearts obeyed,
 The men of yore laid level towns and towers.” 396

The aged man, long versed in tasks of war,
 Counsell'd them thus. King Agamemnon heard,
 Delighted, and in winged words he said :—

“ O aged man, would that thy knees were firm —”

As is thy purpose, and thy strength as great !
 But age, the common fate of all, has worn
 Thy frame : would that some others had thy age,
 And thou wert of the number of our youths ! ”

Then answered Nestor, the Gerenian knight : —
 “ O son of Atreus, I myself could wish 406
 That I were now as when of yore I struck
 The high-born Ereuthalion down. The gods
 Bestow not all their gifts on man at once.
 If I were then a youth, old age in turn 410
 Is creeping o'er me. Still I keep among
 The knights, and counsel and admonish them, —
 The office of the aged. Younger men,
 They who can trust their strength, must wield the
 spear.”

He spake. The son of Atreus passed him by, 415
 Pleased with his words, and, moving onward, came
 Where — with the Athenians, ever prompt to raise
 The war-cry, grouped around him — stood the
 knight
 Menestheus, son of Peteus. Near to these
 Was wise Ulysses, with his sturdy band 420
 Of Cephalonians. None of these had heard
 The clamor of the battle, for the hosts
 Of Trojan knights and Greeks had just begun
 To move, and there they waited for the advance
 Of other squadrons marching on to charge 425
 The Trojans and begin the war anew.
 The king of men, Atrides, was displeased,

And spake, and chid them thus with wingèd words :—

“ O son of Peteus, foster-child of Jove,
 And thou, the man of craft and evil wiles ! 430
 Why stand ye here aloof, irresolute,
 And wait for others ? Ye should be the first
 To meet the foe and stem the battle's rage.
 I bid you first to banquets which the Greeks
 Give to their leaders, where ye feast at will 435
 On roasted meats and bowls of pleasant wine.
 Now, ere ye move, ye willingly would see
 Ten Grecian squadrons join the deadly strife.”

The man of many arts, Ulysses, spake, 437
 And frowned : “ O Atreus' son ! what words are these
 Which pass thy lips ? How canst thou say that we
 Avoid the battle ? Ever when the Greeks
 Seek bloody conflict with the Trojan knights,
 Thou, if thou wilt, and if thou givest heed
 To things like these, shalt with thine eyes behold 445
 The father of Telemachus engaged
 In combat with the foremost knights that form
 The Trojan van. Thou utterest empty words.”

King Agamemnon, when he saw the chief
 Offended, changed his tone, and, smiling, said :— 450

“ Son of Laertes, nobly-born and wise
 Ulysses ! It is not for me to chide
 Nor to exhort thee, for thy heart, I know,
 Counsels thee kindly toward me, and thy thought
 Agrees with mine. We will discuss all this 455
 Hereafter. If just now too harsh a word

Was uttered, may the immortals make it vain !”

So saying, he departed, and went on
 To others. By his steeds and by his car,
 That shone with fastenings of brass, he found 460
 The son of Tydeus, large-souled Diomed,
 And Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus,
 Standing beside him. Looking at them both,
 King Agamemnon to Tydides spake
 In wingèd words, and thus reproved the chief :— 465

“O son of Tydeus, that undaunted knight !
 What is there to appall thee ? Why look through
 The spaces that divide the warlike ranks ?
 Not thus did Tydeus feel the touch of fear,
 But ever foremost of his warriors fought. 470
 So they declare who saw his deeds, for I
 Was never with him, nor have ever seen
 The hero. Yet they say that he excelled
 All others. Certain is it that he once
 Entered Mycenæ as a friendly guest, 475
 With no array of soldiery, but came
 With godlike Polynices. ’T was the time
 When warrior-bands were gathered to besiege
 The sacred walls of Thebes, and earnestly
 They prayed that from Mycenæ they might lead 480
 Renowned auxiliars to the war, and we
 Would willingly have given the aid they asked, —
 For we approved the prayer, — but Jove, with signs
 Of angry omen, changed our purposes.
 The chiefs departed, journeying on to where 485

Asopus flows through reeds and grass, and thence
 The Achaians sent an embassy to Thebes
 By Tydeus. There he met the many sons
 Of Cadmus at the banquets in the hall
 Of valiant Eteocles. Though alone 422
 Among so many, and a stranger-guest,
 The hero feared them not, but challenged them
 To vie with him in games ; and easily
 He won the victory, such aid was given
 By Pallas. Then the sons of Cadmus, skilled 425
 In horsemanship, were wroth, and privily
 Sent fifty armèd youths to lie in wait
 For his return. Two leaders had the band, —
 Maion, the son of Hæmon, like a god
 In form, and Lycophontes, brave in war, 430
 Son of Autophonos. A bloody death
 Did Tydeus give the youths. He slew them all
 Save Maion, whom he suffered to return,
 Obedient to an omen from the gods.
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus ; but his son, 525
 A better speaker, is less brave in war.”

He spake : and valiant Diomed, who heard
 The king's reproof with reverence, answered not.
 Then spake the son of honored Capaneus : —

“ Atrides, speak not falsely, when thou know'st 530
 The truth so well. Assuredly we claim
 To be far braver than our fathers were.
 We took seven-gated Thebes with fewer troops
 Than theirs, when, trusting in the omens sent

From heaven, and in the aid of Jupiter, 515
 We led our men beneath the city walls
 Sacred to Mars. Our fathers perished there
 Through their own folly. Therefore never seek
 To place them in the same degree with us."

The brave Tydides with a frown replied : — 520
 " Nay, hold thy peace, my friend, and heed my words.
 Of Agamemnon I will not complain, —
 The shepherd of the people ; it is his
 To exhort the well-armed Greeks to gallant deeds.
 Great glory will attend him if the Greeks 525
 Shall overcome the Trojans, and shall take
 The sacred Ilium ; but his grief will be
 Bitter if we shall fail and be destroyed.
 Hence think we only of the furious charge !"

He spake, and from his chariot leaped to earth 530
 All armed ; the mail upon the monarch's breast
 Rang terribly as he marched swiftly on.
 The boldest might have heard that sound with fear.

As when the ocean-billows, surge on surge,
 Are pushed along to the resounding shore 535
 Before the western wind, and first a wave
 Uplifts itself, and then against the land
 Dashes and roars, and round the headland peaks
 Tosses on high and spouts its spray afar,
 So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece 540
 To battle, rank succeeding rank, each chief
 Giving command to his own troops ; the rest
 Marched noiselessly : you might have thought no
 voice

Was in the breasts of all that mighty throng,
So silently they all obeyed their chiefs, 545
Their showy armor glittering as they moved
In firm array. But, as the numerous flock
Of some rich man, while the white milk is drawn
Within his sheepfold, hear the plaintive call
Of their own lambs, and bleat incessantly, — 550
Such clamors from the mighty Trojan host
Arose ; nor was the war-cry one, nor one
The voice, but words of mingled languages,
For they were called from many different climes.
These Mars encouraged to the fight ; but those 555
The blue-eyed Pallas. Terror too was there,
And Fright, and Strife that rages unappeased, —
Sister and comrade of man-slaying Mars, —
Who rises small at first, but grows, and lifts
Her head to heaven and walks upon the earth. 560
She, striding through the crowd and heightening
The mutual rancor, flung into the midst
Contention, source of bale to all alike.

And now, when met the armies in the field,
The ox-hide shields encountered, and the spears, 565
And might of warriors mailed in brass ; then clashed
The bossy bucklers, and the battle-din
Was loud ; then rose the mingled shouts and groans
Of those who slew and those who fell ; the earth
Ran with their blood. As when the winter streams
Rush down the mountain-sides, and fill, below, 570
With their swift waters, poured from gushing springs,

Some hollow vale, the shepherd on the heights
Hears the far roar, — such was the mingled din
That rose from the great armies when they met. 575

Then first Antilochus, advancing, struck
The Trojan champion Echepolus down,
Son of Thalysius, fighting in the van.
He smote him on the helmet's cone, where streamed
The horse-hair plume. The brazen javelin stood 580
Fixed in his forehead, piercing through the bone,
And darkness gathered o'er his eyes. He fell
As falls a tower before some stubborn siege.

Then Elephenor, son of Chalcodon,
Prince of the brave Abrantes, by the foot 585
Seized the slain chieftain, dragging him beyond
The reach of darts, to strip him of his arms ;
Yet dropped him soon, for brave Agenor saw,
And, as he stooped to drag the body, hurled
His brazen spear and pierced the uncovered side 590
Seen underneath the shield. At once his limbs
Relaxed their hold, and straight the spirit fled.
Then furious was the struggle of the Greeks
And Trojans o'er the slain ; they sprang like wolves
Upon each other, and man slaughtered man. 595

Then by the hand of Ajax Telamon
Fell Simoïsius, in the bloom of youth,
Anthemion's son. His mother once came down
From Ida, with her parents, to their flocks
Beside the Simoïs ; there she brought him forth 600
Upon its banks, and gave her boy the name

Of Simoïsius. Unrequited now
Was all the care with which his parents nursed
His early years, and short his term of life, —
Slain by the hand of Ajax, large of soul. 605
For, when he saw him coming, Ajax smote
Near the right pap the Trojan's breast; the blade
Passed through, and out upon the further side.
He fell among the dust of earth, as falls
A poplar growing in the watery soil 610
Of some wide marsh, — a fair, smooth bole, with
 boughs
Only on high, which with his gleaming axe
Some artisan has felled to bend its trunk
Into the circle of some chariot-wheel;
Withering it lies upon the river's bank. 615
So did the high-born Ajax spoil the corpse
Of Simoïsius, Anthemion's son.
But Antiphus, the son of Priam, clad
In shining armor, saw, and, taking aim,
Cast his sharp spear at Ajax through the crowd. 620
The weapon struck him not, but pierced the groin
Of one who was Ulysses' faithful friend, —
Leucus, — as from the spot he dragged the dead;
He fell, the body dropping from his hold.
Ulysses, stung with fury at his fall, 625
Rushed to the van, arrayed in shining brass,
Drew near the foe, and, casting a quick glance
Around him, hurled his glittering spear. The host
Of Trojans, as it left his hand, shrank back

Upon each other. Not in vain it flew, 630
 But struck Democoön, the spurious son
 Of Priam, who, to join the war, had left
 Abydos, where he tended the swift mares.
 Ulysses, to revenge his comrade's death,
 Smote him upon the temple with his spear. 635

Through both the temples passed the brazen point,
 And darkness gathered o'er his eyes ; he fell,
 His armor clashing round him with his fall.

Then did the foremost bands, and Hector's self,
 Fall back. The Argives shouted, dragging off 640
 The slain, and rushing to the ground they won.
 Then was Apollo angered, looking down
 From Pergamus, and thus he called aloud :—

“ Rally, ye Trojans ! tamers of fleet steeds !
 Yield not the battle to the Greeks. Their limbs 645
 Are not of stone or iron, to withstand
 The trenchant steel ye wield. Nor does the son
 Of fair-haired Thetis now, Achilles, take
 Part in the battle, but sits, brooding o'er
 The choler that devours him, in his ships.” 650

Thus from the city spake the terrible god.
 Meantime Tritonian Pallas, glorious child
 Of Jupiter, went through the Grecian ranks
 Where'er they wavered, and revived their zeal.

Diores, son of Amarynceus, then 655
 Met his hard fate. The fragment of a rock
 Was thrown by hand at his right leg, and struck
 The ankle. Piroüs, son of Imbrabus,

Who came from Ænus, leading to the war
 His Thracian soldiers, flung it : and it crushed
 Tendons and bones, and down the warrior fell
 In dust, and toward his comrades stretched his hands,
 And gasped for breath. But he who gave the wound,
 Piroüs, came up and pierced him with his spear.
 Forth gushed the entrails, and the eyes grew dark.

But Piroüs by Ætolian Thoas fell,
 Who met him with his spear and pierced his breast
 Above the pap. The brazen weapon stood
 Fixed in the lungs. Then Thoas came and plucked
 The massive spear away, and drew his sword,
 And thrusting through him the sharp blade, he took
 His life away. Yet could he not despoil
 The slain man of his armor, for around
 His comrades thronged, the Thracians, with their
 tufts

Of streaming hair, and, wielding their long spears,
 Drove him away. And he, though huge of limb,
 And valiant and renowned, was forced to yield
 To numbers pressing on him, and withdrew.
 Thus near each other stretched upon the ground
 Piroüs, the leader of the Thracian band,
 And he who led the Epeans, brazen-mailed
 Diore, lay with many others slain.

Then could no man, who near at hand beheld
 The battle of that day, see cause of blame
 In aught, although, unwounded and unbruised
 By weapons, Pallas led him by the hand

In safety through the midst, and turned aside
The violence of javelins ; for that day
Saw many a Trojan slain, and many a Greek,
Stretched side by side upon the bloody field. 600

BOOK V.

THEN Pallas to Tydides Diomed
Gave strength and courage, that he might
appear

Among the Achaians greatly eminent,
And win a glorious name. Upon his head
And shield she caused a constant flame to play, 5
Like to the autumnal star that shines in heaven
Most brightly when new-bathed in ocean tides.
Such light she caused to beam upon his crest
And shoulders, as she sent the warrior forth
Into the thick and tumult of the fight. 10

Among the Trojans, Dares was the priest
Of Vulcan, rich and blameless. His two sons
Were Phegeus and Idæus, trained in all
The arts of war. They left the host and came
To meet Tydides, — on the chariot they, 15
And he on foot ; and now, as they drew near,
First Phegeus hurled his massive lance. It flew
O'er Diomed's left shoulder and struck not.
Tydides cast his spear, and not in vain ;

It smote the breast of Phegeus in the midst, 25
 And dashed him from his seat. Idæus leaped
 To earth, and left the sumptuous car, nor dared
 To guard the slain, yet would have met his death
 If Vulcan had not borne him swiftly thence
 Concealed in darkness, that he might not leave 30
 The aged man, his father, desolate.

The son of Tydeus took the steeds, and bade
 His comrades lead them to the fleet. Aghast
 The valiant sons of Troy beheld the sons
 Of Dares, one in flight, the other slain. 35

Meantime the blue-eyed Pallas took the hand
 Of Mars, and thus addressed the fiery god : —

“ Mars, Mars, thou slayer of men, thou steeped
 in blood,

Destroyer of walled cities ! should we not
 Leave both the Greeks and Trojans to contend, 40
 And Jove to crown with glory whom he will,
 While we retire, lest we provoke his wrath ? ”

Thus having said, she led the violent Mars
 From where the battle raged, and made him sit
 Beside Scamander, on its grassy bank. 45

And then the Achaians put the sons of Troy
 To flight : each leader slew a foe ; and first
 The king of men, Atrides, from his car
 Struck down the huge-limbed Hodius, who was chief
 Among the Halizonians. As he turned 48
 To flee, the Achaian, smiting him between
 The shoulders, drove the javelin through his breast.

Heavily clashed his armor as he fell.

Then by Idomeneus was Phæstus slain,
 Son of Meonian Borus, who had come 50
 From Tarna, rich in harvests. As he sprang
 Into his car, Idomeneus, expert
 To wield the ponderous javelin, thrust its blade
 Through his right shoulder. From the car he fell,
 And the dark night of death came over him. 55
 The Achaian warriors following spoiled the slain.

The son of Atreus, Menelaus, slew
 With his sharp spear Scamandrius, the son
 Of Strophius, practised in the forest chase,
 A mighty hunter. Him had Dian taught 60
 To strike whatever beast the woody wild
 Breeds on the hills ; but now availed him not
 The favor of Diana, archer-queen,
 Nor skill to throw the javelin afar ;
 For Menelaus, mighty with the spear, 65
 Followed him as he fled, and in the back
 Smote him, between the shoulder-blades, and drove
 The weapon through. He fell upon the ground
 Headlong, his armor clashing as he fell.
 And then Meriones slew Phereclus, 70
 Son of Harmonius, the artificer,
 Who knew to shape all works of rare device,
 For Pallas loved him. It was he who built
 The fleet for Paris, — cause of many woes
 To all the Trojans and to him, — for ill 75
 He understood the oracles of heaven.

Him did Meriones, pursuing long,
 O'ertake, and, smiting him on the right hip,
 Pierced through the part beneath the bone and near
 The bladder. On his knees with sad lament 60
 He fell, and death involved him in its shade.

And then by Meges was Pedæus slain,
 Antenor's base-born son, whose noble wife,
 Theano, reared him with as fond a care
 As her own children, for her husband's sake. 65
 And now the mighty spearman, Phyleus' son,
 Drew near and smote him with his trenchant lance
 Where meet the head and spine, and pierced the neck
 Beneath the tongue ; and forth the weapon came
 Between the teeth. He fell, and in the fall 70
 Gnashed with his teeth upon the cold bright blade.

Then did Evæmon's son Eurypylus
 Strike down Hypsenor, nobly born, the son
 Of great Dolopion, Scamander's priest,
 Whom all the people honored as a god. 75
 Evæmon's gallant son, o'ertaking him
 In flight, with one stroke of his falchion hewed
 His brawny arm away. The bloody limb
 Dropped to the ground, and the dark night of death
 Came o'er his eyes : so cruel fate decreed. 80

Thus toiled the heroes in that stubborn fight.
 Nor would you now have known to which array —
 Trojan or Greek — Tydides might belong ;
 For through the field he rushed with furious speed,
 Like a swollen river when its current takes 85

The torrent's swiftmess, scattering with a sweep
 The bridges ; nor can massive dikes withstand
 Its fury, nor embankments raised to screen
 The grassy meadows, while the rains of Jove
 Fall heavily, and harvests, late the joy 110
 Of toiling youth, are beaten to the ground.

Thus by Tydides the close phalanxes
 Of Troy were scattered, nor could they endure,
 All numerous as they were, his strong assault.
 As Pandarus, Lycaon's eminent son, 115
 Beheld Tydides rush athwart the field,
 Breaking the ranks, he drew his crooked bow
 And smote the chief's left shoulder as he came,
 Striking the hollow corselet. The sharp point
 Broke through, and blood came gushing o'er the mail.
 Then called aloud Lycaon's eminent son : — 121

“ Brave Trojans, great in mastery of steeds,
 Press on ; the bravest of the Grecian host
 Is smitten, nor, I think, can long survive
 The grievous wound, if it be true that I, 125
 At the command of Phœbus, son of Jove,
 Have left my home upon the Lycian shore.”

Thus boastfully he spake ; but his swift shaft
 Slew not Tydides, who had now withdrawn.
 And, standing by his steeds and chariot, spake 130
 To Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus : —

“ Haste down, kind Sthenelus, and with thy hand
 Draw the sharp arrow from my shoulder here.”

He spake, and Sthenelus at once leaped down,

Stood by his side, and from his shoulder drew 135
The wingèd arrow deeply fixed within.

The blood flowed forth upon the twisted rings
Of mail, while Diomed, the valiant, prayed : —

“ Hear me, O child of ægis-bearing Jove,
Goddess invincible ! if ever thou 140

Didst aid me or my father in the heat
Of battle, aid me, Pallas, yet again.

Give me to slay this Trojan ; bring him near,
Within my javelin’s reach, who wounded me,
And now proclaims — the boaster — that not long
Shall I behold the brightness of the sun.” 145

So prayed he, and Minerva heard his prayer
And lightened all his limbs, — his feet, his hands, —
And, standing near him, spake these wingèd
words : —

“ War boldly with the Trojans, Diomed ; 150
For even now I breathe into thy frame

The ancestral might and fearless soul that dwelt
In Tydeus, peerless with the steed and shield.

Lo ! I remove the darkness from thine eyes,
That thou mayst well discern the gods from men ; 155

And if a god should tempt thee to the fight,
Beware to combat with the immortal race ;

Only, should Venus, child of Jupiter,
Take part in battle, wound her with thy spear.”

The blue-eyed Pallas spake, and disappeared ; 160
And Diomed went back into the field

And mingled with the warriors. If before

His spirit moved him fiercely to engage
The men of Troy, a threefold courage now
Inspired him. As a lion who has leaped 165
Into a fold — and he who guards the flock
Has wounded but not slain him — feels his rage
Waked by the blow ; — the affrighted shepherd then
Ventures not near, but hides within the stalls,
And the forsaken sheep are put to flight, 170
And, huddling, slain in heaps, till o'er the fence
The savage bounds into the fields again ; —
Such was Tydides midst the sons of Troy.
Astynoüs first he slew, Hypenor next,
The shepherd of the people. One he pierced 175
High on the bosom with his brazen spear,
And smote the other on the collar-bone
With his good sword, and hewed from neck and spine
The shoulder. There he left the dead, and rushed
To Abas and to Polyeidus, sons 180
Of old Eurydamas, interpreter
Of visions. Ill the aged man had read
His visions when they joined the war. They died,
And Diomed, the valiant, spoiled the slain.
Xanthus and Thoön he encountered next, 185
The sons of Phænops, born in his old age.
No other child had he, to be his heir,
And he was worn with length of years. These two
Tydides smote and took their lives, and left
Grief to their father and regretful cares, 190
Since he no more should welcome their return

From war, and strangers should divide his wealth.
 Then smote he Chromius and Echemon, sons
 Of Dardan Priam, in one chariot both.

As on a herd of beeves a lion springs 195
 While midst the shrubs they browse, and breaks
 their necks, —

Heifer or ox, — so sprang he on the twain
 And struck them, vainly struggling, from their car,
 And spoiled them of their arms, and took their
 steeds,

And bade his comrades lead them to the fleet. 200

Æneas, who beheld him scattering thus
 The embattled ranks before him, straightway went
 Through the thick fight, amid encountering spears,
 In search of godlike Pandarus. He found
 Lycaon's blameless and illustrious son, 205

And stood before him, and addressed him thus : —

“Where is thy bow, O Pandarus, and where
 Thy wingèd arrows? Where the old renown
 In which no warrior here can vie with thee,
 And none upon the Lycian shore can boast 210
 That he excels thee? Hasten, and lift up
 Thy hands in prayer to Jupiter, and send
 An arrow at this man, whoe'er he be,
 Who thus prevails, and thus afflicts our host,
 And makes the knees of many a strong man weak.
 Strike him, — unless he be some god incensed 215
 At Troy for sacrifice withheld, since hard
 It is to bear the anger of a god.”

Lycaon's son, the far-renowned, replied : —
 " Æneas, leader of the Trojans mailed 220
 In brass, to me this man in all things seems
 Like warlike Diomed. I know his shield,
 High helm, and steeds, and yet I may not say
 That this is not a god. But if he be
 The chief of whom I speak, the warlike son 225
 Of Tydeus, not thus madly would he fight,
 Without some god to aid him. By his side
 Is one of the immortals, with a cloud
 About his shoulders, turning from its aim
 The swiftly flying arrow. 'T was but late 230
 I aimed a shaft that pierced the hollow mail
 On his left shoulder, and I thought him sent
 To Pluto, but I slew him not. Some god
 Must be offended with me. I have here
 No steeds or car to mount. Far off at home 235
 There stand within Lycaon's palace-walls
 Eleven chariots, fair and fresh and new :
 Each has an ample cover, and by each
 Are horses yoked in pairs, that champ their oats
 And their white barley. When I left my home, 240
 Lycaon, aged warrior, counselled me,
 Within his sumptuous halls, that with my steeds
 And chariot I should lead the sons of Troy
 In the fierce battle. I obeyed him not :
 Far better if I had. I wished to spare 245
 My horses, lest, so largely fed at home,
 They might want food in the beleaguered town.

So, leaving them, I came on foot to Troy,
 Confiding in my bow, which yet was doomed
 To avail me little, for already I 255
 Have smitten with my arrows the two chiefs,
 Tydides and Atrides, and from both
 Drew the red blood, but only made their rage
 To flame the fiercer. In an evil hour
 I took my bow and quiver from the wall 260
 And came to lead the Trojans for the sake
 Of Hector. But if ever I return
 To see my native country and my wife
 And my tall spacious mansion, may some foe
 Strike off my head if with these hands I fail 265
 To break my bow in pieces, casting it
 Into the flames, a useless weapon now."

The Trojan chief Æneas, answering, said :—
 "Nay, talk not so ; it cannot but be thus,
 Until upon a chariot, and with steeds, 270
 We try our prowess with this man in war.
 Haste, mount my chariot here, and thou shalt see
 How well are Trojan horses trained to range
 The field of battle, in the swift pursuit
 Hither and thither, or in rapid flight ; 275
 And they shall bring us safely to the town
 Should Jove a second time bestow the meed
 Of glory on Tydides. Haste, and take
 The lash and well-wrought reins, while I descend
 To fight on foot ; or haply thou wilt wait 280
 The foe's advance while I direct the steeds."

Then spake again Lycaon's eminent son :—
 "Keep thou the reins, Æneas, and still guide
 The horses. With their wonted charioteer,
 The better shall they bear away the car 280
 Should we be forced to fly before the arm
 Of Diomed ; lest, taking flight, they range
 Unmastered when they hear thy voice no more,
 Nor bear us from the combat, and the son
 Of Tydeus, having slain us, shall lead thence 285
 Thy firm-hoofed coursers. Therefore guide them still,
 Them and the chariot, while, with this keen spear,
 I wait the Greek, as he is rushing on."

They spake, and, climbing the magnificent car,
 Turned toward Tydides the swift-footed steeds. 290
 The noble son of Capaneus beheld,
 And said in wingèd words to Diomed :—

"Tydides Diomed, most dear of men !
 I see two warriors, strong, immensely strong,
 Coming to combat with thee. Pandarus 295
 Is one, the skilled in archery, who boasts
 To be Lycaon's son ; and by his side
 There comes Æneas, glorying that he sprang
 From the large-souled Anchises, — borne to him
 By Venus. Mount we now our car and leave 300
 The ground, nor in thy fury rush along
 The van of battle, lest thou lose thy life."

The brave Tydides, with a frown, replied :—
 "Speak not of flight ; thou canst not yet persuade
 My mind to that. To skulk or shrink with fear 305

In battle ill becomes me, and my strength
 Is unexhausted yet. It suits me not
 To mount the chariot; I will meet the foe
 Just as I am. Minerva will not let
 My spirit falter. Ne'er shall those swift steeds 300
 Bear the two warriors hence, — if even one
 Escapes me. One thing more have I to say;
 And keep it well in mind. Should Pallas deign —
 The wise, forecasting Pallas — to bestow
 On me the glory of o'ercoming both, 315
 Stop thy swift horses, and tie fast the reins
 To our own chariot, and make haste to seize
 The horses of Æneas, guiding them
 Hence from the Trojan to the Grecian host;
 For they are of the stock which Jupiter 320
 The Thunderer gave to Tros. It was the price
 He paid for Ganymede, and they, of all
 Beneath the eye of morning and the sun,
 Are of the choicest breed. The king of men,
 Anchises, stealthily and unobserved, 325
 Brought to the coursers of Laomedon
 His brood-mare, and obtained the race. Six colts,
 Their offspring, in his courts were foaled. Of these,
 Four for himself he kept, and in his stalls
 Reared them, and two of them, both apt for war, 330
 He gave Æneas. If we make them ours,
 The exploit will bring us honor and renown."

Thus they conferred. Meantime their foes drew
 near,

Urging their fiery coursers on, and first
Lycaon's eminent son addressed the Greek :— 335

“ My weapon, swift and sharp, the arrow, failed
To slay thee ; let me try the javelin now,
And haply that, at least, may reach its mark.”

He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it against the shield of Diomed. 340

The brazen point broke through, and reached the
mail.

Then shouted with loud voice Lycaon's son : —

“ Ha ! thou art wounded in thy flank ; my spear
Bites deep ; nor long, I think, canst thou survive,
And great will be my glory gained from thee.” 345

But thus the valiant Diomed replied,
Incapable of fear : “ Thy thought is wrong.
I am not wounded, and I well perceive
That ye will never give the conflict o'er
Till one of you, laid low amid the dust, 350
Pour out his blood to glut the god of war.”

He spake, and cast his spear. Minerva kept
The weapon faithful to its aim. It struck
The nose, and near the eye ; then passing on
Betwixt the teeth, the unrelenting edge 355
Cleft at its root the tongue ; the point came out
Beneath the chin. The warrior from his car
Fell headlong ; his bright armor, fairly wrought,
Clashed round him as he fell ; his fiery steeds
Started aside with fright ; his breath and strength 360
Were gone at once. Æneas, with his shield

And his long spear, leaped down to guard the
slain,

That the Achaians might not drag him thence.

There, lion-like, confiding in his strength,

He stalked around the corpse, and over it 365

Held his round shield and lance, prepared to slay

Whoever came, and shouting terribly.

Tydides raised a stone, — a mighty weight,

Such as no two men living now could lift ;

But he, alone, could swing it round with ease. 370

With this he smote Æneas on the hip,

Where the thigh joins its socket. By the blow

He brake the socket and the tendons twain,

And tore the skin with the rough, jagged stone.

The hero fell upon his knees, but stayed 375

His fall with his strong palm upon the ground ;

And o'er his eyes a shadow came like night.

Then had the king of men, Æneas, died,

But for Jove's daughter, Venus, who perceived

His danger instantly, — his mother, she 380

Who bore him to Anchises when he kept

His beeves, a herdsman. Round her son she cast

Her white arms, spreading over him in folds

Her shining robe, to be a fence against

The weapons of the foe, lest some Greek knight 385

Should at his bosom aim the steel to take

His life. And thus the goddess bore away

From that fierce conflict her belovèd son.

Nor did the son of Capaneus forget

The bidding of the warlike Diomed, 39c
But halted his firm-footed steeds apart
From the great tumult, with the long reins stretched
And fastened to the chariot. Next, he sprang
To seize the horses with fair-flowing manes,
That drew the chariot of Æneas. These 395
He drave away, far from the Trojan host,
To the well-greaved Achaians, giving them
In charge, to lead them to the hollow ships,
To his beloved friend Deïpylus,
Whom he of all his comrades honored most, 400
As likest to himself in years and mind.
And then he climbed his car and took the reins,
And, swiftly drawn by his firm-footed steeds,
Followed Tydides, who with cruel steel
Sought Venus, knowing her unapt for war, 405
And all unlike the goddesses who guide
The battles of mankind, as Pallas does,
Or as Bellona, ravager of towns.
O'ertaking her at last, with long pursuit,
Amid the throng of warring men, the son 410
Of warlike Tydeus aimed at her his spear,
And wounded in her hand the delicate one
With its sharp point. It pierced the ambrosial robe,
Wrought for her by the Graces, at the spot
Where the palm joins the wrist, and broke the skin,
And drew immortal blood, — the ichor, — such 415
As from the blessed gods may flow ; for they
Eat not the wheaten loaf, nor drink dark wine ;

And therefore they are bloodless, and are called
 Immortal. At the stroke the goddess shrieked, 488
 And dropped her son. Apollo in his arms
 Received and in a dark cloud rescued him,
 Lest any of the Grecian knights should aim
 A weapon at his breast to take his life.

Meantime the brave Tydides cried aloud : — 489

“ Leave wars and battle, goddess. Is it not
 Enough that thou delude weak womankind?
 Yet, if thou ever shouldst return, to bear
 A part in battle, thou shalt have good cause
 To start with fear, when war is only named.” 490

He spake ; and she departed, wild with pain,
 For grievously she suffered. Instantly
 Fleet-footed Iris took her by the hand
 And led her from the place, her heart oppressed
 With anguish and her fair cheek deathly pale. 495
 She found the fiery Mars, who had withdrawn
 From that day's combat to the left, and sat,
 His spear and his swift coursers hid from sight,
 In darkness. At his feet she fell, and prayed
 Her brother fervently, that he would lend 496
 His steeds that stood in trappings wrought of gold : —

“ Dear brother, aid me ; let me have thy steeds
 To bear me to the Olympian mount, the home
 Of gods, for grievously the wound I bear
 Afflicts me. 'T was a mortal gave the wound. — 497
 Tydides, who would even fight with Jove.”

She spake : and Mars resigned to her his steeds

With trappings of bright gold. She climbed the car,
 Still grieving, and, beside her, Iris took
 Her seat, and caught the reins and plied the lash. ⁴⁵⁰
 On flew the coursers, on, with willing speed,
 And soon were at the mansion of the gods
 On high Olympus. There the active-limbed,
 Fleet Iris stayed them, loosed them from the car,
 And fed them with ambrosial food. Meanwhile, ⁴⁵⁵
 The goddess Venus at Dione's feet
 Had cast herself. The mother round her child
 Threw tenderly her arms, and with her hand
 Caressed her brow, and spake, and thus inquired:—

“Which of the dwellers of the skies, dear child, ⁴⁶⁰
 Has dealt thus cruelly with thee, as one
 Caught in the doing of some flagrant wrong?”

And thus did Venus, queen of smiles, reply:—
 “The son of Tydeus, arrogant Diomed,
 Wounded me as I sought to bear away ⁴⁶⁵
 From battle's dangers my beloved son
 Æneas, dear beyond all other men:
 For now no longer does the battle rage
 Between the Greeks and Trojans, but the Greeks
 Venture to combat even with the gods.” ⁴⁷⁰

Dione, great among the goddesses,
 Rejoined: “Submit, my daughter, and endure,
 Though inly grieved; for many of us who dwell
 Upon the Olympian mount have suffered much
 From mortals, and have brought great miseries ⁴⁷⁵
 Upon each other. First, it was the fate

Of Mars to suffer, when Aloëus' sons,
 Otus and mighty Ephialtes, made
 Their fetters fast upon his limbs. He lay
 Chained thirteen months within a brazen cell ; 480
 And haply there the god, whose thirst of blood
 Is never cloyed, had perished, but for aid
 Which Eribœa gave, the beautiful,
 His step-mother. She made his miseries known
 To Mercury, who set him free by stealth, 485
 Withered and weak with long imprisonment.
 And Juno suffered when Amphitryon's son,
 The valiant, dared to plant in her right breast
 A three-pronged arrow, and she writhed with pain.
 And Pluto suffered, when the hero-son 490
 Of ægis-bearing Jove, with a swift shaft,
 Smote him beside the portals of the dead,
 And left him filled with pain. He took his way
 To high Olympus and the home of Jove,
 Grieving and racked with pain, for deep the dart 495
 Had pierced his brawny shoulder, torturing him.
 There Pæan with his pain-dispelling balms
 Healed him, for he was not of mortal race.
 O daring man and reckless, to make light
 Of such impieties and violate 500
 The sacred persons of the Olympian gods !
 It was the blue-eyed Pallas who stirred up
 Tydides to assail thee thus. The fool !
 He knew not that the man who dares to meet
 The gods in combat lives not long. No child 505

Shall prattling call him father when he comes
 Returning from the dreadful tasks of war.
 Let then Tydides, valiant though he be,
 Beware lest a more potent foe than thou
 Encounter him, and lest the nobly-born 510
 Ægialeia, in some night to come —
 Wise daughter of Adrastus, and the spouse
 Of the horse-tamer Diomed — call up
 The servants of her household from their sleep,
 Bewailing him to whom in youth she gave 515
 Her maiden troth, — the bravest of the Greeks.”

She spake, and wiped the ichor from the hand
 Of Venus ; at her touch the hand was healed
 And the pain left it. Meantime Pallas stood,
 With Juno, looking on, both teasing Jove 520
 With words of sarcasm. Blue-eyed Pallas thus
 Addressed the god : “ O Father Jupiter,
 Wilt thou be angry at the word I speak ? —
 As Venus, wheedling some Achaian dame
 To join the host she loves, the sons of Troy, 525
 Caressed the fair, arrayed in gay attire,
 A golden buckle scratched her tender hand.”

As thus she spake, the Father of the gods
 And mortals, calling golden Venus near,
 Said, with a smile : “ Nay, daughter, not for thee 530
 Are tasks of war ; be gentle marriage-rites
 Thy care ; the labors of the battle-field
 Pertain to Pallas and the fiery Mars.”

Thus with each other talked the gods, while still

The great in battle, Diomed, pursued 533
 Æneas, though he knew that Phœbus stretched
 His arm to guard the warrior. Small regard
 Had he for the great god, and much he longed
 To strike Æneas down and bear away
 The glorious arms he wore; and thrice he rushed 540
 To slay the Trojan, thrice Apollo smote
 Upon his glittering shield. But when he made
 The fourth assault, as if he were a god,
 The archer of the skies, Apollo, thus
 With menacing words rebuked him: "Diomed, 545
 Beware; desist, nor think to make thyself
 The equal of a god. The deathless race
 Of gods is not as those who walk the earth."

He spake; the son of Tydeus, shrinking back,
 Gave way before the anger of the god 550
 Who sends his shafts afar. Then Phœbus bore
 Æneas from the tumult to the height
 Of sacred Pergamus, where stands his fane;
 And there Latona and the archer-queen,
 Diana, in the temple's deep recess, 555
 Tended him and brought back his glorious strength.
 Meantime the bowyer-god, Apollo, formed
 An image of Æneas, armed like him,
 Round which the Trojans and Achæians thronged
 With many a heavy weapon-stroke that fell 560
 Upon the huge orbis of their ox-hide shields
 And lighter bucklers. Now to fiery Mars
 Apollo spake: "Mars, Mars, thou plague of men,

Thou steeped in blood, destroyer of walled towns!
 Wilt thou not force this man to leave the field? 565
 Wilt thou not meet in arms this daring son
 Of Tydeus, who would even fight with Jove?
 Already has he wounded, in close fight,
 The goddess Venus at the wrist, and since
 Assaulted me as if he were a god." 570

He said, and on the heights of Pergamus
 Sat down, while the destroyer Mars went forth
 Among the embattled Trojan ranks, to rouse
 Their valor. In the form of Acamus,
 The gallant Thracian leader, he bespake 575
 The sons of Jove-descended Priam thus : —

“ O sons of Priam, him who claims descent
 From Jupiter ! how long will ye submit
 To see your people slaughtered by the Greeks ?
 Is it until the battle-storm shall reach 580
 Your city's stately portals? Even now
 A hero whom we honor equally
 With the great Hector, our Æneas, son
 Of the large-souled Anchises, is struck down.
 Haste, let us rescue our beloved friend.” 585

He spake, and into every heart his words
 Carried new strength and courage. In that hour
 Sarpedon chid the noble Hector thus : —

“ Where is the prowess, Hector, which was thine
 So lately? Thou hast said that thou alone, 590
 Thy kindred and thy brothers, could defend
 The city, without armies or allies.

Now I see none of these ; they all, like hounds
 Before a lion, crouch and slink away,
 While the confederates bear the brunt of war. 595
 I am but an auxiliar come from far,
 From Lycia, where the eddying Xanthus runs.
 There left I a beloved wife, and there
 An infant child, and large possessions, such
 As poor men covet. Yet do I exhort 600
 My Lycians to the combat, and myself
 Would willingly engage this foe of Troy,
 Although I here have nothing which the Greeks
 Might bear or drive away. Thou standest still,
 Meanwhile, nor dost thou bid the rest to keep 605
 Their ground and bear the battle for their wives.
 Yet have a care, lest, as if caught at length
 In the strong meshes of a mighty net,
 Ye find yourselves the captives and the prey
 Of enemies, who quickly will destroy 610
 Your nobly-peopled city. These are thoughts
 That should engage thy mind by night and day,
 And thou shouldst beg the chiefs of thine allies,
 Called to thy aid from far, that manfully
 They meet the foe, and foil his fierce attack, 615
 And take the cause of this reproach away."

Sarpedon spake ; and Hector, all in arms,
 Stung by his words, and leaping from his car,
 Brandished his spears, and went among the hosts
 And rallied them to battle. Terrible 620
 The conflict that ensued. The men of Troy

Made head against the Greeks : the Greeks stood
firm,
Nor ever thought of flight. As when the wind
Strews chaff about the sacred threshing-floors
While wheat is winnowed, and before the breeze ⁶²⁵
The yellow Ceres separates the grain
From its light husk, which gathers in white heaps, —
Even so the Greeks were whitened o'er with dust
Raised in that tumult by the horses' hoofs
And rising to the brazen firmament, ⁶³⁰
As toward the fight the charioteers again
Urged on their coursers. Yet the Greeks withstood
The onset, and struck forward with strong arms.
Meantime the furious Mars involved the field
In darkness, to befriend the sons of Troy, ⁶³⁵
And went through all the ranks, and well fulfilled
The mandate which Apollo gave the god
Who wields the golden falchion, bidding him
Kindle the courage of the Trojan host
Whene'er he saw the auxiliar of the Greeks, ⁶⁴⁰
Minerva, leave the combat. Then the god
Brought from the sanctuary's inner shrine
Æneas, — filling with recovered strength
That shepherd of the people. He beside
His comrades placed himself, and they rejoiced ⁶⁴⁵
To see him living and unharmed and strong
As ever ; yet they questioned not ; their task
Was different, set them by the god who bears
The silver bow, and Mars the slayer of men,

And raging Strife that never is appeased. 650

The Ajaces and Ulysses and the son
Of Tydeus roused the Achaïans to the fight.
For of the strength and clamor of the foe
They felt no fear, but calmly stood, to bide
The assault ; as stand in air the quiet clouds 655
Which Saturn's son upon the mountain-tops
Piles in still volumes when the north wind sleeps,
And every ruder breath of blustering air
That drives the gathered vapors through the sky.
Thus calmly waited they the Trojan host, 660
Nor thought of flight. And now Atrides passed
In haste along their ranks, and gave command : —

“ O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,
And let no warrior in the heat of fight
Do what may bring him shame in others' eyes ; 665
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.”

So spake the king, and hurled his spear and smote
Deïcoön, the son of Pergasis, 670
A chief, and a companion in the war
Of the great-souled Æneas. He in Troy
Was honored as men honored Priam's sons,
For he was ever foremost in the fight. 674
The weapon struck his shield, yet stopped not there,
But, breaking through its folds and through the belt,
Transfixed the part beneath. The Trojan fell
To earth, his armor clashing with his fall.

Æneas slew the sons of Diocles, —
 Orsilochus and Crethon, eminent Greeks. 680
 Their father dwelt in Pheræ nobly built,
 Amid his riches. From Alpheius he
 Derived his race, — a river whose long stream
 Flows through the meadows of the Pylian land.
 Orsilochus was to Alpheius born, 685
 Lord over many men, and he became
 The father of great Diocles, to whom
 Twin sons were born, well trained in all the arts
 Of warfare, — Crethon and Orsilochus.
 These, in the prime of youth, with their black ships
 Followed the Argives to the coast of Troy 691
 Famed for its generous steeds. They left their home
 To vindicate the honor of the sons
 Of Atreus, — Agamemnon, king of men,
 And Menelaus, — but they found their death. 695
 As two young lions, nourished by their dam
 Amid the thickets of some mighty wood,
 Seizing the beeves and fattened sheep, lay waste
 The stables, till at length themselves are slain
 By trenchant weapons in the shepherd's hand, 700
 So by the weapons of Æneas died
 These twain ; they fell as lofty fir-trees fall.
 But now, when Menelaus saw their fate,
 The mighty warrior, deeply sorrowing, rushed
 Among the foremost, armed in glittering brass, 705
 And brandishing his spear ; for Mars had roused
 His soul to fury, trusting he would meet

Æneas, and would perish by his hand.
 Antilochus, the generous Nestor's son,
 Came also to the van, for anxiously 710
 He feared mischance might overtake the king,
 To make the toils of their long warfare vain ;
 And there he found the combatants prepared
 For battle, with their trusty spears in hand,
 And standing face to face. At once he took 715
 His stand beside the monarch of the Greeks.
 At sight of the two warriors side by side,
 All valiant as he was, Æneas shunned
 The encounter. They, when they had drawn the dead
 Among the Grecian ranks, and to their friends 720
 Given up the hapless brothers, turned to take
 Their place among the foremost in the fight.
 Then, too, Pylæmenes, a chief like Mars,
 And leader of the Paphlagonian host, —
 A valiant squadron armed with shields, — was slain.
 Atrides Menelaus, skilled to wield 725
 The javelin, gave his death-wound. He transfixed
 The shoulder at the collar-bone. Meanwhile
 Antilochus against his charioteer,
 Mydon, the brave son of Atymnias, hurled 730
 A stone that smote his elbow as he wheeled
 His firm-paced steeds in flight. He dropped the
 reins,
 Gleaming with ivory as they trailed in dust.
 Antilochus leaped forward, smiting him
 Upon the temples with his sword. He fell 735

Gasping amidst the sand, his head immersed
 Up to his shoulders, — for the sand was deep, —
 And there remained till he was beaten down
 Before the horses' hoofs. Antilochus,
 Lashing the horses, drave them to the Greeks. 740

Hector beheld, and, springing with loud shouts,
 Stood mid the wavering ranks. The phalanxes
 Of the brave Trojans followed him, for Mars
 And terrible Bellona led them on, —
 Bellona bringing Tumult in her train, 745
 And Mars with brandished lance — a mighty
 weight —

Now stalking after Hector, now before.

Him when the valiant Diomed beheld,
 He trembled ; and, as one who, journeying
 Along a way he knows not, having crossed 750
 A place of drear extent, before him sees
 A river rushing swiftly toward the deep,
 And all its tossing current white with foam,
 And stops and turns, and measures back his way,
 So then did Diomed withdraw, and spake : — 755

“ O friends, how greatly must we all admire
 This noble Hector, mighty with the spear
 And terrible in war. There is some god
 Forever near him, warding off the stroke
 Of death ; beside him yonder even now 760
 Stands Mars in semblance of a mortal man.
 Yield, then, and with your faces toward the foe
 Fall back, and strive not with the gods of heaven.”

Even as he spake, the Trojan host drew near,
 And Hector slew two warriors trained to arms, —
 Menesthes and Anchialus, — who came 766
 Both in one chariot to the war. Their fall
 Ajax, the son of Telamon, beheld,
 And pitied, and drew near, and stood, and hurled
 His glittering spear. It smote Ampheius, son 773
 Of Selagus, who, rich in lands and goods,
 Abode in Pæsus. In an evil hour
 He joined the cause of Priam and his sons.
 Him at the belt the spear of Ajax smote,
 And pierced the bowels. With a crash he fell. 775
 Then hastened mighty Ajax to strip off
 The armor, but the Trojans at him cast
 Their pointed spears that glittered as they flew,
 And many struck his shield. He pressed his heel
 Against the slain, and from the body drew 780
 His brazen spear, but could not from the breast
 Loose the bright mail, so thick the weapons came,
 And such the wary dread with which he saw
 The bravest of the Trojans closing round, 784
 Many and fierce, and all with spears outstretched :
 And he, though strong and valiant and renowned,
 Driven from the ground, gave way to mightier force.
 So toiled the warriors through that stubborn fight,
 When cruel fate urged on Tlepolemus,
 The great and valiant son of Hercules, 788
 To meet Sarpedon, mighty as a god.
 And now as each to each advanced, — the son

And grandson of the cloud-compeller Jove, —

Thus first Tlepolemus addressed his foe : —

“ Sarpedon, Lycian monarch, what has brought ⁷⁹⁵

Thee hither, trembling thus, and inexpert

In battle? Lying flatterers are they

That call thee son of Jupiter who bears

The ægis ; for unlike the heroes thou,

Born to the Thunderer in times of old, 800

Nor like my daring father, Hercules

The lion-hearted, who once came to Troy

To claim the coursers of Laomedon.

With but six ships, and warriors but a few,

He laid the city waste and made its streets 805

A desolation. Thou art weak of heart,

And round thee are thy people perishing ;

Yet, even wert thou brave, thy presence here

From Lycia's coast would prove of small avail

To Troy ; for, slain in combat here by me, 810

Thou to the gates of Hades shalt go down.”

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, thus

Made answer : “ True it is, Tlepolemus,

That he laid waste the sacred city of Troy

For the base dealings of Laomedon, 815

The monarch who with railing words repaid

His great deservings, and kept back the steeds

For which he came so far. But thou — thy fate

Is slaughter and black death from this my spear ;

And fame will come to me, and one more soul 820

Go down to Hades.” As Sarpedon spake,

Tlepolemus upraised his ashen spear,
 And from the hands of both the chiefs at once
 Their massive weapons flew. Sarpedon smote
 Full in the throat his foe ; the cruel point 825
 Passed through the neck, and night came o'er his
 eyes.

Tlepolemus, in turn, on the left thigh
 Had struck Sarpedon with his ponderous lance.
 The weapon, cast with vigorous hand and arm,
 Pierced deep, and touched the bone ; but Jupiter 830
 Averted from his son the doom of death.

His noble comrades raised and bore away
 The great Sarpedon from the battle-field,
 Trailing the long spear with them. Bitter pain
 It gave him ; in their haste they marked it not, 835
 Nor thought to draw the ashen weapon forth,
 That he might mount the car ; so eagerly
 His anxious bearers hurried from the war.

On the other side the well-armed Greeks took up
 The slain Tlepolemus, to bear him thence. 840
 The great Ulysses, large of soul, beheld,
 And felt his spirit moved, as anxiously
 He pondered whether to pursue the son
 Of Jove the Thunderer, or turn and take
 The life of many a Lycian. Yet to slay 845
 Jove's mighty son was not his destiny,
 And therefore Pallas moved him to engage
 The crowd of Lycian warriors. Then he slew
 Cæranus and Alastor, Chromius,

Alcander, Halius, and Prytanis 850
 Noëmon ; and yet more the noble Greek
 Had slain, if crested Hector, mighty chief,
 Had not perceived the havoc and, arrayed
 In shining armor, hurried to the van
 Of battle, carrying terror to the hearts 855
 Of the Achaïans. As he saw him near,
 Sarpedon was rejoiced, yet sadly said :—

“ O son of Priam, leave me not a prey
 To these Achaïans. Aid me, let me breathe
 My latest breath in Troy, since I no more 860
 Can hope, returning to my native land,
 To gladden my dear wife and little son.”

He spake, and crested Hector answered not,
 Still pressing forward, eager to drive back
 The Greeks in quick retreat, and take the life 865
 Of many a foe. Then did the noble band
 Who bore the great Sarpedon lay him down
 Beneath a shapely beech, a tree of Jove
 The Ægis-bearer. There stout Pelagon,
 His well-beloved comrade, from his thigh 870
 Drew forth the sharp blade of the ashen spear.
 Then the breath left him, and his eyes were closed
 In darkness ; but the light came back again
 As, breathing over him, the fresh north wind
 Revived the spirit in his laboring breast. 875

But not for Mars nor Hector mailed in brass
 Fled the Achaïans to their fleet ; nor yet
 Advanced they on the foe, but step by step

Gave way before him, for they had perceived
The god of war was with the sons of Troy. 885

Whom first, whom last did Hector, Priam's son,
And iron Mars lay low? The godlike chief
Teuthras, and—great among the Grecian knights—
Orestes, and the Ætolian Trechus, famed
As spearman, and Œnomaus, and the son
Of Œnops, Helemes, and after these
Belted Oresbius, who in Hyla made
His home, intent on gathering wealth beside
The Lake Cephissus, on whose borders dwelt
Bœotians many, lords of fertile lands. 890

The white-armed goddess Juno, when she saw
The Argives falling in that cruel fray,
Addressed Minerva with these winged words:—

“O thou unconquerable goddess, born
To Jove the Ægis-bearer! what is this? 895
It was an idle promise that we made
To Menelaus, that he should behold
Troy, with its strong defences, overthrown,
And reach his home again, if thus we leave
Mars the destroyer to his ravages. 900
Come, let us bring our friends effectual aid.”

So spake she, and her bidding was obeyed
By blue-eyed Pallas. Juno the august,
Daughter of mighty Saturn, laid in haste
The harness, with its ornaments of gold, 905
Upon the horses. Hebe rolled the wheels,
Each with eight spokes, and joined them to the ends

Of the steel axle, — fellies wrought of gold,
 Bound with a brazen rim to last for aye, —
 A wonder to behold. The hollow naves 910
 Were silver, and on gold and silver cords
 Was slung the chariot's seat ; in silver hooks
 Rested the reins, and silver was the pole
 Where the fair yoke and poitreles, all of gold,
 Werè fastened. Juno, eager for the strife, 915
 Led the swift-footed steeds beneath the yoke.

Then Pallas, daughter of the god who bears
 The ægis, on her father's palace-floor
 Let fall in dainty folds her flowing robe
 Of many colors, wrought by her own hand, 920
 And, putting on the mail of Jupiter
 The Cloud-compeller, stood arrayed in arms
 For the stern tasks of war. Her shoulder bore
 The dreadful ægis with its shaggy brim
 Bordered with Terror. There was Strife, and there
 Was Fortitude, and there was fierce Pursuit, 926
 And there the Gorgon's head, a ghastly sight,
 Deformed and dreadful, and a sign of woe
 When borne by Jupiter. Upon her head
 She placed a golden helmet with four crests 930
 And fair embossed, of strength that might withstand
 The armed battalions of a hundred towns ;
 Then stepped into her shining car, and took
 Her massive spear in hand, heavy and huge,
 With which whole ranks of heroes are o'erthrown 935
 Before the daughter of the Mighty One

Incensed against them. Juno swung the lash
 And swiftly urged the steeds. Before their way,
 On sounding hinges, of their own accord,
 Flew wide the gates of heaven, which evermore 949
 The Hours are watching, — they who keep the mount
 Olympus and the mighty heaven, with power
 To open or to close their cloudy veil.

Thus through the gates they drave the obedient
 steeds,

And found Saturnius, where he sat apart 945
 From other gods, upon the loftiest height
 Of many-peaked Olympus. Juno there,
 The white-armed goddess, stayed her chariot-wheels,
 And, thus accosting Jove, she questioned him : —

“ O Father Jupiter, does not thy wrath 950
 Rise at those violent deeds of Mars? Thou seest
 How many of the Achaians he has slain,
 And what brave men. Nay, thus it should not be.
 Great grief is mine ; but Venus and the god
 Phæbus, who bears the silver bow, rejoice 955
 To see this lawless maniac range the field,
 And urge him on. O Father Jupiter,
 Wilt thou be angry with me if I drive
 Mars, sorely wounded, from the battle-field? ”

The cloud-compelling Jupiter replied : — 960
 “ Thou hast my leave ; but send to encounter him
 Pallas the spoiler, who has many a time
 Brought grievous troubles on the god of war.”

He spake, and white-armed Juno instantly

Obeied him. With the scourge she lashed the steeds,
 And not unwillingly they flew between 966
 Earth and the starry heaven. As much of space
 As one who gazes on the dark-blue deep
 Sees from the headland summit where he sits —
 Such space the coursers of immortal breed 970
 Cleared at each bound they made with sounding
 hoofs ;

And when they came to Ilium and its streams,
 Where Simois and Scamander's channels meet,
 The white-armed goddess Juno stayed their speed,
 And loosed them from the yoke, and covered them
 With darkness. Simois ministered, meanwhile, 976
 The ambrosial pasturage on which they fed.

On went the goddesses, with step as light
 As timid doves, and hastened toward the field
 To aid the Achaian army. When they came 980
 Where fought the bravest warriors in a throng
 Around the great horse-tamer Diomed,
 Like ravenous lions or wild boars whose rage
 Is terrible, the white-armed goddess stood,
 And called aloud, — for now she wore the form 985
 Of gallant Stentor, in whose brazen voice
 Was heard a shout like that of fifty men : —

“Shame on you, Argives, — wretches, who in form,
 And form alone, are heroes. While we yet
 Had great Achilles in the war, the men 990
 Of Ilium dared not pass beyond their gates,
 So much they feared his mighty spear ; but now

They push the battle to our hollow ships,
Far from the town." As thus the goddess spake,
New strength and courage woke in every breast. 1000

Then blue-eyed Pallas hastened to the son
Of Tydeus. By his steeds she found the king,
And by his chariot, as he cooled the wound
Made by the shaft of Pandarus. The sweat
Beneath the ample band of his round shield 1005
Had weakened him, and weary was his arm.
He raised the band, and from the wounded limb
Wiped off the clotted blood. The goddess laid
Her hand upon the chariot-yoke, and said : —

“Tydeus hath left a son unlike himself ; 1010
For he, though low in stature, was most brave ;
And when he went, an envoy and alone,
To Thebes, the populous Cadmean town,
And I, enjoining him to keep aloof
From wars and rash encounters, bade him sit 1015
Quietly at the feasts in palace-halls,
Still, to his valiant temper true, he gave
Challenges to the Theban youths, and won
The prize with ease in all their games, such aid
I gave him. Now I stand by thee in turn, 1020
Protect thee, and exhort thee manfully
To fight against the Trojans ; but to-day
Either the weariness of toil unnerves
Thy frame, or withering fear besets thy heart.
Henceforth we cannot deem thee, as of late, 1025
The offspring of CEnides skilled in war.”

And then the valiant Diomed replied : —
 “ I know thee, goddess, daughter of great Jove
 The Ægis-bearer ; therefore will I speak
 Freely and keep back nothing. No base fear 1025
 Unmans me, nor desire of ease ; but well
 I bear in mind the mandate thou hast given.
 Thou didst forbid me to contend with gods,
 Except that if Jove’s daughter, Venus, joined
 The battle, I might wound her with my spear. 1030
 But now I have withdrawn, and given command
 That all the Greeks come hither ; for I see
 That Mars is in the field and leads the war.”

Again the blue-eyed Pallas, answering, said : —
 “ Tydides Diomed, most dear of men, 1035
 Nay, fear thou nothing from this Mars, nor yet
 From any other of the gods ; for I
 Will be thy sure defence. First urge thy course
 Full against Mars, with thy firm-footed steeds.
 Engage him hand to hand ; respect him not, — 1040
 The fiery, frantic Mars, the unnatural plague
 Of man, the fickle god, who promised me
 And Juno, lately, to take part with us
 Against the Trojans and befriend the Greeks.
 Now he forgets, and joins the sons of Troy.” 1045

She spake, and laid her hand on Sthenelus,
 To draw him from the horses ; instantly
 He leaped to earth ; the indignant deity
 Took by the side of Diomed her place ;
 The beechen axle groaned beneath the weight 1050

Of that great goddess and that man of might.
 Then Pallas seized the lash and caught the reins,
 And, urging the firm-footed coursers, drave
 Full against Mars, who at that moment slew
 Huge Periphas, the mightiest one of all 1055
 The Ætolian band, — Ochesius' famous son.
 While bloody-handed Mars was busy yet
 About the slain, Minerva hid her face
 In Pluto's helmet, that the god might fail
 To see her. As that curse of humankind 1060
 Beheld the approach of noble Diomed,
 He left the corpse of Periphas unspoiled
 Where he had fallen, and where he breathed his
 last,
 And came in haste to meet the Grecian knight.
 And now, when they were near, and face to face, 1065
 Mars o'er the chariot-yoke and horses' reins
 First hurled his brazen spear, in hope to take
 His enemy's life ; but Pallas with her hand
 Caught it and turned it, so that it flew by
 And gave no wound. The valiant Diomed 1070
 Made with his brazen spear the next assault,
 And Pallas guided it to strike the waist
 Where girded by the baldric. In that part
 She wounded Mars, and tore the shining skin,
 And drew the weapon back. The furious god 1075
 Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,
 Or of ten thousand, rushing to the fight.
 The Greeks and Trojans stood aghast with fear,

To hear that terrible cry of him whose thirst
Of bloodshed never is appeased by blood. 1083

As when, in time of heat, the air is filled
With a black shadow from the gathering clouds
And the strong-blowing wind, so furious Mars
Appeared to Diomed, as in a cloud
He rose to the broad heaven and to the home 1085
Of gods on high Olympus. Near to Jove
He took his seat in bitter grief, and showed
The immortal blood still dropping from his wound,
And thus, with wingèd words, complaining said :—

“ O Father Jupiter ! does not thy wrath 1090
Rise at these violent deeds ? ’T is ever thus
That we, the gods, must suffer grievously
From our own rivalry in favoring man ;
And yet the blame of all this strife is thine,
For thou hast a mad daughter, ever wrong, 1095
And ever bent on mischief. All the rest
Of the immortals dwelling on this mount
Obey thee and are subject to thy will.
Her only thou hast never yet restrained
By word or act, but dost indulge her freaks 1100
Because the pestilent creature is thy child.
And now she moves the insolent Diomed
To raise his hand against the immortal gods.
And first he wounded Venus in the wrist,
Contending hand to hand ; and then he sought 1105
To encounter me in arms, as if he were
The equal of a god. My own swift feet

Carried me thence, else might I long have lain,
 In anguish, under heaps of carcasses,
 Or helplessly been mangled by his sword." 1110

The Cloud-compeller, Jove, replied, and frowned :
 " Come not to me, thou changeling, to complain.
 Of all the gods upon the Olympian mount
 I like thee least, who ever dost delight
 In broils and wars and battles. Thou art like 1115
 Thy mother Juno, headstrong and perverse.
 Her I can scarcely rule by strict commands,
 And what thou sufferest now, I deem, is due
 To her bad counsels. Yet 't is not my will
 That thou shouldst suffer longer, who dost share 1120
 My lineage, whom thy mother bore to me.
 But wert thou born, destroyer as thou art,
 To any other god, thou hadst long since
 Lain lower than the sons of Uranus."

So spake he, and to Pæon gave command 1125
 To heal the wound ; and Pæon bathed the part
 With pain-dispelling balsams, and it healed ;
 For Mars was not to die. As, when the juice
 Of figs is mingled with white milk and stirred,
 The liquid gathers into clots while yet 1130
 It whirls with the swift motion, so was healed
 The wound of violent Mars. Then Hebe bathed
 The god, and robed him richly, and he took
 His seat, delighted, by Saturnian Jove.

Now, having forced the curse of nations, Mars 1135
 To pause from slaughter, Argive Juno came,

With Pallas, her invincible ally,
Back to the mansion of imperial Jove.

BOOK VI.

NOW from that stubborn conflict of the Greeks
And Trojans had the gods withdrawn. The
fight

Of men encountering men with brazen spears
Still raged from place to place upon the plain
Between the Xanthus and the Simoïs. 5

And first of all did Ajax Telamon,
The bulwark of the Achaians, break the ranks
Of Troy and raise the hopes of those who fought
Beside him ; for he smote the bravest man
Of all the Thracian warriors, — Acamas, 10
Son of Eussorus, strong and large of limb.

His spear-head, through the plumed helmet's cone
Entering the forehead of the Thracian, pierced
The bone, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.
The valiant Diomed slew Axylus, 15

The son of Teuthras. To the war he came
From nobly-built Arisba ; great his wealth,
And greatly was he loved, for courteously
He welcomed to his house beside the way
All comers. None of these could interpose 20
Between him and his death, for Diomed

Slew him and his attendant charioteer,
 Calysius ; both went down below the earth.
 And then Euryalus struck Dresus down,
 And smote Opheltius, and went on to slay 25
 Æsepus and his brother Pedasus ;—
 A river-nymph, Abarbareïa, bore
 Both children to Bucolion the renowned.
 Bucolion was the eldest of the sons
 Of great Laomedon. His mother reared 30
 The boy in secret. While he fed his sheep,
 He with the river-nymph was joined in love
 And marriage, and she bore him twins ; and these,
 Brave and of shapely limb, Mecisteus' son
 Struck down, and from their shoulders tore the mail.
 The warlike Polypœtes overthrew 35
 Astyalus ; Ulysses smote to earth
 Pidytes the Percosian with the spear,
 And Teucer Aretaon, nobly born.
 The glittering javelin of Antilochus, 40
 The son of Nestor, laid Ablerus low ;
 And Aganemnon, king of men, struck down
 Elatus, who on lofty Pedasus
 Dwelt, by the smoothly flowing Satnio's stream.
 Brave Leïtus slew Phylacus in flight, 45
 And by Eurypylus Melanthius fell.
 Then valiant Menelaus took alive
 Adrastus, whose two coursers, as they scoured
 The plain in terror, struck against a branch
 Of tamarisk, and, there entangled, snapped 50

The chariot pole, and, breaking from it, fled
 Whither were others fleeing. From the car
 Adrastus to the dust beside the wheel
 Feil, on his face. There, lifting his huge spear,
 Atrides Menelaus o'er him stood. 55

Adrastus clasped the warrior's knees and said :—

“O son of Atreus, take me prisoner,
 And thou shalt have large ransom. In the house
 Of my rich father ample treasures lie, —
 Brass, gold, and tempered steel, — and he shall send
 Gifts without end when he shall hear that I 61
 Am spared alive and in the Grecian fleet.”

He spake, and moved the conqueror, who now
 Was minded to give charge that one among
 His comrades to the Grecian fleet should lead 65
 The captive. Agamemnon came in haste,
 And, lifting up his voice, rebuked him thus :—

“O Menelaus, soft of heart, why thus
 Art thou concerned for men like these? In sooth,
 Great are the benefits thy household owes 70
 The Trojans. Nay, let none of them escape
 The doom of swift destruction by our hands.
 The very babe within his mother's womb,
 Even that must die, and all of Ilium born
 Perish unburied, utterly cut off.” 75

He spake ; the timely admonition changed
 The purpose of his brother, who thrust back
 The suppliant hero with his hand ; and then
 King Agamemnon smote him through the loins,

And prone on earth he fell. Upon the breast 85
 Of the slain man Atrides placed his heel,
 And from the body drew the ashen spear.

Then Nestor to the Argives called aloud : —
 “ Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars !
 Let no man here through eagerness for spoil 85
 Linger behind the rest, that he may bear
 Much plunder to the ships ; but let us first
 Strike down our enemies, and afterward
 At leisure strip the bodies of the dead.”

Thus speaking, he revived in every breast 90
 Courage and zeal. Then had the men of Troy
 Sought refuge from the Greeks within their walls,
 O'ercome by abject fear, if Helenus,
 The son of Priam, and of highest note
 Among the augurs, had not made his way 95
 To Hector and Æneas, speaking thus : —

“ O Hector and Æneas, since on you
 Is laid the mighty labor to command
 The Trojans and the Lycians, — for the first
 Are ye in battle, and in council first, — 100
 Here make your stand, and haste from side to side,
 Rallying your scattered ranks, lest they betake
 Themselves to flight, and, rushing to their wives,
 Become the scorn and laughter of the foe.
 And then, so soon as ye shall have revived 105
 The courage of your men, we here will bide
 The conflict with the Greeks, though closely pressed ;
 For so we must. But, Hector, thou depart

To Troy and seek the mother of us both,
 And bid her call the honored Trojan dames 110
 To where the blue-eyed Pallas has her fane,
 In the high citadel, and with a key
 Open the hallowed doors, and let her bring
 What she shall deem the fairest of the robes,
 And amplest, in her palace, and the one 115
 She prizes most, and lay it on the knees
 Of the bright-haired Minerva. Let her make
 A vow to offer to the goddess there
 Twelve yearling heifers that have never borne
 The yoke, if she in mercy will regard 120
 The city, and the wives and little ones
 Of its defenders ; if she will protect
 Our sacred Ilium from the ruthless son
 Of Tydeus, from whose valor armies flee,
 And whom I deem the bravest of the Greeks. 125
 For not so greatly have we held in dread
 Achilles, the great leader, whom they call
 The goddess-born ; but terrible in wrath
 Is Diomed, nor hath his peer in might."

He spake, and Hector of his brother's words 130
 Was not unmindful. Instantly he leaped,
 Armed, from his chariot, shaking his sharp spears ;
 And everywhere among the host he went,
 Exhorting them to combat manfully ;
 And thus he kindled the fierce fight anew. 135
 They, turning from the flight, withstood the Greeks.
 The Greeks fell back and ceased to slay ; they
 thought

That one of the immortals had come down
 From out the starry heaven to help the men
 Of Troy, so suddenly they turned and fought, 140
 Then Hector to the Trojans called aloud : —

“ O valiant sons of Troy, and ye allies
 Summoned from far ! Be men, my friends ; call back
 Your wonted valor, while I go to Troy
 To ask the aged men, our counsellors, 145
 And all our wives, to come before the gods
 And pray and offer vows of sacrifice.”

So the plumed Hector spake, and then withdrew,
 While the black fell that edged his bossy shield
 Struck on his neck and ankles as he went. 150

Now came into the midst between the hosts
 Glaucus, the offspring of Hippolochus,
 And met the son of Tydeus, — both intent
 On combat. But when now the twain were near,
 And ready to engage, brave Diomed 155
 Spake first, and thus addressed his enemy : —

“ Who mayst thou be, of mortal men ? Most brave
 Art thou, yet never in the glorious fight
 Have I beheld thee. Thou surpassest now
 All others in thy daring, since thou com'st 160
 Within the reach of my long spear. The sons
 Of most unhappy men are they who meet
 My arm ; but — if thou comest from above,
 A god — I war not with the gods of heaven ;
 For even brave Lycurgus lived not long, 165
 The son of Dryas, who engaged in strife

With the celestial gods. He once pursued
 The nurses of the frantic Bacchus through
 The hallowed ground of Nyssa. All at once
 They flung to earth their sacred implements, 170
 Lycurgus the man-slayer beating them
 With an ox-driver's goad. Then Bacchus fled
 And plunged into the sea, where Thetis hid
 The trembler in her bosom, for he shook
 With panic at the hero's angry threats. 175
 Thenceforward were the blessed deities
 Wroth with Lycurgus. Him did Saturn's son
 Strike blind, and after that he lived not long,
 For he was held in hate by all the gods.
 So will I never with the gods contend. 180

But if thou be indeed of mortal race,
 And nourished by the fruits of earth, draw near ;
 And quickly shalt thou pass the gates of death."

Hippolochus's son, the far-renowned,
 Made answer thus : "O large-souled Diomed, 185
 Why ask my lineage? Like the race of leaves
 Is that of humankind. Upon the ground
 The winds strew one year's leaves ; the sprouting
 grove

Puts forth another brood, that shoot and grow
 In the spring season. So it is with man : 190
 One generation grows while one decays.
 Yet since thou takest heed of things like these,
 And askest whence I sprang, — although to most
 My birth is not unknown, — there is a town

Lapped in the pasture-grounds where graze the
steeds 195

Of Argos, Ephyra by name, and there
Dwelt Sisyphus Æolides, most shrewd
Of men ; his son was Glaucus, and the son
Of Glaucus was the good Bellerophon,
To whom the gods gave beauty and the grace 200
Of winning manners. Prætus sought his death
And banished him, for Prætus was the chief
Among the Argives ; Jupiter had made
That people subject to his rule. The wife
Of Prætus, nobly-born Anteia, sought 205
With passionate desire his secret love,
But failed to entice, with all her blandishments,
The virtuous and discreet Bellerophon.
Therefore went she to Prætus with a lie, —

“ ‘ Die, Prætus, thou, or put Bellerophon 210
To death, for he has offered force to me.’

“ The monarch hearkened, and was moved to
wrath ;

And then he would not slay him, for his soul
Revolted at the deed ; he sent him thence
To Lycia, with a fatal tablet, sealed, 215
With things of deadly import writ therein,
Meant for Anteia’s father, in whose hand
Bellerophon must place it, and be made
To perish. So at Lycia he arrived
Under the favoring guidance of the gods ; 220
And when he came where Lycian Xanthus flows,

The king of that broad realm received his guest
 With hospitable welcome, feasting him
 Nine days, and offering up in sacrifice
 Nine oxen. But when rosy-fingered Morn 225
 Appeared for the tenth time, he questioned him
 And bade him show the token he had brought
 From Proetus. When the monarch had beheld
 The fatal tablet from his son-in-law,
 The first command he gave him was, to slay 230
 Heaven-born Chimæra, the invincible.
 No human form was hers : a lion she
 In front, a dragon in the hinder parts,
 And in the midst a goat, and terribly
 Her nostrils breathed a fierce, consuming flame ; 235
 Yet, trusting in the portents of the gods,
 He slew her. Then it was his second task
 To combat with the illustrious Solymi, —
 The hardest battle he had ever fought —
 So he declared — with men ; and then he slew —
 His third exploit — the man-like Amazons. 241
 Then he returned to Lycia ; on his way
 The monarch laid a treacherous snare. He chose
 From his wide Lycian realm the bravest men
 To lie in ambush for him. Never one 245
 Of these came home again, — Bellerophon
 The matchless slew them all. And when the king
 Saw that he was the offspring of a god,
 He kept him near him, giving him to wife
 His daughter, and dividing with him all 250

His kingly honors, while the Lycians set
 Their richest fields apart — a goodly spot,
 Ploughlands and vineyards — for the prince to till.
 And she who now became his wife brought forth
 Three children to the sage Bellerophon, — 255
 Isandrus and Hippolochus ; and, last,
 Laodameia, who in secret bore
 To all-providing Jupiter a son, —
 Godlike Sarpedon, eminent in arms.
 But when Bellerophon upon himself 260
 Had drawn the anger of the gods, he roamed
 The Alcian fields alone, a prey to thoughts
 That wasted him, and shunning every haunt
 Of humankind. The god whose lust of strife
 Is never sated, Mars, cut off his son 265
 Isandrus, warring with the illustrious race
 Of Solymi ; and Dian, she who guides
 Her car with golden reins, in anger slew
 His daughter. I am of Hippolochus ;
 From him I claim my birth. He sent me forth 270
 To Troy with many counsels and commands,
 Ever to bear myself like a brave man,
 And labor to excel, and never bring
 Dishonor on the stock from which I sprang, —
 The bravest stock by far in Ephyra 275
 And the wide realm of Lycia. 'T is my boast
 To be of such a race and such a blood."

He spake. The warlike Diomed was glad,
 And, planting in the foothul earth his spear,

Addressed the people's shepherd blandly thus :—

“ Most surely thou art my ancestral guest ; 281
 For noble CENEUS once within his halls
 Received the blameless chief Bellerophon,
 And kept him twenty days, and they bestowed
 Gifts on each other, such as host and guest 285
 Exchange ; a purple baldric CENEUS gave
 Of dazzling color, and Bellerophon
 A double golden goblet ; this I left
 Within my palace when I came to Troy.
 Of Tydeus I remember nothing, since 290
 He left me, yet a little child, and went
 To Thebes, where perished such a host of Greeks.
 Henceforward I will be thy host and friend
 In Argos ; thou shalt be the same to me
 In Lycia when I visit Lycia's towns ; 295
 And let us in the tumult of the fray
 Avoid each other's spears, for there will be
 Of Trojans and of their renowned allies
 Enough for me to slay whene'er a god
 Shall bring them in my way. In turn for thee 300
 Are many Greeks to smite whomever thou
 Canst overcome. Let us exchange our arms,
 That even these may see that thou and I
 Regard each other as ancestral guests.”

Thus having said, and leaping from their cars, 305
 They clasped each other's hands and pledged their
 faith.

Then did the son of Saturn take away

The judging mind of Glaucus, when he gave
 His arms of gold away for arms of brass
 Worn by Tydides Diomed, — the worth 310
 Of fivescore oxen for the worth of nine.

And now had Hector reached the Scæan gates
 And beechen tree. Around him flocked the wives
 And daughters of the Trojans eagerly ;
 Tidings of sons and brothers they required, 315
 And friends and husbands. He admonished all
 Duly to importune the gods in prayer,
 For woe, he said, was near to many a one.

And then he came to Priam's noble hall, —
 A palace built with graceful porticos, 320
 And fifty chambers near each other, walled
 With polished stone, the rooms of Priam's sons
 And of their wives ; and opposite to these
 Twelve chambers for his daughters, also near
 Each other ; and, with polished marble walls, 325
 The sleeping-rooms of Priam's sons-in-law
 And their unblemished consorts. There he met
 His gentle mother on her way to seek
 Her fairest child, Laodice. She took 329
 His hand and held it fast, while thus she spake : —

“ Why art thou come, my child, and why hast left
 The raging fight ? Full hard these hateful Greeks
 Press us, in fighting round the city-walls.
 Thy heart, I know, hath moved thee to repair
 To our high citadel, and lift thy hands 335
 In prayer to Jupiter. But stay thou here

Till I bring pleasant wine, that thou mayst pour
 A part to Jove and to the other gods,
 And drink and be refreshed ; for wine restores
 Strength to the weary, and I know that thou 340
 Art weary, fighting for thy countrymen."

Great Hector of the crested helm replied :—
 " My honored mother, bring not pleasant wine,
 Lest that unman me, and my wonted might
 And valor leave me. I should fear to pour 345
 Dark wine to Jupiter with hands unwashed.
 Nor is it fitting that a man like me,
 Defiled with blood and battle-dust, should make
 Vows to the cloud-compeller, Saturn's son.
 But thou, with incense, seek the temple reared 350
 To Pallas the despoiler, — calling first
 Our honored dames together. Take with thee
 What thou shalt deem the fairest of the robes,
 And amplest, in thy palace, and the one
 Thou prizest most, and lay it on the knees 355
 Of the bright-haired Minerva. Make a vow
 To offer to the goddess in her fane
 Twelve yearling heifers that have never borne
 The yoke, if she in mercy will regard
 The city, and the wives and little ones 360
 Of its defenders ; if she will protect
 Our sacred Ilium from the ruthless son
 Of Tydeus, from whose valor armies flee.
 So to the shrine of Pallas, warrior-queen,
 Do thou repair, while I depart to seek 365

Paris, if he will listen to my voice.
 Would that the earth might open where he stands,
 And swallow him ! Olympian Jupiter
 Reared him to be the bane of all who dwell
 In Troy, to large-souled Priam and his sons. 375
 Could I behold him sinking to the shades,
 My heart would lose its sense of bitter woe."

He spake. His mother, turning homeward, gave
 Charge to her handmaids, who through all the town
 Passed, summoning the matrons, while the queen 375
 Descended to her chamber, where the air
 Was sweet with perfumes, and in which were laid
 Her rich embroidered robes, the handiwork
 Of Sidon's damsels, whom her son had brought —
 The godlike Alexander — from the coast 380
 Of Sidon, when across the mighty deep
 He sailed and brought the high-born Helen thence.
 One robe, most beautiful of all, she chose,
 To bring to Pallas, ampler than the rest,
 And many-hued ; it glistened like a star, 385
 And lay beneath them all. Then hastily
 She left the chamber with the matron train.

They reached Minerva's temple, and its gates
 Were opened by Theano, rosy-checked,
 The knight Antenor's wife and Cisseus' child, 390
 Made priestess to the goddess by the sons
 Of Troy. Then all the matrons lifted up
 Their voices and stretched forth their suppliant hands
 To Pallas; while the fair Theano took

The robe and spread its folds upon the lap 395
 Of fair-haired Pallas, and with solemn vows
 Prayed to the daughter of imperial Jove :—

“ O venerated Pallas, Guardian-Power
 Of Troy, great goddess ! shatter thou the lance
 Of Diomed, and let him fall in death 400
 Before the Scæan gates, that we forthwith
 May offer to thee in thy temple here
 Twelve yearling heifers that have never worn
 The yoke, if thou wilt pity us and spare
 The wives of Trojans and their little ones.” 405

So spake she, supplicating ; but her prayer
 Minerva answered not ; and while they made
 Vows to the daughter of Almighty Jove,
 Hector was hastening to the sumptuous home
 Of Alexander, which that prince had built 410
 With aid of the most cunning architects
 In Troy the fruitful, by whose hands were made
 The bed-chamber and hall and ante-room.
 There entered Hector, dear to Jove ; he bore
 In hand a spear eleven cubits long : 415
 The brazen spear-head glittered brightly, bound
 With a gold circle. In his room he there
 Found Paris, busied with his shining arms, —
 Corselet and shield ; he tried his curvèd bow ;
 While Argive Helen with the attendant maids 420
 Was sitting, and appointed each a task.

Hector beheld, and chid him sharply thus :—

“ Strange man ! a fitting time indeed is this,

To indulge thy sullen humor, while in fight
 Around our lofty walls the men of Troy 405
 Are perishing, and for thy sake the war
 Is fiercely blazing all around our town.
 Thou wouldst thyself reprove him, shouldst thou see
 Another warrior as remiss as thou
 In time of battle. Rouse thee, then, and act, 409
 Lest we behold our city all in flames."

Then answered Paris of the godlike form :—
 "Hector! although thou justly chidest me,
 And not beyond my due, yet let me speak.
 Attend and hearken. Not in sullenness, 435
 Nor angry with the Trojans, sat I here
 Within my chamber, but that I might give
 A loose to sorrow. Even now my wife
 With gentle speeches has besought of me
 That I return to battle; and to me 440
 That seems the best, for oft doth victory
 Change sides in war. Remain thou yet awhile,
 Till I put on my armor; or go thou,
 And I shall follow and rejoin thee soon."

He ended. Hector of the beamy helm 445
 Heard him, and answered not; but Helen spake,
 And thus with soothing words addressed the chief:—

"Brother-in-law, — for such thou art, though I
 Am lost to shame, and cause of many ills, —
 Would that some violent blast when I was born 455
 Had whirled me to the mountain wilds, or waves
 Of the hoarse sea, that they might swallow me,

Ere deeds like these were done! But since the gods
 Have thus decreed, why was I not the wife
 Of one who bears a braver heart and feels 455
 Keenly the anger and reproach of men?
 For Paris hath not, and will never have,
 A resolute mind, and must abide the effect
 Of his own folly. Enter thou meanwhile,
 My brother; seat thee here, for heavily 460
 Must press on thee the labors thou dost bear
 For one so vile as I, and for the sake
 Of guilty Paris. An unhappy lot,
 By Jupiter's appointment, waits us both, —
 A theme of song for men in time to come." 465

Great Hector of the beamy helm replied: —
 "Nay, Helen, ask me not to sit; thy speech
 Is courteous, but persuades me not. My mind
 Is troubled for the Trojans, to whose aid
 I hasten, for they miss me even now. 470
 But thou exhort this man, and bid him haste
 To overtake me ere I leave the town.
 I go to my own mansion first, to meet
 My household, — my dear wife and little child;
 Nor know I whether I may come once more 475
 To them, or whether the great gods ordain
 That I must perish by the hands of Greeks."

So spake the plumèd Hector, and withdrew,
 And reached his pleasant palace, but found not
 White-armed Andromache within, for she 480
 Was in the tower, beside her little son

And well-robed nurse, and sorrowed, shedding tears.
 And Hector, seeing that his blameless wife
 Was not within, came forth again, and stood
 Upon the threshold questioning the maids. 485

“ I pray you, damsels, tell me whither went
 White-armed Andromache? Has she gone forth
 To seek my sisters, or those stately dames,
 My brothers' wives? Or haply has she sought
 The temple of Minerva, where are met 490
 The other bright-haired matrons of the town
 To supplicate the dreaded deity?”

Then said the diligent housewife in reply:—
 “ Since thou wilt have the truth, — thy wife is gone
 Not to thy sisters, nor those stately dames, 495
 Thy brothers' wives; nor went she forth to join
 The other bright-haired matrons of the town,
 Where in Minerva's temple they are met
 To supplicate the dreaded deity
 But to the lofty tower of Troy she went 500
 When it was told her that the Trojan troops
 Lost heart, and that the valor of the Greeks
 Prevailed. She now is hurrying toward the walls,
 Like one distracted, with her son and nurse.”

So spake the matron. Hector left in haste 505
 The mansion, and retraced his way between
 The rows of stately dwellings, traversing
 The mighty city. When at length he reached
 The Scæan gates, that issue on the field,
 His spouse, the nobly-dowered Andromache. 510

Came forth to meet him, — daughter of the prince
 Eëtion, who, among the woody slopes
 Of Placos, in the Hypoplacian town
 Of Thebè, ruled Cilicia and her sons,
 And gave his child to Hector great in arms. 515
 She came attended by a maid, who bore
 A tender child — a babe too young to speak —
 Upon her bosom, — Hector's only son,
 Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called
 Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax, — 520
 The city's lord, — since Hector stood the sole
 Defence of Troy. The father on his child
 Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
 Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,
 Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said : — 525
 “ Too brave ! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
 Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
 Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
 Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee
 To take thy life. A happier lot were mine, 530
 If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
 For I shall have no hope when thou art gone, —
 Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
 And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew
 My father when he sacked the populous town 535
 Of the Cilicians, — Thebè with high gates.
 'T was there he smote Eëtion, yet forbore
 To make his arms a spoil ; he dared not that,
 But burned the dead with his bright armor on,

And raised a mound above him. Mountain-nymphs,
 Daughters of ægis-bearing Jupiter, 541
 Came to the spot and planted it with elms.
 Seven brothers had I in my father's house,
 And all went down to Hades in one day.
 Achilles the swift-footed slew them all 545
 Among their slow-paced bullocks and white sheep.
 My mother, princess on the woody slopes
 Of Placos, with his spoils he bore away,
 And only for large ransom gave her back.
 But her Diana, archer-queen, struck down 550
 Within her father's palace. Hector, thou
 Art father and dear mother now to me,
 And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
 In pity keep within the fortress here,
 Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife 555
 A widow. Post thine army near the place
 Of the wild fig-tree, where the city-walls
 Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war
 The boldest of the foe have tried the spot, —
 The Ajaces and the famed Idomeneus, 560
 The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave
 Tydides, whether counselled by some seer
 Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds."

Then answered Hector, great in war : " All this
 I bear in mind, dear wife ; but I should stand 565
 Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
 Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
 The conflict, coward like. Not thus my heart

Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare
 And strike among the foremost sons of Troy, 570
 Upholding my great father's fame and mine ;
 Yet well in my undoubting mind I know
 The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,
 And Priam, and the people over whom
 Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all. 575
 But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
 Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those
 Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
 My brothers many and brave, — who all at last,
 Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust, — 580
 Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
 Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee
 Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then
 Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,
 And from the fountain of Messeis draw 585
 Water, or from the Hypereian spring,
 Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot.
 And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,
 ' This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
 Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought 590
 Around their city.' So shall some one say,
 And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him
 Who haply might have kept afar the day
 Of thy captivity. O, let the earth
 Be heaped above my head in death before 595
 I hear thy cries as thou art borne away !”

So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms

To take the boy ; the boy shrank crying back
 To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
 His father helmeted in glittering brass, 600
 And eying with affright the horse-hair plume
 That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
 At this both parents in their fondness laughed ;
 And hastily the mighty Hector took
 The helmet from his brow and laid it down 605
 Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
 His darling son and tossed him up in play,
 Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven : —
 “ O Jupiter and all ye deities,
 Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become 610
 Among the Trojans eminent like me,
 And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
 ‘ This man is greater than his father was ! ’
 When they behold him from the battle-field
 Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe, — 615
 That so his mother may be glad at heart.”

So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
 He gave the boy ; she on her fragrant breast
 Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
 Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed 620
 Her forehead gently with his hand and said : —

“ Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.
 No living man can send me to the shades
 Before my time ; no man of woman born,
 Coward or brave, can shun his destiny. 625
 But go thou home, and tend thy labors there, —

The web, the distaff, — and command thy maids
To speed the work. The cares of war pertain
To all men born in Troy, and most to me.”

Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again 630
His helmet, shadowed with the horse-hair plume,
While homeward his beloved consort went,
Oft looking back, and shedding many tears.
Soon was she in the spacious palace-halls
Of the man-queller Hector. There she found 635
A troop of maidens, — with them all she shared
Her grief; and all in his own house bewailed
The living Hector, whom they thought no more
To see returning from the battle-field,
Safe from the rage and weapons of the Greeks. 640

Nor waited Paris in his lofty halls,
But when he had put on his glorious arms,
Glittering with brass, he traversed with quick steps
The city; and as when some courser, fed
With barley in the stall, and wont to bathe 645
In some smooth-flowing river, having snapped
His halter, gayly scampers o'er the plain,
And in the pride of beauty bears aloft
His head, and gives his tossing mane to stream
Upon his shoulders, while his flying feet 650
Bear him to where the mares are wont to graze, —
So came the son of Priam — Paris — down
From lofty Pergamus in glittering arms,
And, glorious as the sun, held on his way
Exulting and with rapid feet. He found 655

His noble brother Hector as he turned
 To leave the place in which his wife and he
 Had talked together. Alexander then —
 Of godlike form — addressed his brother thus : —

“ My elder brother ! I have kept thee here 658
 Waiting, I fear, for me, though much in haste,
 And came less quickly than thou didst desire.”

And Hector of the plumèd helm replied : —
 “ Strange being, no man justly can dispraise 665
 Thy martial deeds, for thou art truly brave.
 But oft art thou remiss and wilt not join
 The combat. I am sad at heart to hear
 The Trojans — they who suffer for thy sake
 A thousand hardships — speak so ill of thee.
 Yet let us go : we will confer of this 670
 Another time, if Jove should e'er vouchsafe
 That to the immortal gods of heaven we pour
 In our own halls the cup of liberty
 When we have chased the well-armed Greeks from
 Troy.”

BOOK VII.

THE illustrious Hector spake, and rapidly
 Passed through the gate, and with him issued
 forth

His brother Alexander, — eager, both,
 For war and combat. As when God bestows,

To glad the long-expecting mariners, 5
 A favorable wind while wearily
 They beat the ocean with their polished oars,
 Their arms all nerveless with their length of toil,—
 Such to the expecting Trojans was the sight
 Of the two chiefs. First Alexander slew 10
 Menesthus, who in Arnè had his home,
 A son of Areïthoüs the king.
 Large-eyed Philomedusa brought him forth
 To the mace-bearer Areïthoüs.
 And Hector smote Eïoneus, the spear 15
 Piercing his neck beneath the brazen casque,
 And straightway he dropped lifeless. Glaucus then—
 Son of Hippolochus, and chief among
 The Lycians — in that fiery onset slew
 Iphinoüs, son of Dexius, with his spear. 20
 It pierced the warrior's shoulder as he sprang
 To mount his rapid car, and from the place
 He fell to earth, his limbs relaxed in death
 Now when Minerva of the azure eyes
 Beheld them in the furious combat thus 25
 Wasting the Grecian host, she left the peaks
 Of high Olympus, and came down in haste
 To sacred Ilium. Straight Apollo flew
 To meet her, for he marked from Pergamus
 Her coming, and he greatly longed to give 30
 The victory to the Trojans. As they met
 Beside the beechen tree, the son of Jove,
 The king Apollo, spake to Pallas thus : —

"Why hast thou, daughter of imperial Jove,
 Thus left Olympus in thine eager haste? 35
 Seek'st thou to turn in favor of the Greeks
 War's wavering chances? — for I know too well
 Thou hast no pity when the men of Troy
 Are perishing. But, if thou wilt give ear
 To me, I shall propose a better way. 40
 Cause we the conflict for this day to cease,
 And be it afterward renewed until
 An end be made of Troy, since it hath pleased
 You, goddesses, to lay the city waste."

And blue-eyed Pallas answered: "Be it so, 45
 O mighty Archer. With a like intent
 I left Olympus for this battle-field
 Of Greeks and Trojans. But by what device
 Think'st thou to bring the combat to a pause?"

Then spake the king Apollo, son of Jove, 50
 In turn to Pallas: "Let us seek to rouse
 The fiery spirit of the Trojan knight
 Hector, that he may challenge in the field
 Some Greek to meet him, singly and alone,
 In mortal combat. Then the well-armed Greeks, 55
 Stung by the bold defiance, will send forth
 A champion against Priam's noble son."

He spake. The blue-eyed goddess gave assent:
 And straightway Helenus, beloved son
 Of Priam, in his secret mind perceived 60
 The purpose of the gods consulting thus,
 And came and stood by Hector's side and said:—

"O Hector, son of Priam, and like Jove
 In council, wilt thou hearken to my words
 Who am thy brother? Cause the Trojans all 65
 And all the Greeks to sit, while thou shalt stand
 Proclaiming challenge to the bravest man
 Among the Achaïans to contend with thee
 In mortal combat. It is not thy fate
 To fall and perish yet, for thus have said 70
 The ever-living gods, whose voice I heard."

He spake ; and Hector, hearing him, rejoiced,
 And went between the hosts. He bore his spear,
 Holding it in the middle, and pressed back
 The ranks of Trojans, and they all sat down. 75
 And Agamemnon caused the well-armed Greeks
 To sit down also. Meantime Pallas sat,
 With Phœbus of the silver bow, in shape
 Like vultures, on the boughs of the tall beech, —
 The tree of Father Jupiter who bears 80
 The ægis, — and they looked with great delight
 Upon the array of warriors in thick rows,
 Horrid with shields and helms and bristling spears.
 As when the west wind, rising fresh, breathes o'er
 The deep, and darkens all its face with waves, 85
 So seemed the Greeks and Trojans as they sat
 In ranks upon the field, while Hector stood
 Between the armies and bespake them thus :—

"Ye Trojans, and ye well-armed Greeks, give ear
 To what my spirit bids me speak. The son 90
 Of Saturn, throned on high, hath not vouchsafed

To ratify the treaty we have made,
But meditates new miseries for us both,
Till ye possess the towery city of Troy,
Or, vanquished, yield yourselves beside the barks 25
That brought you o'er the sea. With you are found
The bravest sons of Greece. If one of these
Is moved to encounter me, let him stand forth
And fight with noble Hector. I propose,
And call on Jove to witness, that if he 100
Shall slay me with the long blade of his spear,
My arms are his to spoil and to bestow
Among the hollow ships ; but he must send
My body home, that there the sons of Troy
And Trojan dames may burn it on the pyre. 105
But if I take his life, and Phœbus crown
My combat with that glory, I will strip
His armor off and carry it away
To hallowed Ilium, there to hang it high
Within the temple of the archer-god 110
Apollo ; but his body I will send
Back to the well-oared ships, that on the beach
The long-haired Greeks may hold his funeral rites,
And rear his tomb by the wide Hellespont.
And then, in time to come, shall some one say, 115
Sailing in his good ship the dark-blue deep,
' This is the sepulchre of one who died
Long since, and whom, though fighting gallantly,
Illustrious Hector slew.' So shall he say
Hereafter, and my fame shall never die." 120

He spake ; but utter silence held them all, —
 Ashamed to shun the encounter, yet afraid
 To meet it, — till at length, with heavy heart,
 Rose Menelaus from his seat, and thus
 Bespake the army with reproachful words : — 125

“ O boastful ones, no longer to be called
 Greek warriors, but Greek women ! a disgrace
 Grievous beyond all others will be ours,
 If none be found in all the Achaian host
 To meet this Hector. May you, every one, 130
 There where ye now are sitting, turn to earth
 And water, craven as ye are, and lost
 To sense of glory ! I will arm myself
 For this encounter. With the immortal gods
 Alone it rests to give the victory.” 135

He spake, and put his glorious armor on.
 Then, Menelaus, had the Trojan's hand
 Ended thy life, for he was mightier far
 Than thou, had not the Achaian kings at once
 Uprisen to hold thee back, while Atreus' son, 140
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, took thy hand
 In his, and made thee listen while he spake : —

“ Sure, noble Menelaus, thou art mad.
 Such frenzied daring suits not with the time.
 Restrain thyself, though thou hast cause for wrath ;
 Nor in thy pride of courage meet in arms 146
 One so much mightier, — Hector, Priam's son,
 Whom every other chief regards with fear,
 Whom even Achilles, braver far than thou,

Dreads to encounter in the glorious fight. 150
 Withdraw, then, to thy comrades, and sit down.
 The Greeks will send some other champion forth
 Against him ; and though fearless, and athirst
 For combat, he, I deem, will gladly bend
 His weary knees to rest should he escape 155
 From that fierce conflict in the lists alive."

With words like these the Grecian hero changed
 The purpose of his brother, who obeyed
 The prudent counsel ; and with great delight
 The attendants stripped the armor from his breast.
 Then Nestor rose amid the Greeks and said :— 161

" Ye gods ! a great calamity hath fallen
 Upon Achaia. How the aged chief
 Peleus, the illustrious counsellor and sage,
 Who rules the Myrmidons, will now lament ! — 165
 He who once gladly in his palace-home
 Inquired of me the race and pedigree
 Of the Greek warriors. Were he but to know
 That all of them are basely cowering now
 In Hector's presence, how would he uplift 170
 His hands and pray the gods that from his limbs
 The parted soul might pass to the abode
 Of Pluto ! Would to Father Jupiter
 And Pallas and Apollo that again
 I were as young as when the Pylian host 175
 And the Arcadians, mighty with the spear,
 Fought on the banks of rapid Celadon
 And near to Phæa and Iardan's streams.

There godlike Ereuthalion stood among
 Our foremost foes, and on his shoulders bore 184
 The armor of King Areïthoüs, —
 The noble Areïthoüs, whom men
 And graceful women called the Mace-bearer ;
 For not with bow he fought, nor ponderous lance,
 But broke the phalanxes with iron mace. 185
 Lycurgus slew him, but by stratagem,
 And not by strength ; he from a narrow way,
 Where was no room to wield the iron mace,
 Through Areïthoüs thrust the spear : he fell
 Backward ; the victor took his arms, which Mars 190
 The war-god gave, and which in after-time
 Lycurgus wore on many a battle-field.
 And when within his palace he grew old,
 He gave them to be worn by one he loved, —
 To Ereuthalion, who attended him 195
 In battle, and who, wearing them, defied
 The bravest of our host. All trembled ; all
 Held back in fear, nor dared encounter him.
 But me a daring trust in my own strength
 Impelled to meet him. I was youngest then 200
 Of all the chiefs ; I fought, and Pallas gave
 The victory over him, and thus I slew
 The hugest and most strong of men ; he lay
 Extended in vast bulk upon the ground.
 Would I were young as then, my frame unworn 205
 By years ! and Hector of the beamy helm
 Should meet an adversary soon ; but now

No one of all the chieftains here, renowned
 To be the bravest of the Achaian race,
 Hastens to meet in arms the Trojan chief." 210

Thus with upbraiding words the old man spake ;
 And straight arose nine warriors from their seats.
 The first was Agamemnon, king of men ;
 The second, brave Tydides Diomed ;
 And then the chieftains Ajax, bold and strong ; 215
 And then Idomeneus, with whom arose
 Meriones, his armor-bearer, great
 As Mars himself in battle. After them,
 Eurypylus, Evæmon's valiant son,
 And Thoas, offspring of Andraemon, rose, 220
 And the divine Ulysses, — claiming all
 To encounter noble Hector in the lists.
 But then spake Nestor the Gerenian knight : —

“ Now let us cast the lot for all, and see
 To whom it falls ; for greatly will he aid 225
 The nobly-armed Achaians, and as great
 Will be his share of honor should he come
 Alive from the hard trial of the fight.”

Then each one marked his lot, and all were cast
 Into the helm of Agamemnon, son 230
 Of Atreus. All the people lifted up
 Their hands in prayer to the ever-living gods,
 And turned their eyes to the broad heaven, and said :

“ Grant, Father Jove, that Ajax, or the son
 Of Tydeus, or the monarch who bears rule 235
 In rich Mycenæ may obtain the lot.”

Such was their prayer, while the Gerenian knight,
Old Nestor, shook the lots ; and from the helm
Leaped forth the lot of Ajax, as they wished.

A herald took it, and from right to left 240

Bore it through all the assembly, showing it
To all the leaders of the Greeks. No one
Knew it, and all disclaimed it. When at last,

Carried through all the multitude, it came
To Ajax the renowned, who had inscribed 243

And laid it in the helmet, he stretched forth
His hand, while at his side the herald stood,
And took and looked upon it, knew his sign,
And gloried as he looked, and cast it down

Upon the ground before his feet, and said :— 250

“O friends ! the lot is mine, and I rejoice

Heartily, for I think to overcome

The noble Hector. Now, while I put on

My armor for the fight, pray ye to Jove,

The mighty son of Saturn, silently, 255

Unheard by them of Troy, or else aloud,

Since we fear no one. None by strength of arm

Shall vanquish me, or find me inexpert

In battle, nor was I to that degree

Ill-trained in Salamis, where I was born.” 260

He spake ; and they to Saturn’s monarch-son
Prayed, looking up to the broad heaven, and said :—

“O Father Jove ! most mighty, most august !

Who rulest from the Idæan mount, vouchsafe

That Ajax bear away the victory 265

And everlasting honor ; but if thou
Dost cherish Hector and protect his life,
Give equal strength to both, and equal fame."

Such were their words, while Ajax armed himself
In glittering brass ; and, when about his limbs 275
The mail was buckled, forward rushed the chief.
As moves the mighty Mars to war among
The heroes whom the son of Saturn sends
To struggle on the field in murderous strife,
So the great Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks, 275
With a grim smile came forward, and with strides
Firm-set and long, and shook his ponderous spear.
The Greeks exulted at the sight ; dismay
Seized every Trojan : even Hector's heart
Quailed in his bosom ; yet he might not now 280
Withdraw through fear, nor seek to hide among
The throng of people, since himself had given
The challenge. Ajax, drawing near, upheld
A buckler like a rampart, bright with brass,
And strong with ox-hides seven. The cunning hand
Of Tycheus, skilled beyond all other men 285
In leather-work, had wrought it at his home
In Hyla. He for Ajax framed the shield
With hides of pampered bullocks in seven folds,
And an eighth fold of brass, — the outside fold. 290
This Telamonian Ajax held before
His breast, as he approached, and threatening
said : —

"Now shalt thou, Hector, singly matched with me,

Learn by what chiefs the Achaian host is led
 Besides Achilles, mighty though he be 295
 To break through squadrons, and of lion-heart
 Still in the beakèd ships in which he crossed
 The sea he cherishes his wrath against
 The shepherd of the people, — Atreus' son.
 But we have those that dare defy thee yet, 300
 And they are many. Let the fight begin."

Then answered Hector of the plumèd helm : —
 "O high-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
 And prince among thy people, think thou not
 To treat me like a stripling weak of arm, 305
 Or woman all untrained to tasks of war.
 I know what battles are and bloody frays,
 And how to shift to right and left the shield
 Of seasoned hide, and, unfatigued, maintain
 The combat ; how on foot to charge the foe 310
 With steps that move to martial airs, and how
 To leap into the chariot and pursue
 The war with rushing steeds. Yet not by stealth
 Seek I to smite thee, valiant as thou art,
 But in fair open battle, if I may." 315

He spake, and, brandishing his ponderous lance,
 Hurlèd it ; and on the outer plate of brass,
 Which covered the seven bullock-hides, it struck
 The shield of Ajax. Through the brass and through
 Six folds of hides the irresistible spear 320
 Cut its swift way, and at the seventh was stopped.
 Then high-born Ajax cast his massive spear

In turn, and drove it through the fair, round shield
Of Priam's son. Through that bright buckler went
The rapid weapon, pierced the well-wrought mail, 36
And tore the linen tunic at the flank.

But Hector stooped and thus avoided death.
They took their spears again, and, coming close,
Like lions in their hunger, or wild boars
Of fearful strength, joined battle. Priam's son 38

Sent his spear forward, striking in the midst
The shield of Ajax, but it broke not through
The brass ; the metal turned the weapon's point.

While Ajax, springing onward, smote the shield
Of Hector, drove his weapon through, and checked 40
His enemy's swift advance, and wounded him
Upon the shoulder, and the black blood flowed.

Yet not for this did plumèd Hector cease
From combat, but went back, and, lifting up
A huge, black, craggy stone that near him lay, 42
Flung it with force against the middle boss
Of the broad sevenfold shield that Ajax bore.

The brass rang with the blow. Then Ajax raised
A heavier stone, and whirled it, putting forth
His arm's immeasurable strength ; it brake 44

Through Hector's shield as if a millstone's weight
Had fallen. His knees gave way ; he fell to earth
Headlong ; yet still he kept his shield. At once
Apollo raised him up ; and now with swords,
Encountering hand to hand, they both had flown 46
To wound each other, if the heralds sent

As messengers from Jupiter and men
 Had not approached, — Idæus from the side
 Of Troy, Talthybius from the Grecian host, —
 Wise ancients both. Betwixt the twain they held ³⁵⁵
 Their sceptres, and the sage Idæus spake : —

“ Cease to contend, dear sons, in deadly fray ;
 Ye both are loved by cloud-compelling Jove,
 And both are great in war, as all men know.
 The night is come ; be then the night obeyed.” ³⁶⁰

And Telamonian Ajax answered thus : —

“ Idæus, first let Hector speak of this,
 For he it was who challenged to the field
 The bravest of the Grecian host, and I
 Shall willingly obey if he obeys.” ³⁶⁵

To him in turn the plumèd Hector said : —

“ Ajax, although God gave thee bulk and strength
 And prudence, and in mastery of the spear
 Thou dost excel the other Greeks, yet now
 Pause we from battle and the rivalry ³⁷⁰

Of prowess for this day. Another time
 We haply may renew the fight till fate
 Shall part us and bestow the victory
 On one of us. But now the night is here,
 And it is good to obey the night, that thou ³⁷⁵

Mayst gladden at the fleet the Greeks and all
 Thy friends and comrades, and that I in turn
 May give the Trojan men and long-robed dames,
 In the great city where King Priam reigns,
 Cause to rejoice, — the dames who pray for me, ³⁸⁰

Thronging the hallowed temple. Let us now
Each with the other leave some noble gift,
That all men, Greek or Trojan, thus may say :
'They fought indeed in bitterness of heart,
But they were reconciled, and parted friends.'” 363

He spake, and gave a silver-studded sword
And scabbard with its fair embroidered belt ;
And Ajax gave a girdle brightly dyed
With purple. Then they both departed, — one
To join the Grecian host, and one to meet 370
The Trojan people, who rejoiced to see
Hector alive, unwounded, and now safe
From the great might and irresistible arm
Of Ajax. Straightway to the town they led
Him for whose life they scarce had dared to hope. 385
And Ajax also by the well-armed Greeks,
Exulting in his feats of arms, was brought
To noble Agamemnon. When the chiefs
Were in his tents, the monarch sacrificed
A bullock of five summers to the son 400
Of Saturn, sovereign Jupiter. They flayed
The carcass, dressed it, carved away the limbs,
Divided into smaller parts the flesh,
Fixed them on spits, and roasted them with care,
And drew them from the fire. And when the task
Was finished, and the banquet all prepared. 410
They feasted, and there was no guest who lacked
His equal part in that repast. The son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, brave, and lord

Of wide dominions, gave the chine entire 410
To Ajax as his due. Now when the calls
Of thirst and hunger ceased, the aged chief
Nestor, whose words had ever seemed most wise,
Opened the council with this prudent speech : —

“ Atrides, and ye other chiefs of Greece ! 415
Full many a long-haired warrior of our host
Hath perished. Cruel Mars hath spilt their blood
Beside Scamander’s gentle stream ; their souls
Have gone to Hades. Give thou, then, command,
That all the Greeks to-morrow pause from war, 420
And come together at the early dawn,
And bring the dead in chariots drawn by mules
And oxen, and consume them near our fleet
With fire, that we, when we return from war,
May carry to our native land the bones, 425
And give them to the children of the slain.
And then will we go forth and heap from earth,
Upon the plain, a common tomb for all
Around the funeral pile, and build high towers
With speed beside it, which shall be alike 430
A bulwark for our navy and our host.
And let the entrance be a massive gate,
Through which shall pass an ample chariot-way.
And in a circle on its outer edge
Sink we a trench so deep that neither steeds 435
Nor men may pass, if these proud Trojans yet
Should, in the coming battles, press us sore.”

He spake ; the princes all approved his words.

Meanwhile, beside the lofty citadel
 Of Ilium and at Priam's palace-gates 440
 In turbulence and fear the Trojans held
 A council, and the wise Antenor spake : —

“ Harken, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies,
 To what my sober judgment bids me speak.
 Send we the Argive Helen back with all 445
 Her treasures ; let the sons of Atreus lead
 The dame away ; for now we wage the war
 After our faith is broken, and I deem
 We cannot prosper till we make amends.”

He spake, and sat him down. The noble chief
 Paris, the fair-haired Helen's husband, rose 451
 To answer him, and spake this wingèd speech : —

“ Thy words, Antenor, please me not. Thy skill
 Could offer better counsels. If those words
 Were gravely meant, the gods have made thee mad.
 But let me here, amid these knights of Troy, 455
 Speak openly my mind. Give up my wife
 I never will ; but all the wealth I brought
 With her from Argos I most willingly
 Restore, with added treasures of my own.” 460

He said, and took his seat, and in the midst
 Dardanian Priam rose, a counsellor
 Of godlike wisdom, and thus sagely spake : —

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !
 I speak the thought that rises in my breast. 465
 Take now, as ye are wont, your evening meal,
 And set a watch and keep upon your guard ;

But let Idæus to the hollow ships
 Repair at morning, and to Atreus' sons —
 To Agamemnon and his brother king — 470
 Make known what Paris, author of this strife,
 Proposes, and with fairly ordered speech
 Ask further if they will consent to pause
 From cruel battle till we burn the dead :
 Then be the war renewed till fate shall part 475
 The hosts and give to one the victory.”

He spake. The assembly listened and obeyed ;
 All through the camp in groups they took their meal.

But with the morn Idæus visited
 The hollow ships, and found the Achaian chiefs, 480
 Followers of Mars, in council near the prow
 Of Agamemnon's bark ; and, standing there,
 The loud-voiced herald spake his message thus : —

“ Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs
 Of all the tribes of Greece, I come to you 485
 From Priam and the eminent men of Troy,
 To say, if it be pleasing to your ears,
 What Alexander, author of the war,
 Proposes. All the wealth which in his ships
 He brought to Troy—would he had perished first!—
 He will, with added treasures of his own, 491
 Freely restore ; but her who was the wife
 Of gallant Menelaus he denies
 To render back, though all who dwell in Troy
 Join to demand it. I am furthermore 495
 Bidden to ask if you consent to pause

From cruel battle till we burn our dead :
Then be the war renewed till fate shall part
The hosts and give to one the victory."

He spake ; and all were silent for a space. 500
Then spake at length the valiant Diomed : —

" Let none consent to take the Trojan's goods,
Nor even Helen ; for a child may see
The utter ruin hanging over Troy."

He spake. The admiring Greeks confirmed with
shouts 505

The words of Diomed the knight, and thus
King Agamemnon to Idæus said : —

" Idæus, thou thyself hast heard the Greeks
Pronounce their answer. What to them seems good
Pleases me also. For the slain, I give 510
Consent to burn them ; to the dead we bear
No hatred ; when they fall the rite of fire
Should soon be paid. Let Juno's husband, Jove
The Thunderer, bear witness to our truce."

The monarch spake, and raised to all the gods 515
His sceptre, while Idæus took his way
To hallowed Ilium. There in council sat
Trojans and Dardans, waiting his return.
He came, and standing in the midst declared
His message. Then they all went forth in haste, 520
Some to collect the slain and some to fell
Trees in the forest. From their well-benched ships
The Achaians also issued, some to bring
The dead together, some to gather wood.

Now from the smooth deep ocean-stream the sun
 Began to climb the heavens, and with new rays ⁵²⁶
 Smote the surrounding fields. The Trojans met,
 But found it hard to know their dead again.
 They washed away the clotted blood, and laid —
 Shedding hot tears — the bodies on the cars. ⁵³⁰
 And since the mighty Priam's word forbade
 All wailing, silently they bore away
 Their slaughtered friends, and heaped them on the
 pyre

With aching hearts, and, when they had consumed
 The dead with fire, returned to hallowed Troy. ⁵³⁵
 The nobly-armed Achaians also heaped
 Their slaughtered warriors on the funeral pile
 With aching hearts ; and when they had consumed
 Their dead with fire they sought their hollow ships.

And ere the morning came, while earth was gray
 With twilight, by the funeral pile arose ⁵⁴¹
 A chosen band of Greeks, who, going forth,
 Heaped round it from the earth a common tomb
 For all, and built a wall and lofty towers
 Near it, — a bulwark for the fleet and host. ⁵⁴⁵
 And in the wall they fitted massive gates,
 Through which there passed an ample chariot-way ;
 And on its outer edge they sank a trench, —
 Broad, deep, — and planted it with pointed stakes.
 So labored through the night the long-haired Greeks.

The gods who sat beside the Thunderer Jove ⁵⁵¹
 Admired the mighty labor of the Greeks ;

But Neptune, he who shakes the earth, began : —

“ O Father Jove, henceforth will any one
 Of mortal men consult the immortal gods? 525
 Seest thou not how the long-haired Greeks have reared
 A wall before their navy, and have drawn
 A trench around it, yet have brought the gods
 No liberal hecatombs? Now will the fame
 Of this their work go forth wherever shines 530
 The light of day, and men will quite forget
 The wall which once we built with toiling hands —
 Phœbus Apollo and myself — around
 The city of renowned Laomedon.”

And cloud-compelling Jove in wrath replied : —
 “ Earth-shaking power! what words are these?

Some god 536

Of meaner rank and feebler arm than thou
 Might haply dread the work the Greeks have planned.
 But as for thee, thy glory shall be known
 Wherever shines the day; and when at last 540
 The crested Greeks, departing in their ships,
 Shall seek their native coasts, do thou o'erthrow
 The wall they built, and sink it in the deep,
 And cover the great shore again with sand.
 Thus shall their bulwark vanish from the plain.” 545

So talked they with each other while the sun
 Was setting. But the Achæians now had brought
 Their labors to an end; they slew their steers
 Beside the tents and shared the evening meal,
 While many ships had come to land with store 546

Of wine from Lemnos, which Euneus sent, —
Euneus whom Hypsipyle brought forth
To Jason, shepherd of the people. These
Brought wine, a thousand measures, as a gift
To Agamemnon and his brother king, 585
The sons of Atreus. But the long-haired Greeks
Bought for themselves their wines ; some gave their
 brass,
And others shining steel ; some bought with hides,
And some with steers, and some with slaves, and thus
Prepared an ample banquet. Through the night 590
Feasted the long-haired Greeks. The Trojan host
And their auxiliar warriors banqueted
Within the city-walls. Through all that night
The Great Disposer, Jove, portended woe
To both with fearful thunderings. All were pale 595
With terror ; from their beakers all poured wine
Upon the ground, and no man dared to drink
Who had not paid to Saturn's mighty son
The due libation. Then they laid them down
To rest, and so received the balm of sleep. 600

BOOK VIII.

NOW morn in saffron robes had shed her light
 O'er all the earth, when Jove the Thunderer
 Summoned the gods to council on the heights
 Of many-peaked Olympus. He addressed
 The assembly, and all listened as he spake : — 5
 “ Hear, all ye gods and all ye goddesses !
 While I declare the thought within my breast.
 Let none of either sex presume to break
 The law I give, but cheerfully obey,
 That my design may sooner be fulfilled. 12
 Whoever, stealing from the rest, shall seek
 To aid the Grecian cause, or that of Troy,
 Back to Olympus, scourged and in disgrace,
 Shall he be brought, or I will seize and hurl
 The offender down to rayless Tartarus, 15
 Deep, deep in the great gulf below the earth,
 With iron gates and threshold forged of brass,
 As far beneath the shades as earth from heaven.
 Then shall he learn how greatly I surpass
 All other gods in power. Try if ye will, 20
 Ye gods, that all may know : suspend from heaven
 A golden chain ; let all the immortal host
 Cling to it from below : ye could not draw,
 Strive as ye might, the all-disposing Jove
 From heaven to earth. And yet, if I should choose
 To draw it upward to me, I should lift, 26

With it and you, the earth itself and sea
 Together, and I then would bind the chain
 Around the summit of the Olympian mount,
 And they should hang aloft. So far my power 3
 Surpasses all the power of gods and men."

He spake ; and all the great assembly, hushed
 In silence, wondered at his threatening words,
 Until at length the blue-eyed Pallas said : —

" Our Father, son of Saturn, mightiest 35
 Among the potentates, we know thy power
 Is not to be withstood, yet are we moved
 With pity for the warlike Greeks, who bear
 An evil fate and waste away in war.
 If such be thy command, we shall refrain 40
 From mingling in the combat, yet will aid
 The Greeks with counsel which may be their guide,
 Lest by thy wrath they perish utterly."

The Cloud-compeller Jove replied, and smiled : —
 " Tritonia, daughter dear, be comforted. 45
 I spake not in the anger of my heart,
 And I have naught but kind intents for thee.

He spake, and to his chariot yoked the steeds,
 Fleet, brazen-footed, and with flowing manes
 Of gold, and put his golden armor on, 50
 And took the golden scourge, divinely wrought,
 And, mounting, touched the coursers with the lash
 To urge them onward. Not unwillingly
 Flew they between the earth and starry heaven,
 Until he came to Ida, moist with springs 55

And nurse of savage beasts, and to the height
 Of Gargarus, where lay his sacred field,
 And where his fragrant altar fumed. He checked
 Their course, and there the Father of the gods
 And men released them from the yoke and caused 46
 A cloud to gather round them. Then he sat,
 Exulting in the fulness of his might,
 Upon the summit, whence his eye beheld
 The towers of Ilium and the ships of Greece.

Now in their tents the long-haired Greeks had
 shared 64

A hasty meal, and girded on their arms.
 The Trojans, also, in their city armed
 Themselves for war, as eager for the fight,
 Though fewer ; for a hard necessity
 Forced them to combat for their little ones 70
 And wives. They set the city-portals wide,
 And forth the people issued, foot and horse
 Together, and a mighty din arose.

And now, when host met host, their shields and
 spears

Were mingled in disorder ; men of might 75
 Encountered, cased in mail, and bucklers clashed
 Their bosses ; loud the clamor : cries of pain
 And boastful shouts arose from those who fell
 And those who slew, and earth was drenched with
 blood.

While yet 't was morning, and the holy light 80
 Of day grew bright, the men of both the hosts

Were smitten and were slain ; but when the sun
 Stood high in middle heaven, the All-Father took
 His golden scales, and in them laid the fates 84
 Which bring the sleep of death, — the fate of those
 Who tamed the Trojan steeds, and those who warred
 For Greece in brazen armor. By the midst
 He held the balance, and, behold, the fate
 Of Greece in that day's fight sank down until 89
 It touched the nourishing earth, while that of Troy
 Rose and flew upward toward the spacious heaven.
 With that the Godhead thundered terribly
 From Ida's height, and sent his lightnings down
 Among the Achaian army. They beheld
 In mute amazement and grew pale with fear. 95

Then neither dared Idomeneus remain,
 Nor Agamemnon, on the ground, nor stayed
 The chieftains Ajax, ministers of Mars.
 Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,
 Alone was left behind, and he remained 100
 Unwillingly. A steed of those that drew
 His car was sorely wounded by a shaft
 Which Alexander, fair-haired Helen's spouse,
 Sent from his bow. It pierced the forehead where
 The mane begins, and where a wound is death. 105
 The arrow pierced him to the brain ; he reared
 And whirled in torture with the wound, and scared
 His fellow-coursers. While the aged man
 Hastened to sever with his sword the thongs
 That bound him to the car, the rapid steeds 110

Of Hector bore their valiant master on
 With the pursuing crowd. The aged chief
 Had perished then, if gallant Diomed
 Had not perceived his plight. He lifted up
 His voice, and, shouting to Ulysses, said : — 115

“ High-born Ulysses, man of subtle shifts,
 Son of Laertes, whither dost thou flee ?
 Why like a coward turn thy back ? Beware,
 Lest there some weapon smite thee. Stay and guard
 This aged warrior from his furious foe.” 120

So spake he ; but the much-enduring man,
 Ulysses, heard not the reproof, and passed
 Rapidly toward the hollow ships of Greece.
 Tydides, single-handed, made his way
 Among the foremost warriors, till he stood 125
 Before the horses of the aged son
 Of Neleus, and in wingèd accents said : —

“ The younger warriors press thee sore, old chief !
 Thy strength gives way ; the weariness of age
 Is on thee ; thy attendant is not strong ; 130
 Thy steeds are slow. Mount, then, my car, and see
 What Trojan horses are ; how rapidly
 They turn to right and left, and chase and flee.
 I took them from the terror of the field,
 Æneas. To our servants leave thine own, 135
 While we with these assault the Trojan knights,
 And teach even Hector that the spear I wield
 Can make as furious havoc as his own.”

He spake ; and Nestor, the Gerenian knight,

Complied. The two attendants, valiant men, — 140
 Sthenelus and the good Eurymedon, —
 Took charge of Nestor's steeds. The chieftains
 climbed

The car of Diomed, and Nestor took
 Into his hand the embroidered reins and lashed
 The horses with the scourge. They quickly came
 To Hector. As the Trojan hastened on, 144
 The son of Tydeus hurled a spear ; it missed,
 But spared not Eniopeus, him who held
 The reins, the hero's charioteer, and son
 Of brave Thebæus. In the breast between 150
 The paps it smote him ; from the car he fell,
 And the swift horses started back ; his soul
 And strength passed from him. Hector bitterly
 Grieved for his death, yet left him where he fell,
 And sought another fitting charioteer. 155

Nor had the fiery coursers long to wait
 A guide, for valiant Archeptolemus,
 The son of Iphitus, was near at hand.
 And him he caused to mount the chariot drawn
 By his fleet steeds, and gave his hand the reins. 160

Then great had been the slaughter ; fearful deeds
 Had then been done ; the Trojans had been scared
 Into their town like lambs into the fold, —
 Had not the Father of the immortal gods
 And mortal men beheld, and from on high 165
 Terribly thundered, sending to the earth
 A bolt of fire. He flung it down before

The car of Diomed ; and fiercely glared
 The blazing sulphur ; both the frightened steeds
 Cowered trembling by the chariot. Nestor's hand
 Let fall the embroidered reins ; his spirit sank 171
 With fear, and thus he said to Diomed : —

“ Tydides, turn thy firm-paced steeds, and flee.
 Dost thou not see that victory from Jove
 Attends thee not ? To-day doth Saturn's son 175
 Award the glory to the Trojan chief.
 Hereafter he will make it ours, if such
 Be his good pleasure. No man, though he be
 The mightiest among men, can thwart the will
 Of Jupiter, with whom abides all power.” 180

The great in battle, Diomed, replied : —
 “ Truly, O ancient man, thou speakest well ;
 But this it is that grieves me to the heart, —
 That Hector to the Trojan host will say,
 ‘ I put to flight Tydides, and he sought 185
 Shelter among his ships.’ Thus will he boast
 Hereafter ; may earth open then for me !”

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, rejoined : —
 “ What, son of warlike Tydeus, hast thou said ?
 Though Hector call thee faint of heart and weak, 190
 The Trojans and Dardanians, and the wives
 Of the stout-hearted Trojans armed with shields,
 Whose husbands in their youthful prime thy hand
 Hath laid in dust, will not believe his words.”

Thus having said, he turned the firm-paced steeds
 Rearward, and mingled with the flying crowd. 195

And now the Trojans and their leader gave
 A mighty cry, and poured on them a storm
 Of deadly darts, and crested Hector raised
 His thundering voice and shouted after them :— 200

“ O son of Tydeus ! the swift-riding Greeks
 Have honored thee beyond all other men,
 At banquets, with high place and delicate meats
 And flowing cups. They will despise thee now,
 For thou art like a woman. Timorous girl ! 205
 Take thyself hence, and never think that I
 Shall yield to thee, that thou mayst climb our
 towers

And bear away our women in thy ships ;
 For I shall give thee first the doom of death.”

He spake ; and Diomed, in doubtful mood, 210
 Questioned his spirit whether he should turn
 His steeds and fight with Hector. Thrice the
 thought

Arose within his mind, and thrice on high
 Uttered the all-forecasting Jupiter
 His thunder from the Idæan mount, a sign 215
 Of victory changing to the Trojan side.
 Then Hector to the Trojans called aloud : —

“ Trojans and Lycians all, and ye who close
 In deadly fight, the sons of Dardanus !
 Acquit yourselves like men, my friends ; recall 220
 Your fiery valor now, for I perceive
 The son of Saturn doth award to me
 Victory and vast renown, and to the Greeks

Destruction. Fools ! who built this slender wall
 Which we contemn, which cannot stand before 235
 The strength I bring ; our steeds can overleap
 The trench they digged. When I shall reach their
 fleet,

Remember the consuming power of fire,
 That I may give their vessels to the flames,
 And hew the Achaians down beside their prows, 239
 While they are wrapped in the bewildering smoke."

He spake ; and then he cheered his coursers
 thus : —

" Xanthus, Podargus, Lampus nobly bred,
 And Æthon, now repay the generous care,
 The pleasant grain which my Andromache, 243
 Daughter of great Eëtion, largely gives.
 She mingles wine that ye may drink at will
 Ere yet she ministers to me, who boast
 To be her youthful husband. Let us now
 Pursue with fiery haste, that we may seize 245
 The shield of Nestor, the great fame of which
 Has reached to heaven, — an orb of massive gold
 Even to the handles. Let us from the limbs
 Of Diomed, the tamer of fleet steeds,
 Strip off the glorious mail that Vulcan forged : 249
 This done, our hope may be that all the Greeks
 Will climb their galleys and depart to-night."

So boasted he ; but queenly Juno's ire
 Was kindled, and she shuddered on her throne
 Till great Olympus trembled. Thus she spake 253

To Neptune, mighty ruler of the deep. —

“ Earth-shaker ! thou who rulest far and wide !
 Is there no pity for the perishing Greeks
 Within that breast of thine ? They bring to thee
 At Helicè and Ægæ costly gifts 255
 And many, wherefore thy desire should be
 That they may win the victory. If the gods
 Who favor the Achaians should combine
 To drive the Trojans back, and hold in check
 High-thundering Jupiter, the God would sit 260
 In sullen grief on Ida’s top alone.”

Earth-shaking Neptune answered in disdain : —
 “ O Juno, rash in speech ! what words are these ?
 Think not that I can wish to join the gods
 In conflict with the monarch Jupiter, 265
 The son of Saturn, mightier than we all.”

So held they colloquy. Meanwhile the space
 Betwixt the galleys and the trench and wall
 Was crowded close with steeds and shielded men ;
 For Hector, son of Priam, terrible 270
 As Mars the lightning-footed, drave them on
 Before him. Jove decreed him such renown.
 And now would he have given that noble fleet
 To the consuming flame, if Juno, queen
 Of heaven, had not beheld, and moved the heart 275
 Of Agamemnon to exhort the Greeks
 That they should turn and combat. With quick
 steps
 He passed beside the fleet, among the tents,

That I might sack the well-defended Troy.
 Now be at least one wish of mine fulfilled, —
 That we may yet escape and get us hence ;
 Nor let the Trojans thus destroy the Greeks.”

He spake, and wept. The All-Father, pitying him,
 Consented that his people should escape 311
 The threatened ruin. Instantly he sent
 His eagle, bird of surest augury,
 Which, bearing in his talons a young fawn,
 The offspring of a nimble-footed roe, 315
 Dropped it at the fair altar where the Greeks
 Paid sacrifice to Panomphæan Jove.

And they, when they beheld, and knew that Jove
 Had sent the bird, took courage, rallying,
 And rushed against the Trojans. Then no chief 320
 Of all the Greeks — though many they — could boast
 That he before Tydides urged his steeds
 To sudden speed and drave them o'er the trench,
 And mingled in the combat. First of all
 He struck down Agelaus, Phradmon's son, 325
 Armed as he was, who turned his car to fly,
 And as he turned, Tydides with his spear
 Transfixed his back between the shoulder-blades,
 And drave the weapon through his breast. He fell
 To earth, his armor clashing with his fall. 330
 Then Agamemnon followed, and with him
 His brother Menelaus ; after these
 The chieftains Ajax, fearful in their strength ;
 Idomeneus, and he who bore his arms, —

Meriones, like Mars in battle-field ; 335
 Eurypylos, Evæmon's glorious son ;
 And ninthly Teucer came, who bent his bow
 Beneath the shield of Ajax Telamon, —
 For Ajax moved his shield from side to side,
 And thence the archer looked abroad, and aimed 345
 His arrows thence. Whoever in the throng
 Was struck fell lifeless. Teucer all the while,
 As hides a child behind his mother's robe,
 Sheltered himself by Ajax, whose great shield
 Concealed the chief from sight. What Trojan first
 Did faithful Teucer slay? Orsilochus, 346
 Dætor, and Ophelestes, Ormenus,
 Chromius, and Lycophontes nobly born,
 And Hamopaon, Polyæmon's son,
 And Melanippus, — one by one the shafts 350
 Of Teucer stretched them on their mother earth.
 Then Agamemnon, king of men, rejoiced
 As he beheld him, with his sturdy bow,
 Breaking the serried phalanxes of Troy ;
 And came, and, standing near, bespoke him thus : —
 “ Beloved Teucer ! son of Telamon, 355
 Prince of the people ! ever be thy shafts
 Aimed thus, and thou shalt be the light and pride
 Of Greece, and of thy father Telamon,
 Who reared thee from a little child with care 360
 In his own halls, though spurious was thy birth.
 Go on to do him honor, though he now
 Be far away. And here I say to thee, —

And I will keep my word, — if Jupiter
 The Ægis-bearer and Minerva deign 365
 To let me level the strong walls of Troy,
 To thee will I assign the noblest prize
 After my own, — a tripod, or two steeds
 And chariot, or a wife to share thy bed.”

And thus the blameless Teucer made reply : — 370
 “ Why, glorious son of Atreus, wouldst thou thus
 Admonish me, while yet I do my best,
 And pause not in the combat ? From the time
 When we began to drive the enemy back
 To Ilium, I have smitten and have slain 375
 Their warriors with my bow. Eight barbèd shafts
 I sent, and each has pierced some warlike youth ;
 But this fierce wolf-dog have I failed to strike.”

He spake, and sent another arrow forth
 At Hector with an eager aim. It missed 380
 Its mark, but struck Gorgythion down, the brave
 And blameless son of Priam ; through his breast
 The arrow went. Fair Castianira brought
 The warrior forth, — a dame from Æsymba,
 Beautiful as a goddess. As within 385
 A garden droops a poppy to the ground,
 Bowed by its weight and by the rains of spring,
 So drooped his head within the heavy casque.

And then did Teucer send another shaft
 At Hector, eager still to smite. It missed 390
 Its aim again, for Phœbus turned aside
 The arrow, but it struck the charioteer

Of Hector, Archeptolemus the brave,
When rushing to the fight, and pierced his breast
Close to the nipple ; from the car he fell, 395
The swift steeds started back, and from his limbs
The life and strength departed. A deep grief
For his slain charioteer came darkly o'er
The mind of Hector, yet, though sorrowing,
He left him where he fell, and straightway called 400
Cebriones, his brother, who was near,
To mount and take the reins. Cebriones
Heard and obeyed. Then from the shining car
Leaped Hector with a mighty cry, and seized
A ponderous stone, and, bent to crush him, ran 405
At Teucer, who had from his quiver drawn
One of his sharpest arrows, placing it
Upon the bowstring. As he drew the bow,
The strong-armed Hector hurled the jagged stone,
And smote him near the shoulder, where the neck
And breast are sundered by the collar-bone, — 411
A fatal spot. The bowstring brake ; the arm
Fell nerveless ; on his knees the archer sank,
And dropped the bow. Then did not Ajax leave
His fallen brother to the foe, but walked 415
Around him, sheltering him beneath his shield,
Till two dear friends of his — Menestheus, son
Of Echius, and Alastor nobly born —
Approached, and took him up and carried him,
Heavily groaning, to the hollow ships. 420
Then did Olympian Jove again inspire

The Trojan host with valor, and they drave
 The Achaians backward to the yawning trench.
 Then Hector came, with fury in his eyes,
 Among the foremost warriors. As a hound, 425
 Sure of his own swift feet, attacks behind
 The lion or wild boar, and tears his flank,
 Yet warily observes him as he turns,
 So Hector followed close the long-haired Greeks,
 And ever slew the hindmost as they fled. 430
 Yet now, when they in flight had crossed again
 The trench and palisades, and many a one
 Had died by Trojan hands, they made a halt
 Before their ships, and bade each other stand,
 And lifted up their hands and prayed aloud 435
 To all the gods ; while Hector, urging on
 His long-maned steeds, and with stern eyes that
 seemed

The eyes of Gorgon or of murderous Mars,
 Hither and thither swept across the field.

The white-armed Juno saw, and, sorrowing, 440
 Addressed Minerva with these wingèd words : —

“ Ah me ! thou daughter of the God who bears
 The ægis, shall we not descend to aid
 The perishing Greeks in their extremity ?
 A cruel doom is theirs, to fall, destroyed 445
 By one man’s rage, — the terrible assault
 Of Hector, son of Priam, who has made
 Insufferable havoc in the field.”

And thus in turn the blue-eyed Pallas spake : —

"That warrior long ere this had lost his life, 450
 Slain by the Greeks on his paternal soil,
 But that my father's mind is warped by wrath.
 Unjust to me and harsh, he thwarts my aims,
 Forgetting all I did for Hercules,
 His son, — how often, when Eurystheus set 455
 A task too hard for him, I saved his life.
 To heaven he raised his eyes and wept, and Jove
 Despatched me instantly to succor him.
 And yet if I, in my forecasting mind,
 Had known all this when he was bid to bring 460
 From strong-walled Erebus the dog of hell,
 He had not safely crossed the gulf of Styx.
 But now Jove hates me ; now he grants the wish
 Of Thetis, who hath kissed his knees and touched
 His beard caressingly, and prayed that he 465
 Would crown the overthrower of walled towns,
 Achilles, with great honor. Well, the time
 Will come when he shall call me yet again
 His dear Minerva. Hasten now to yoke
 For us thy firm-paced steeds, while in the halls 470
 Of ægis-bearing Jupiter I brace
 My armor on for war, — and I shall see
 If Hector of the beamy helm, the son
 Of Priam, will rejoice when we appear
 Upon the field again. Assuredly 475
 The men of Troy shall die, to feast the birds
 Of prey and dogs beside the Grecian fleet."
 She ended, and the white-armed deity

Juno obeyed her. Juno the august,
 The mighty Saturn's daughter, hastily 480
 Caparisoned the golden-bitted steeds.
 Meanwhile, Minerva on the palace-floor
 Of Jupiter let drop the gorgeous robe
 Of many hues, which her own hands had wrought,
 And, putting on the Cloud-compeller's mail, 485
 Stood armed for cruel war. And then she climbed
 The glorious car, and took in hand the spear —
 Huge, heavy, strong — with which she overthrows
 The serried phalanxes of valiant men
 Whene'er this daughter of the Almighty One 490
 Is angered. Juno bore the lash, and urged
 The coursers to their speed. The gates of heaven
 Opened before them of their own accord, —
 Gates guarded by the Hours, on whom the care
 Of the great heaven and of Olympus rests, 495
 To open or to close the wall of cloud.
 Through these they guided their impatient steeds.

From Ida Jupiter beheld, in wrath,
 And summoned Iris of the golden wings,
 And bade her do this errand : " Speed thee hence, 500
 Fleet Iris ! turn them back ; allow them not
 Thus to defy me : it is not for them
 To engage with me in war. I give my word, —
 Nor shall it lack fulfilment, — I will make
 The swift steeds lame that draw their car, and hurl
 The riders down, and dash the car itself 506
 To fragments. Ten long years shall wear away

Before they cease to suffer from the wounds
 Made by the thunderbolt. Minerva thus
 May learn the fate of those who strive with Jove. 510
 With Juno I am less displeas'd, for she
 Is ever bent to thwart my purposes."

He spake ; and Iris, with the tempest's speed
 Departing, bore the message from the heights
 Of Ida to the great Olympus, where, 515
 Among the foremost passes of the mount,
 All seamed with hollow vales, she met and stay'd
 The pair, delivering thus the word of Jove : —

“ Now whither haste ye ? What strange madness
 fires

Your breasts ? The son of Saturn suffers not 520
 That ye befriend the Greeks. He threatens thus, —
 And will fulfil his threat, — that he will make
 The coursers lame that draw your car, and hurl
 The riders down, and dash the car itself
 To fragments, and that ten long years must pass 525
 Ere ye shall cease to suffer from the wounds
 Made by the thunderbolt. So shalt thou learn,
 O Pallas ! what it is to strive with Jove.
 With Juno is he less displeas'd, for she
 Is ever bent to thwart his purposes ; 530
 But thou, he says, art guilty above all,
 And shameless as a hound, if thou dare lift
 Thy massive spear against thy father Jove."

So spake fleet-footed Iris, and withdrew ;
 And thus again to Pallas Juno said : — 535

“Child of the Ægis-bearer ! let us strive
 With Jove no longer for the sake of men,
 But let one perish and another live,
 As chance may rule the hour, and let the God,
 Communing with his secret mind, mete out 540
 To Greeks and Trojans their just destiny.”

She spake, and turned the firm-paced coursers
 back,

The coursers with fair-flowing manes. The Hours
 Unyoked them, bound them to the ambrosial stalls,
 And leaned against the shining walls the car ; 545
 While Juno and Minerva went among
 The other deities and took their place
 Upon their golden seats, though sad at heart.
 Then with his steeds, and in his bright-wheeled car,
 Came Jove from Ida to the dwelling-place 550
 Of gods upon Olympus. There did he
 Who shakes the islands loose the steeds and bring
 The chariot to its place, and o'er it spread
 Its covering of lawn. The Thunderer
 Seated himself upon his golden throne, 555
 The great Olympus trembling as he stepped ;
 While Juno and Minerva sat apart
 Together, nor saluted him, nor asked
 Of aught ; but he perceived their thoughts and
 said : —

“Juno and Pallas ! why so sad ? Not long 560
 Ye toiled in glorious battle to destroy
 The Trojans, whom ye hold in bitter hate :

This strength of mine, and this invincible arm
 Not all the gods upon the Olympian mount
 Can turn to flight, while your fair limbs were seized
 With trembling ere ye entered on the shock 570
 And havoc of the war. Now let me say —
 And well the event would have fulfilled my words —
 That, smitten with the thunder from my hand,
 Your chariots never would have brought you back 575
 To this Olympus and the abode of gods.”

He spake ; while Pallas and the queen of heaven
 Repined with close-pressed lips, and in their hearts
 Devised new mischiefs for the Trojan race.

Silent Minerva sat, nor dared express 575

The anger that she bore her father Jove ;
 But Juno could not curb her wrath, and spake : —

“ What words, austere Saturnius, hast thou said ?
 Thou art, we know, invincible in might ;
 Yet must we sorrow for the heroic Greeks, 580
 Who, by a cruel fate, are perishing.
 We stand aloof from war, if thou require ;
 Yet would we counsel the Achaian host,
 Lest by thy wrath they perish utterly.”

And then the Cloud-compeller, answering, said : —

“ O Juno, large-eyed and august, if thou 585
 Look forth to-morrow, thou shalt then behold
 The all-powerful son of Saturn laying waste
 With greater havoc still the mighty host
 Of warlike Greeks. For Hector, great in war, 590
 Shall pause not from the conflict, till he rouse

The swift-paced son of Peleus at the ships,
 When, pent in narrow space, the armies fight
 For slain Patroclus : such the will of fate.
 As for thyself, I little heed thy rage : 595
 Not even shouldst thou wander to the realm
 Where earth and ocean end, where Saturn sits
 Beside Iapetus, and neither light
 Of overgoing suns nor breath of wind
 Refreshes them, but gulfs of Tartarus 600
 Surround them, — shouldst thou even thither bend
 Thy way, I shall not heed thy rage, who art
 Beyond all others shamelessly perverse.”

He ceased ; but white-armed Juno answered not.
 And now into the sea the sun's bright light 605
 Went down, and o'er the foodful earth was drawn
 Night's shadow. Most unwillingly the sons
 Of Troy beheld the sunset. To the Greeks
 Eagerly wished the welcome darkness came.

Then from the fleet illustrious Hector led 610
 The Trojans, and beside the eddying stream,
 In a clear space uncumbered by the slain,
 Held council. There, alighting from their cars,
 They listened to the words that Hector spake, —
 Hector, beloved of Jove. He held a spear, 615
 In length eleven cubits, with a blade
 Of glittering brass, bound with a ring of gold.
 On this he leaned, and spake these wingèd words : —

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies.
 But now I thought that, having first destroyed 620

The Achaian host and fleet, we should return
 This night to wind-swept Ilium. To their aid
 The darkness comes, and saves the Greeks, and
 saves

Their galleys ranged along the ocean-side.
 Obey we, then, the dark-browed night ; prepare 605
 Our meal ; unyoke the steeds with flowing manes,
 And set their food before them. Bring at once
 Oxen and fatlings of the flock from town,
 And from your dwellings bread and pleasant wine.
 And let us gather store of wood, to feed 610
 A multitude of blazing fires all night,
 Till Morning, daughter of the Dawn, appear, —
 Fires that shall light the sky, lest in the hours
 Of darkness with their ships the long-haired Greeks
 Attempt escape across the mighty deep. 615
 And, that they may not climb their decks unharmed,
 Let every foeman bear a wound to cure
 At home, — an arrow-wound or gash of spear,
 Given as he leaps on board. So other foes
 Shall dread a conflict with the knights of Troy. 620
 And let the heralds, dear to Jove, command
 That all grown youths and hoary-headed men
 Keep watch about the city in the towers
 Built by the gods ; and let the feebler sex
 Kindle large fires upon their hearths at home ; 625
 And let the guard be strengthened, lest the foe
 Should steal into the city while its sons
 Are all abroad. Thus let it be till morn,

Brave Trojans ! I but speak of what the time
 Requires, and on the morrow I shall speak 650
 Of what the Trojan knights have then to do.
 My prayer to Jove and to the other gods,
 And my hope is, that I may drive away
 These curs, brought hither by an evil fate
 In their black ships. All night will we keep watch,
 And, arming, with the early morn renew 655
 The desperate conflict at the hollow ships.
 Then shall I see if valiant Diomed
 Tydides has the power to make me leave
 The Grecian galleys for the city-walls, 660
 Or whether I shall slay him with my spear
 And take his bloody spoils. To-morrow's sun
 Will make his valor known, if he withstand
 The assault of this my weapon. Yet I think
 The sunrise will behold him slain among 665
 The first, with many comrades lying round.
 Would that I knew myself as certainly
 Secure from death and the decays of age,
 And to be held in honor like the gods
 Apollo and Minerva, as I know 670
 This day will bring misfortune to the Greeks !”
 So Hector spake, and all the Trojan host
 Applauded ; from the yoke forthwith they loosed
 The sweaty steeds, and bound them to the cars
 With halters ; to the town they sent in haste 675
 For oxen and the fatlings of the flock,
 And to their homes for bread and pleasant wine,

And gathered fuel in large store. The winds
Bore up the fragrant fumes from earth to heaven.

So, high in hope, they sat the whole night through
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed. *221*
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart, *222*
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships
And eddying Xanthus : on the plain there shone
A thousand ; fifty warriors by each fire
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars — *223*
Champing their oats and their white barley — stood,
And waited for the golden morn to rise.

BOOK IX.

THE Trojans thus kept watch ; while through
the night

The power of Flight, companion of cold Fear,
Wrought on the Greeks, and all their bravest men
Were bowed beneath a sorrow hard to bear.
As when two winds upturn the fishy deep, — *5*
The north wind and the west, that suddenly
Blow from the Thracian coast ; the black waves rise
At once, and fling the sea-weed to the shore, —

Thus were the Achaians troubled in their hearts.

Atrides, deeply grieving, walked the camp, 10
 And bade the clear-voiced heralds call by name
 To council all the chiefs, but not aloud.
 The king himself among the foremost gave
 The summons. Sadly that assembly took
 Their seats ; and Agamemnon in the midst 15
 Rose, shedding tears, — as down a lofty rock,
 Darkening its face, a fountain's waters flow, —
 And, deeply sighing, thus addressed the Greeks : —

“ O friends ! the chiefs and princes of the Greeks !
 Saturnian Jove hath in an evil snare 20
 Most cruelly entangled me. He gave
 His promise once that I should overthrow
 This strong-walled Ilium, and return ; but now
 He meditates a fraud, and sends me back
 To Argos without glory, and with loss 25
 Of many warriors. Thus doth it seem good
 Doubtless to Jove Almighty, who hath cast
 The towers of many a city down to earth,
 And will cast others down, — his might excels
 All other might. But let us now obey, 30
 As I shall counsel you, and in our ships
 Hasten to our own dear country ; for I see
 That Troy with its broad streets can ne'er be ours.”

He spake ; and all were silent. Silent long
 Remained the sorrow-stricken sons of Greece, 35
 Till Diomed, the brave in battle, spake : —

“ First of the chiefs I speak, to disapprove,

Atrides, thy rash purpose : 't is my right
 In council ; nor, O king, be thou displeas'd.
 Thou first among the Greeks hast taunted me 40
 With lack of valor, calling me unapt
 For war and weak of arm. The young and old
 Have heard the taunt. One of two gifts the son
 Of wily Saturn hath bestowed on thee :
 High rank and rule o'er all the rest he gave, 45
 But gave thee not the nobler quality
 Of fortitude. Dost thou then truly deem
 The Greeks unapt for war and weak of arm,
 As thou hast said ? Thou longest to return :
 Go, then ; the way is open ; by the sea 50
 The barks that brought thee from Mycenæ lie,
 A numerous fleet. Yet others will remain —
 Long-haired Achæians — till we overthrow
 The city. Should they also pine for home,
 Then let them flee, with all their ships ; while I 55
 With Sthenelus fight on until we make
 An end of Troy, — for with the gods we came."

He spake. The Greeks applauded ; all admired
 The words of the horse-tamer Diomed.

Nestor the knight then rose, and thus he spake :—

"O son of Tydeus, eminently brave 61
 Art thou among thy comrades in the field,
 And great in council. No one here condemns
 The sentence thou hast given ; among the Greeks
 Is no one who denies what thou hast said ; 65
 Yet hast thou not said all. Thy years are few, —

So few, thou mightest be my youngest son ;
 And yet thou speakest wisely to the kings
 Of Greece, and thy discourse is just and right.
 Now I, who boast of far more years than thou, 70
 Will speak of this that yet remains, and none —
 Not even Agamemnon — will gainsay
 What I advise. A wretch without a tie
 Of kin, a lawless man without a home,
 Is he who takes delight in civil strifes. 75
 But let us now give way to the dark night,
 And make our banquets ready. Let the guards
 Lie down within the trenches which we digged
 Without the wall : be this the young men's charge.
 And thou, Atrides, do thou now begin, 80
 Who art supreme, and make a feast for all
 The elder chiefs ; it shall become thee well :
 Thy tents are full of wine, which ships from Thrace
 Bring every day across the mighty deep,
 And thou hast all things ready, and a host 85
 Of menials. Then, when many throng the board,
 Thou shalt defer to him who counsels thee
 Most wisely ; for the Greeks have urgent need
 Of prudent counsels, when the foe so close
 Beside our galleys lights his multitude 90
 Of watch-fires. Who that sees them can rejoice ?
 This night will rescue or destroy our host."

He spake. They listened all, and willingly
 Obeyed him. Forth in armor went the guards,
 Led by the chieftain Thrasymedes, son 95

Of Nestor, by Ascalaphus, who claimed
 His birth from Mars, and by Ialmenus
 His brother, and Deïpyrus, with whom
 There followed Aphareus, Meriones,
 And Lycomedes, Creon's noble son. 100

Seven were the leaders of the guards ; with each
 A hundred youths in warlike order marched,
 Bearing long spears ; and when they reached the
 space

Between the trench and wall they sat them down,
 And kindled fires and made their evening meal. 105

Atrides brought the assembled elder chiefs
 To his pavilion, and before them set
 A generous banquet. They put forth their hands
 And shared the feast ; and when the calls of thirst
 And hunger ceased, the aged Nestor first 110
 Began to counsel them ; the chief, whose words
 Had lately seemed of wisest import, now
 Addressed the assembly with well-ordered speech :—

“ Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king !
 What I shall say begins and ends with thee, 115
 For thou dost rule o'er many nations. Jove
 Hath given to thee the sceptre, and the power
 To make their laws, that thou mayst seek their good.
 Thou, therefore, of all men, shouldst speak and hear
 In council, and shouldst follow willingly 120
 Another's judgment when it best promotes
 The general weal ; for all depends on thee.
 Now let me say what seems to me most wise ;

For better counsel none can give than this
 Which now I meditate, and which to give 125
 I purposed from the hour when thou, great king,
 Didst bear the maid Briseis from the tent
 Of the enraged Achilles, unapproved
 By me, who strove to change thy rash design.
 Then didst thou yield thee to thy haughty will, 130
 And didst dishonor a most valiant man,
 Whom the immortals honor. Thou didst take
 And still dost keep the prize he fairly won.
 Let it be now our study to appease
 The hero with large gifts and soothing words." 135

Then Agamemnon, king of men, replied :—
 "O ancient man, most truly hast thou named
 My faults. I erred, and I deny it not.
 That man indeed is equal to a host
 Whom Jupiter doth love and honor thus, 140
 Humbling the Achaian people for his sake.
 And now, since, yielding to my wayward mood
 I erred, let me appease him, if I may,
 With gifts of priceless worth. Before you all
 I number them, — seven tripods which the fire 145
 Hath never touched, six talents of pure gold,
 And twenty shining caldrons, and twelve steeds
 Of hardy frame, victorious in the race,
 Whose feet have won me prizes in the games.
 No beggar would he be, nor yet with store 150
 Of gold unfurnished, in whose coffer lay
 The prizes those swift steeds have brought to me.

Seven faultless women, skilled in household arts,
 I give moreover, — Lesbians, whom I chose
 When he o'erran the populous Lesbian isle, — 155
 Damsels in beauty who excel their sex.
 These I bestow, and with them I will send
 Her whom I took away, — Briseis, pure —
 I swear it with a mighty oath — as pure
 As when she left his tent. All these I give 160
 At once ; and if by favor of the gods
 We lay the mighty city of Priam waste,
 He shall load down his galley with large store
 Of gold and silver, entering first when we,
 The Greeks, divide the spoil. Then may he choose
 Twice ten young Trojan women, beautiful 165
 Beyond their sex save Helen. If we come
 Safe to Achaian Argos, richly stocked
 With milky kine, he may become to me
 A son-in-law, and cherished equally 170
 With my sole son Orestes, who is reared
 Most royally. Three daughters there, within
 My stately palace-walls, — Chrysothemis,
 Laodice, and Iphianassa, — dwell,
 And he may choose among them, and may lead 175
 Home to the house of Peleus her who best
 Deserves his love. Nor need he to endow
 The bride, for I will give an ampler dower
 Than ever father to his daughter gave, —
 Seven cities with thronged streets, — Cardamyle, 180
 Enope, grassy Hira, Pheræ famed

Afar, Antheia with rich pasture-fields,
 Æpeia beautiful, and Pedaſus
 With all its vineyards ; all are near the ſea,
 And ſtand the laſt before you reach the coaſt 185
 Of ſandy Pylos. Rich in flocks and herds
 Their dwellers are, and they will honor him
 As if he were a god, and, ruled by him,
 Will pay large tribute. Theſe will I beſtow,
 Let but his anger cool and his reſolve 190
 Give way. 'T is Pluto who is deaf to prayer
 And ne'er relents, and he, of all the gods,
 Moſt hateful is to men. Now let the ſon
 Of Peleus yield at length to me, who ſtand
 Above him in authority and years." 195

Then answered Neſtor the Gerenian knight : —
 " Atrides Agamemnon ! glorious king !
 Gifts not to be contemned thou offer'eſt
 To Prince Achilles. Let us now deſpatch
 A choſen embaſſy, who ſhall proceed 200
 At once to where Pelides holds his tent.
 I name the men ; and cheerfully will they
 Perform the duty : Phœnix, dear to Jove,
 Shall be their leader, mighty Ajax next,
 And then high-born Ulyſſes ; heralds twain 205
 Shall follow, — Hodius and Eurybates.
 And now be water brought to cleanſe our hands,
 And charge be given that no ill-omened word
 Be uttered, while we pray that Jupiter,
 The ſon of Saturn, will aſſiſt our need." 210

He spake ; and all approved the words he said.
Then poured the heralds water on the hands
Of those who sat. The young men crowned with wine
The goblets, and in seemly order passed
The brimming cups, distributing to each. 215
Part to the gods they poured, and next they drank
As each might choose, and then the embassy
Hastened from Agamemnon's tent. To each
Gereñian Nestor spake in turn, and fixed
His eyes on each intently, — most of all 220
Upon Ulysses, — and with many a charge
To turn Pelides from his angry mood.
Along the edge of the resounding deep
They went, and as they walked they offered prayer
To earth-embracing Neptune, that their words 225
Might move the great soul of Æacides.
And now they came where lay the Myrmidons
Among their tents and ships. Achilles there
Drew solace from the music of a harp
Sweet-toned and shapely, in a silver frame, 230
Part of the spoil he took when he o'erthrew
Eëtion's town. To soothe his mood he sang
The deeds of heroes. By him sat alone
Patroclus, silent till the song should cease.
On moved the messengers, — before them walked
High-born Ulysses, — till they stood beside 235
Achilles. He beheld, and with the harp
Sprang from his seat, surprised. Patroclus saw
The heroes also, and arose. Their hands

The swift Achilles took in his, and said : — 240

“ Welcome ! Ye come as friends. Some pressing
cause

Must surely bring you hither, whom I prize,
Wronged as I am, beyond all other Greeks.”

Thus speaking, the great son of Peleus led
His guests still farther on, and seated them 245
On couches spread with purple coverings,
And thus addressed Patroclus, who was near : —

“ Son of Menœtius, bring a larger vase,
And mingle purer wine, and place a cup
For each, since these are most beloved friends, — 250
These warriors who now sit beneath my roof.”

He spake. Patroclus hearkened, and obeyed
His well-beloved friend, who meantime placed
A block beside the fire, and on it laid
Chines of a sheep and of a fatling goat, 255
And of a sow, the fattest of her kind.
Automedon stood by and held them fast ;
Achilles took the knife and skilfully
Carved them in portions, and transfix'd the parts
With spits. Patroclus, the divine in form, 260
Woke to a blaze the fire ; and when the flame
Had ceased to rise he raked the glowing coals
Apart, and o'er them stretched the spits, and
strewed,

Raising the flesh, the sacred salt o'er all.

And when he had made ready and had spread 265
The banquet on the board, Patroclus took

The bread and offered it to all the guests
 In shapely canisters. Achilles served
 The meats, and took his seat against the wall,
 In front of great Ulysses. There he bade 270
 His friend Patroclus offer sacrifice,
 Casting the first rich morsels to the flames.
 The guests put forth their hands and shared the
 feast ;

And when the calls of hunger and of thirst
 Were felt no longer, Ajax gave a nod 275
 To Phœnix, which divine Ulysses saw,
 And filled his cup and drank to Peleus' son : —

“ Thy health, Achilles ! Princely feasts like this
 Attend us both in Agamemnon's tent
 And here, — for here is all that makes a feast 280
 Complete ; yet now is not the time to think
 Of pleasant banquets, for our thoughts are turned —
 O Jove-born warrior ! — to a fearful time
 Of slaughter, and the fate of our good ships, —
 Whether we save them harmless, or the foe 285
 Destroy them, if thou put not on thy might.
 For now the haughty Trojans, and the troops
 Who come from far to aid them, pitch their camp
 Close to our fleet and wall, and all around
 Kindle their many fires, and boast that we 290
 No longer have the power to drive them back
 From our black galleys. Jupiter, the son
 Of Saturn, shows them favorable signs
 With lightnings from above ; and, terrible

In aspect and in valor, Hector makes 295
 Sad havoc, trusting in the aid of Jove,
 And neither reverences gods nor men, —
 Such rage possesses him. He prays that soon
 The morn may rise, that he may hew the prows
 From all our ships and give them to the flames, 300
 And slay the Greeks, bewildered with the smoke.
 For me, I greatly fear the gods will grant
 That he fulfil his threat, and that our doom
 Will be to perish on the Trojan coast,
 And far away from Argos, famed for steeds. 305
 Rise, then, though late, — rise with a resolute mind,
 And from the hard-pressed sons of Greece drive back
 The assailing Trojans. Thou wilt else lament
 Hereafter, when the evil shall be done
 And shall admit no cure. Bethink thee well 310
 How from the Greeks thou mayst avert the day
 Of their destruction. O my friend, when first
 He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's help
 From Phthia's coast, thy father Peleus said : —
 “ ‘ My child, from Juno and Minerva comes 315
 The gift of valor, if they choose to give.
 But curb thou the high spirit in thy breast,
 For gentle ways are best, and keep aloof
 From sharp contentions, that the old and young
 Among the Greeks may honor thee the more.’ 320
 “ Such was the old man's charge, forgotten now.
 Yield, then, and lay thy wrath aside. Large gifts
 Doth Agamemnon offer, to appease

Thy wounded spirit. Hear me, if thou wilt,
 Recount what gifts the monarch in his tent 304
 Hath promised thee : — Seven tripods which the fire
 Hath never touched ; six talents of pure gold ;
 And twenty shining caldrons ; and twelve steeds
 Of hardy frame, victorious in the race,
 Whose feet have won him prizes in the games. 307
 No beggar would he be, nor yet with store
 Of gold unfurnished, in whose coffers lay
 The prizes those swift-footed steeds have won.
 Seven faultless women, skilled in household arts,
 He offers, — Lesbians, whom he chose when thou
 Didst overrun the populous Lesbian isle, — 308
 In beauty eminent among their sex.
 These he bestows, and with them he will send
 Her whom he took away, — Briseis, pure —
 He swears it with a mighty oath — as pure 310
 As when she left thy tent. All these he gives
 At once ; and if, by favor of the gods,
 We lay the mighty city of Priam waste,
 Thou shalt load down thy galley with large store
 Of gold and silver, entering first when we, 311
 The Greeks, divide the spoil. Then mayst thou
 choose
 Twice ten young Trojan women, beautiful
 Beyond their sex save Helen. If we come
 Safe to Achaian Argos, richly stocked
 With milky kine, thou mayst become to him 312
 A son-in-law, and cherished equally

With his sole son Orestes, who is reared
 Right royally. Three daughters there, within
 The monarch's stately halls, — Chrysothemis,
 Laodice, and Iphianassa, — dwell, 355
 And thou mayst choose among them, and mayst
 lead

Home to the house of Peleus her who best
 Deserves thy love. Nor needest thou endow
 The bride, for he will give an ampler dower
 Than ever father to his daughter gave, — 360
 Seven cities with thronged streets, — Cardamyle,
 Enope, grassy Hira, Pheræ famed
 Afar, Antheia with rich pasture-grounds,
 Æpeia beautiful, and Pegasus
 With all its vineyards ; all are near the sea, 365
 And stand the last before you reach the coast
 Of sandy Pylos. Rich in flocks and herds
 Their dwellers are, and they will honor thee
 As if thou wert a god, and, ruled by thee,
 Will pay large tribute. These will he bestow, 370
 Let but thine anger cease. But if the son
 Of Atreus and his gifts still move thy hate,
 At least have pity on the afflicted Greeks,
 Pent in their camp, who now would honor thee
 As if thou wert a god ; and thou shalt gain 375
 Great glory as their champion, and shalt slay
 This Hector, who even now is close at hand,
 And in a murderous frenzy makes his boast
 That none of all the chieftains whom the fleet

Of Greece brought hither equals him in might." 380

The swift Achilles answered him and said : —

“ Son of Laertes, nobly born, and versed
In wise devices, let me frankly speak
Just as I think, and just as I shall act,
And then ye will not importune me more. 385
Hateful to me, as are the gates of hell,
Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,
Utters another. I shall speak as seems
To me the best ; nor deem I that the son
Of Atreus or the other Greeks can move 390
My settled purpose, since no thanks are paid
To him who with the enemy maintains
A constant battle : equal is the meed
Of him who stands aloof and him who fights
Manfully ; both the coward and the brave 395
Are held in equal honor, and they die
An equal death, — the idler and the man
Of mighty deeds. For me there is no store
Of wealth laid up from all that I have borne,
Exposing life in battle. As a bird 400
Brings to her unfledged young the food she finds,
Though she herself be fasting, so have I
Had many a night unvisited by sleep,
And passed in combat many a bloody day,
Fighting beside these warriors for their wives. 405
Twelve cities have I with my fleet laid waste,
And with my Myrmidons have I o'erthrown
Eleven upon this fertile Trojan coast.

Full many a precious spoil from these I bore,
And to Atrides Agamemnon gave. 410
He, loitering in his fleet, received them all ;
Few he distributed, and many kept.
To chiefs and princes he indeed assigned
Prizes, which now they hold. From me alone
Of all the Greeks he takes my prize ; he takes 415
My bride, whom well I loved ; — and let him keep
The damsel. But what need is there that Greeks
Wage war against the Trojans ? For what cause
Did Agamemnon, gathering from our realms
An army, lead it hither ? Was it not 420
Because of fair-haired Helen ? Are the sons
Of Atreus, then, the only men on earth
Who love their wives ? Nay, every good man loves
And cherishes his spouse ; and mine I loved
Tenderly, though the captive of my spear : 425
And now, since he hath taken my reward
Away and treacherously dealt with me,
Let him not try again, for I am warned,
And he will not persuade me. Let him take
Counsel with thee, Ulysses, and the rest, 430
How to drive back the enemy and save
The fleet from flames. Already has he done
Much without me ; a rampart he has raised,
And round it dug a deep, broad trench, and filled
The trench with palisades. Yet can he not 435
Resist the man-destroyer Hector thus.
This Hector, when I fought among the Greeks,

Never would fight at distance from the walls,
And ventured not beyond the Scæan gates
And beechen tree. There waited he for me 440
Upon a time, and scarce escaped with life
From my assault. Now, since I do not choose
To fight with noble Hector, I shall pay,
To-morrow, sacrifice to Jupiter
And all the gods, and load my galleys well, 445
And draw them to the water. Then shalt thou
See — if thou care for such a sight — my ships
Sailing upon the fishy Hellespont
At early morning, with their crews on board
Eager to pull the oar ; and if the god 450
Of ocean grant a prosperous voyage, then
On the third day we reach the fertile coast
Of Phthia. Large possessions left I there
When I came hither in an evil hour ;
And thither I shall carry with me gold 455
And ruddy brass, and women of fair forms,
And burnished steel, — the spoils I won in war.
The prize he gave me, Agamemnon, son
Of Atreus, takes, with many insults, back.
Bear him this message, — give it openly, 460
That others of the Greeks may be like me
Indignant should he impudently dare
To wrong them also : — Let him ne'er again,
Though shameless, dare to look me in the face.
I will not join in council or in act 465
With him : he has deceived and wronged me once,

And now he cannot wheedle me with words.
 Let once suffice. I leave him to himself,
 To perish. All-providing Jupiter
 Hath made him mad. I hate his gifts ; I hold 470
 In utter scorn the giver. Were his gifts
 Tenfold — nay, twenty-fold — the worth of all
 That he possesses, and with added wealth
 From others, — all the riches that flow in
 Upon Orchomenus, or Thebes, the pride 475
 Of Egypt, where large treasures are laid up,
 And through whose hundred gates rush men and
 steeds,
 Two hundred through each gate ; — nay, should he
 give
 As many gifts as there are sands and dust
 Of earth, — not even then shall Atreus' son 480
 Persuade me, till I reap a just revenge
 For his foul contumelies. I will wed
 No child of Agamemnon Even though
 She vied with golden Venus in her charms,
 And with the blue-eyed Pallas in her skill, 485
 I would not wed her. Let him choose among
 The Greeks a fitter husband, — one whose rule
 Is wider than my own. For if the gods
 Preserve me, and I reach my home again,
 My father, Pèleus, will bestow on me 490
 A consort. Many are the Achaian maids,
 Daughters of chiefs who hold our citadels
 In Hellas, and in Phthia, and of these,

Her who shall most delight me I will make
 My well-beloved wife. My soul has longed 455
 Earnestly, with a fitting spouse betrothed
 Duly, to make my dwelling there, and there
 Enjoy the wealth which aged Peleus won ;
 For not to be compared with life is all
 The wealth which, as men say, was treasured up 500
 In Ilium's populous town in time of peace,
 Ere the Greeks came, nor all the stores contained
 Within the stony threshold of the god
 Who bears the bow, Apollo, on the coast
 Of rocky Pytho. We may gather spoil 505
 Of oxen and of fatling sheep, and bring
 Tripods from war, and yellow-manèd steeds :
 The breath of man no force can seize or hold,
 And when it leaves the enclosure of the teeth
 It comes not back. My mother said to me — 510
 The goddess, silver-footed Thetis, said —
 A twofold fate conducts me to my death ;—
 If I remain to fight beneath the walls
 Of Ilium, my return will be cut off,
 But deathless my renown ; if I return 515
 To the dear land in which my fathers dwell,
 My glory will be nought, but long my life,
 And late will come to me the stroke of death.
 And now I counsel all to sail for home,
 For never will ye see the overthrow 520
 Of lofty Ilium. Jove the Thunderer
 Stretches his great hand o'er her, and her sons

Take courage. Go ye now, and take with you
 This message to the princes of the Greeks, —
 As is the office of an embassy, — 525
 And bid them meditate some wiser plan
 To save their galleys and the host of Greeks
 Within the hollow barks. The plan which brought
 You hither cannot serve you while I keep
 My anger unappeased: Let Phoenix stay 530
 To pass the night with us, that he may sail
 To-morrow, if it please him, to the land
 We love ; I take him not against his will.”

He ceased ; and silent were the ambassadors,
 Astonished at his passionate words. At last 535
 Phœnix, the aged knight, with many tears
 And sighs, took up the word, in grief and fear
 Lest Hector should destroy the Grecian fleet : —

“ Illustrious son of Peleus, if indeed
 Thou wilt return, nor carest to repel 540
 From our swift galleys the consuming fire,
 Because thou art offended, how shall I,
 Dear child, remain without thee ? When at first
 Peleus, the aged knight, from Phthia sent
 Thee, yet a boy, to Agamemnon’s aid, 545
 Unskilled as then thou wert in cruel war
 And martial councils, — where men also gain
 A great renown, — he sent me with thee, charged
 To teach thee both, that so thou mightst become
 In words an orator, in warlike deeds 550
 An actor. Therefore, my beloved child,

Not willingly shall I remain behind ;
 Not even though a god should promise me
 That, overcoming the decays of age,
 I might become a beardless youth again, 535
 As when from Hellas and its companies
 Of lovely maids I came a fugitive,
 And left Amyntor, son of Ormenus, —
 My father, — angry with me for the sake
 Of a fair-tressèd wanton, whom he loved, 540
 Treating my mother basely. To my knees
 My mother came and prayed me ceaselessly,
 First, to possess the woman, that she then
 Might loathe the elder one ; and I obeyed.
 My father knew it, and with many a curse 545
 Invoked the hateful furies to forbid
 That any child who owed his birth to me
 Should ever sit upon his knees. The gods —
 The Jove of Hades and dread Proserpine —
 Confirmed his curse. To slay him with the sword 550
 Was my first thought. Some god subdued my wrath,
 Reminding me of what the public voice
 Would say, and infamy that would ensue, —
 Lest I among the Achaians should be called
 A parricide. I could not brook to dwell 555
 Within my father's palace while he thus
 Was wroth with me. My kindred and my friends
 Came round me, and besought me to remain,
 And stayed beside me. Many a fatling ewe
 And many a slow-paced ox with curving horns

They slew, and many a fattened swine they stretched
 Over the flame of Vulcan. From the casks
 Of the old chief his wine was freely drawn.
 Nine nights they slept surrounding me, while each
 Kept watch in turn : nor ever were the fires 585
 Put out ; one blazed beneath the portico
 Of the fair hall, and near the chamber-door
 Another glimmered in the vestibule.
 But when upon me rose the tenth dark night,
 I broke my aptly-jointed chamber-doors, 590
 And issued forth, and easily o'erleaped
 The wall around the palace, quite unseen
 Of watching men and of the serving maids.
 I fled through spacious Hellas to the fields
 Of Phthia, nurse of flocks, and to her king, 595
 Peleus, who kindly welcomed me, and loved
 Me as a father loves his only son,
 Born to large wealth in his declining years.
 He made me rich, and gave me sovereign rule
 Over much people. My abode was fixed 600
 In farthest Phthia, where I was the prince
 Of the Dolopians. As for thee, my care,
 Godlike Achilles, made thee what thou art.
 I loved thee from my soul : thou wouldst not go
 With any other to the feast, nor take 605
 Thy food at home until upon my knees
 I placed thee, carved thy meats, and gave them thee,
 And poured thy wine. The tunic on my breast
 Was often wetted by thee when the wine

Gushed in thy petulant childhood from thy lips. 611
 Thus many things did I endure for thee,
 And many toils perform ; and since the gods
 Vouchsafed no son to me, it was my thought
 To train thee as a son, that thou mightst be,
 O godlike man ! the bulwark of my age. 615
 And now subdue that mighty spirit of thine :
 Ill it becomes thee to be merciless :
 The gods themselves are placable, though far
 Above us all in honor and in power
 And virtue. We propitiate them with vows, 620
 Incense, libations, and burnt-offerings,
 And prayers for those who have offended. Prayers
 Are daughters of almighty Jupiter, —
 Lame, wrinkled, and squint-eyed, — that painfully
 Follow Misfortune's steps ; but strong of limb 625
 And swift of foot Misfortune is, and, far
 Outstripping all, comes first to every land,
 And there wreaks evil on mankind, which prayers
 Do afterwards redress. Whoe'er receives
 Jove's daughters reverently when they approach, 630
 Him willingly they aid, and to his suit
 They listen. Whosoever puts them by
 With obstinate denial, they appeal
 To Jove, the son of Saturn, and entreat
 That he will cause Misfortune to attend 635
 The offender's way in life, that he in turn
 May suffer evil and be punished thus.
 Wherefore, Achilles ! do thou also yield

The honor due Jove's daughters, freely given
 By other valiant men. If Atreus' son 640
 Brought thee no gifts, nor promised others still,
 But kept his anger, I would never ask
 That thou shouldst lay aside thy wrath and come
 To help the Argives in their bitter need.
 But he bestows large gifts, and adds a pledge 645
 Of others yet in store, and he hath sent
 The best men of the army, who to thee
 Are dearest, to entreat thee. Spurn thou not
 These, nor their embassy, although at first
 Thine anger was not causeless. We have heard 650
 The praise of heroes of the elder time,
 Inflamed to vehement anger, yet appeased
 By gifts, and yielding to persuasive words.
 One instance I remember: long ago
 It happened, and I will relate it here 655
 Among my friends. Around the city-walls
 Of Calydon did the Curetes strive
 In battle with the Ætolians; they destroyed
 Each other fearfully. The Ætolians fought
 To save the pleasant town of Calydon, 660
 And the Curetes warred to lay it waste.
 Diana of the golden throne had caused
 The war, displeased with Ceneus, who withheld
 From her the first-fruits of his fertile field:
 While hecatombs were burnt in sacrifice 665
 To feast the other gods, to her alone —
 Daughter of Jove — no offering was brought:

For either he forgot, or thought the rite
 Of little moment ; but he greatly erred.
 And now the child of Jove, the archer-queen, 670
 Incensed, sent forth against him from the wood
 A white-tusked wild boar, which upon his lands
 Entered, and ravaged them, and brought to earth
 Many tall trees : tree after tree they fell,
 With roots **u**ptorn, and all the blossoms on, 75
 That promised fruit. Him Meleager, son
 Of Cœneus, slew, with many hunters called
 From neighboring cities, bringing many hounds.
 A few could not subdue him : he had made
 Many already mount the funeral pile. 680
 Diana kindled round the boar a strife
 For the beast's head and bristly hide, — a war
 'Twixt the Curetes and the Ætolian band
 Of braves. The war, while Meleager fought,
 Went not with the Curetes, nor could they, 685
 Though many, keep the field. But wrath at last
 Seized Meleager, — wrath, which rages oft
 Even in prudent minds. Incensed against
 Althæa, his own mother, he remained
 At home with Cleopatra, his young wife, 690
 The beauteous, whom a delicate-footed dame,
 Marpessa, daughter of Evenus, bore
 To Idas, bravest in his time among
 The sons of men, — so brave that once he drew
 A bow against Apollo for the sake 695
 Of his neat-footed bride. The honored pair

Within the palace used to call their child
 Alcione ; for when the archer-god,
 Apollo, from her husband bore away
 The mother, Cleopatra sadly wailed, 700
 As wails the halcyon. So beside his spouse
 Dwelt Meleager, brooding ever o'er
 The violent anger which his mother's curse
 Had kindled. Grieving for a brother's death,
 She supplicated heaven, and often struck 705
 Her hands against the teeming earth, and called—
 Kneeling, her bosom all bedewed with tears—
 On Pluto and the cruel Proserpine,
 To put her son to death. From Erebus
 The pitiless Erinnyes, wandering 710
 In darkness, heard the prayer. Then straightway
 rose

A sound of fearful tumult at the gates :
 The towers were battered, and the elder chiefs
 Of the Ætolians hastened to entreat
 The aid of Meleager, and they sent 715
 Priests of the gods, a chosen band, to pray
 That he would come to their defence. Large gifts
 They promised. Where the soil of Calydon
 Was best, they bade him choose a fruitful field
 Of fifty acres, half for vines, and half, 720
 Cleared of the trees, for tillage. Earnestly
 Did aged Ceneus, famed for horsemanship,
 Beseech him ; to the chamber of his son,
 High-roofed, he climbed, and at the threshold shook

The massive doors with knocking as he sued. 755
His sisters and his reverend mother joined
Their supplications : he resisted still.
And much his friends, the dearest and most prized,
Besought him, but they vainly strove to swerve
His steadfast mind, till his own chamber felt 730
The assault, and the Curetes climbed the walls
To fire the populous city. Then the nymph,
His graceful wife, entreated him with tears,
And spake of all the horrors which o'ertake
A captured city, — all the men cut off 735
By massacre, the houses given to flames,
The children and deep-bosomed women dragged
Into captivity. Her sorrowful words
He heard ; his spirit was disturbed ; he went
To gird his glittering armor on, and thus
He saved the Ætolians from a fearful doom,
Obeying his own impulse. The reward
Of rare and costly gifts they gave him not,
Though thus he rescued them. Be not thy thought
Like his, my friend ; let no invisible power 745
Persuade thee thus to act. Far worse it were
To wait, and when our fleet is all on fire
Offer thy aid. Accept the gifts at once :
Then will the Greeks, as if thou wert a god,
Hold thee in honor. If without the gifts 750
Thou enter later on the field of fight,
Thou wilt not have like honor with the host,
Although thou turn the assault of battle back."

Then did Achilles, swift of foot, reply : —
 “ O ancient Phœnix, father, loved of Jove,
 Such honor need I not ; for the decree
 Of Jove, I deem, already honors me,
 And will detain me by my beakèd ships
 While breath is in my lungs, and I have power
 To move these knees. Yet one thing I would say, —
 And bear it thou in mind, — vex not my soul 761
 With weeping and lamenting for the sake
 Of Agamemnon ; it becomes thee not —
 Thou who art loved by me — to yield thy love
 To him, unless thou wouldst incur my hate. 765
 And thou shouldst be the enemy of him
 Who wrongs me. Reign thou equally with me,
 And share my honors. These will carry back
 My answer. Thou remain, and, softly couched,
 Sleep here : with early morn will we consult 770
 Whether to leave this region or remain.”

He spake, and, nodding to Patroclus, gave
 A signal to prepare an ample couch
 For Phœnix, while the other chiefs prepared
 To leave the tent. Then Ajax Telamon, 775
 The godlike chief, addressed his comrades thus : —

“ Son of Laertes, nobly born, and skilled
 In sage devices, let us now depart,
 Since, as it seems, the end for which we came
 Cannot be compassed thus, and we must bear 780
 With speed the unwelcome answer to the Greeks,
 Who sit expecting us ; while in his breast

The implacable Achilles bears a fierce
 And haughty heart, nor doth he heed the claim
 Of that close friendship of his fellow-chiefs, 795
 Which at the Grecian fleet exalted him
 Above all others. Unrelenting one !
 Even for a brother's death a price is paid,
 Or when a son is slain : the slayer dwells
 At home among his people, having made 799
 The appointed expiation. He to whom
 The fine is offered takes it, and his thirst
 Of vengeance is appeased. But in thy heart
 The gods have kindled an unquenchable rage,
 All for a single damsel, — and behold, 795
 Seven more we offer, passing beautiful,
 With many gifts beside. Let, then, thy mood
 Be softened : have respect to thine own roof ;
 For we are guests beneath it, sent from all
 The assembled host, and strong is our desire 800
 To be thy dearest and most cherished friends
 Of all the Achaians, many as they are."

Achilles the swift-footed answered thus : —
 " Illustrious Ajax, son of Telamon,
 Prince of the people ! all that thou hast said, 805
 I well perceive, is prompted by thy heart.
 Mine swells with indignation when I think
 How King Atrides mid the assembled Greeks
 Heaped insults on me, as if I had been
 A wretched vagabond. But go ye now 810
 And bear my message. I shall never think

Of bloody war till noble Hector, son
 Of Priam, slaughtering in his way the Greeks,
 Shall reach the galleys of the Myrmidons,
 To lay the fleet in flames. But when he comes 815
 To my own tent and galley, he, I think,
 Though eager for the combat, will desist."

He spake. Each raised a double cup and poured
 Libations to the gods ; they then returned
 Beside the fleet. Ulysses led the way. 820

Patroclus bade the attendant men and maids
 Strew with all speed a soft and ample bed
 For Phœnix. They obeyed, and spread the couch
 With skins of sheep, dyed coverlets, and sheets
 Of lawn ; and there the old man lay to wait 825
 The glorious morn. Meantime Achilles slept
 Within the tent's recess, and by him lay
 Phorbas's daughter, whom he carried off
 From Lesbos, — Diomedè, rosy-cheeked.
 Upon the other side Patroclus lay, 830
 With slender-waisted Iphis by his side,
 Given by the great Achilles when he took
 Scyros the tall, where Enyëus ruled.

Now when the ambassadors were come within
 The tent of Agamemnon, all the chiefs 835
 Rose, one by one, and, lifting up to them
 Their golden goblets, asked the news they brought
 And first Atrides, king of men, inquired : —

“ Renowned Ulysses, glory of the Greeks !
 Tell me, will he protect our fleet from flames, 840

Or does he, in his wrath and pride, refuse?"

Then spake the hardy chief Ulysses thus : —
 " Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king
 Of men ! he will not let his wrath abate,
 But rages yet more fiercely, and contemns 845
 Thee and thy gifts. He leaves thee to consult
 With thine Achaians by what means to save
 The fleet and army ; for himself he means
 To-morrow, with the early dawn, to launch
 His well-appointed galleys on the sea, 850
 And will advise the other Greeks to spread
 The sails for home, since they will never see
 The overthrow of lofty Troy, for Jove
 The Thunderer stretches his protecting hand
 Above her, and her sons have taken heart. 855
 Such are his words ; and those who went with me
 Are present, — Ajax and the heralds both,
 Sage men, — the witnesses to what I say.
 The aged Phoenix stays behind to sleep,
 And on the morrow to attend his chief 860
 To their beloved country, — if he will,
 For else by no means will he take him hence."

He spake ; and all were silent, all amazed
 At what they heard, for these were bitter words.
 Long sat the sons of Greece in silent thought, 865
 Till Diomed, the great in battle, spake : —

" Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king
 Of men ! I would thou hadst not deigned to ask
 The illustrious son of Peleus for his aid,

With offer of large gifts ; for arrogant 870
 He is at all times : thou hast made him now
 More insolent. Now leave him to himself,
 To go or to remain : he yet will fight
 When his mood changes, or some god within
 Shall move him. Let us do what I advise : — 875
 Betake we all ourselves to rest, but first
 Refresh ourselves with food and wine ; in them
 Is strength and spirit. When the rosy morn
 Shall shine, command thou that the foot and horse
 Be speedily drawn up before the fleet, 880
 And thou encourage them with cheerful words,
 And fight among them in the foremost rank.”
 He spake. The kings assented, and admired
 The words of the horse-tamer Diomed ;
 And, pouring out libations, to their tents 885
 They all departed, and lay down to rest,
 And took into their souls the balm of sleep.

BOOK X.

ALL the night long the captains of the Greeks
 Slept at the ships, and pleasant was their
 sleep, —
 Save only Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 The shepherd of the people. Not to him —
 Vexed with a thousand cares — came gentle sleep.

As when the husband of the light-haired queen 6
Of heaven sends forth his thunders, ushering in
Some wide-involving shower, — rain, hail, or snow
Whitening the fields, — or opening o'er some land
The ravenous jaws of unrelenting war, — 10
So frequent were the groans which from his heart
Atrides uttered ; for within his breast
His heart was troubled. Looking toward the plain
Of Troy, he wondered at the many fires
Blazing before the city, and the sound 15
Of flutes and fifes, and tumult of the crowd.
But when he turned him toward the fleet and host
Of Greece, he tore his hair, and flung it up
To Jove, and vented his great heart in groans.
And now at length it seemed to him most wise 20
To seek Neleian Nestor, and with him
Devise some plan by which to turn aside
The threatened evil from the Greeks. He rose,
And drew his tunic o'er his breast, and laced
The graceful sandals to his well-shaped feet ; 25
And o'er his shoulders threw the blood-stained hide
Of a huge tawny lion, that reached down
Even to the ground ; and took in hand his spear.
Meantime with like uneasy thoughts oppressed
Was Menelaus, to whose eyes there came 30
No slumber, — dreading lest calamity
Should light upon the Greeks, who for his sake
Had crossed the sea to carry war to Troy.
And first he threw a leopard's spotted hide

O'er his broad back, and placed the brazen helm 35
 Upon his head, and took in his strong grasp
 A spear, and went to bid his brother wake, —
 His brother, the chief ruler over all
 The men of Greece, and honored like a god.
 He found him at his galley's prow in act 40
 To sheath his shoulders in the shining mail,
 And pleased to greet his coming. To the king
 Thus Menelaus, great in battle, spake : —

“ Why arm thyself, my brother? Wouldst thou
 send

A warrior to explore the Trojan camp? 45
 None will accept the task, I fear, to creep
 Alone at dead of night, a spy, within
 The hostile lines ; — a bold man must he be.”

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men : —
 “ Most noble Menelaus, much we need 50
 Wise counsel — thou and I — to save our men
 And galleys from destruction, since the will
 Of Jove is changed. Now hath the God respect
 To Hector's sacrifices ; for in truth
 I never saw — I never heard of one 55
 Who in one day performed such mighty deeds
 As Hector, dear to Jove, just now hath wrought,
 Though not the son of goddess or of god.
 Those deeds will be, I deem, for many a day
 A cause of bitter sorrow to the Greeks, — 60
 Such evil hath he wrought. Now go at once,
 And from their galleys call Idomeneus

And Ajax ; while to noble Nestor's tent
 I go, and pray that he will rise and give
 Their orders to the sacred band of guards ; — 65
 For they will hearken to him, since his son
 Commands them jointly with Meriones,
 The armor-bearer of Idomeneus, —
 Both named by us to that important trust.”

Then Menelaus, great in battle, said : — 70
 “ What wilt thou, then, and what dost thou com-
 mand, —

That I remain with them until thou come,
 Or, having given the message, seek thee here ? ”

Again the monarch Agamemnon spake : —
 “ Wait there, lest as we go I meet thee not, 75
 For many ways are through the camp. But thou,
 In going, shout aloud and bid them all
 Be vigilant, accosting every one
 By his paternal name, and giving each
 Due honor : bear thyself not haughtily : 80
 We too must labor ; for when we were born
 Jove laid this hard condition on us all.”

So spake he, and, dismissing with that charge
 His brother, hastened to where Nestor lay,
 The shepherd of his people. Him he found 85
 On his soft couch within his tent beside
 His dark-brown ship. Around him scattered shone
 His arms, — a shield, two spears, a gleaming helm,
 And pliant belt, with which the ancient man
 Girded himself when arming to lead on 90

His men to murderous fight ; — for not to age
 The warrior yielded yet. He raised his head,
 And, leaning on his elbow, questioned thus
 Atrides : “ Who art thou that traversest
 The camp beside the fleet at dead of night, 95
 Alone, while others sleep? Com’st thou to find
 One of the guardsmen, or a comrade? Speak ;
 Come not in silence thus : what wouldst thou have? ”

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men : —
 “ O Nestor, son of Neleus, whom the Greeks 100
 All glory in ! thou certainly wilt know
 Atrides Agamemnon, whom the will
 Of Jove hath visited with hardships great
 Beyond what others bear, to last while breath
 Is in my lungs, and while my knees can move. 105
 I wander thus abroad because sweet sleep
 Comes not to close my eyelids, and the war
 And slaughter of the Greeks distress me sore.
 For them I greatly fear, my heart is faint,
 My mind confounded. In my breast the heart 110
 Pants, and my limbs all tremble. If thou wilt, —
 For, as I see, thou also dost not sleep, —
 Come with me to the guards, that we may know
 Whether, o’ercome by toil and weariness,
 They give themselves to slumber and forget 115
 Their watch. The foe is near us in his camp,
 And how know we that even now by night
 He plans not, to attack us in our tents? ”

Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —

"Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king 120
 Of men, almighty Jove will not perform
 For Hector all that Hector plans and hopes ;
 And heavier cares, I think, will yet be his
 When once Achilles' wrath is turned away.
 Yet willingly I join thee. Let us call 125
 The other chiefs, — Ulysses, Diomed,
 Both mighty spearmen ; Ajax, swift of foot ;
 And the brave son of Phyleus. It were well
 To send and bid the mightier Ajax come,
 And King Idomeneus, for farthest off 130
 The ships of both are stationed. I shall chide
 Thy brother Menelaus — though he be
 Honored and dear, and though it please thee not —
 For sleeping, while he leaves such toils as these
 To thee alone. He should be here among 135
 The chiefs, exhorting them to valiant deeds ;
 For now the hour of bitter need is come."

Again spake Agamemnon, king of men : —
 "At other times, old chief, I would have begged
 That thou shouldst blame him : he is oft remiss, 140
 And late to act ; but not because of sloth,
 Or want of spirit, — but he looks to me
 And waits for my example. Yet to-night
 He rose before me, sought me, and is sent
 To call the chiefs whom thou hast named ; and now
 Let us go on, and meet them where they wait, 145
 Among the guards and just before the gates, —
 For I appointed that the trysting-place."

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied :—
 “ Then let no Greek condemn him, or refuse 150
 To heed and to obey when he shall speak.”

He spake, and drew his tunic o'er his breast,
 Laced the fair sandals to his shapely feet,
 And round him fastened, with a clasp, his cloak, —
 A double web of purple, with full folds 155
 And flowing pile. He grasped a massive spear,
 Its blade of trenchant brass. And first he sought
 The galleys of the Achaians brazen-mailed.
 There shouted Nestor the Gerenian knight,
 To raise Ulysses, best of counsellors, 160
 Jove-like in wisdom ; who perceived the voice,
 And issued from his tent in haste, and said : —

“ What brings you forth to walk the camp at night,
 Beside the ships alone ; what urgent cause ? ”

Then answered Nestor, the Gerenian knight : — 165
 “ Son of Laertes, nobly born, and skilled
 In wise devices, be thou not displeased :
 A fearful woe impends above the Greeks :
 Come, then, and call the other chiefs, to give
 Their counsel whether we shall flee or fight.” 170

He spake ; and wise Ulysses, entering
 His tent again, upon his shoulders laid
 His well-wrought shield, and joined them as they
 went,

Till, coming to Tydides Diomed,
 They found him by his tent among his arms, 175
 His comrades sleeping round him with their shields

Beneath their heads. Their spears were set upright,
 The nether points in earth. The polished brass
 Gleamed like the lightnings of All-Father Jove.

In sleep the hero lay ; a wild bull's hide 180
 Was spread beneath him, and a carpet dyed
 With glowing colors propped his head. The knight,
 Gerenian Nestor, touched him with his foot
 And roused him, and addressed him chidingly :—

“ O son of Tydeus ! wilt thou calmly sleep 185
 All the night long ? And hast thou, then, not heard
 That on a height amidst the plain the sons
 Of Troy are stationed, near the ships, and small
 The space that parts the enemy's camp from ours ? ”

He spake. The son of Tydeus sprang from sleep
 At once, and answered him with winged words :—

“ Thy labors are too constant, aged man ; 190
 Thou shrinkest from no hardship. Are there not
 Young men among the Greeks to walk the camp
 And call the kings ? Thou never takest rest.” 195

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied :—
 “ Well hast thou said, my friend, for I have sons
 Without reproach, and I have many troops ;
 And any one of these might walk the camp
 And give the summons. But to night there lies 200
 A hard necessity upon the Greeks,
 And their destruction and their rescue hang
 Balanced on a knife's edge. Come then, since thou
 Art younger, call swift Ajax and the son
 Of Phyleus, if thou wouldst relieve my age.” 205

He spake ; and Diomed around him flung
 A tawny lion's ample hide, that reached
 Down to his feet, and took his spear and went
 And summoned the two kings, and brought them
 forth.

Now when they came among the assembled guard,
 Its leaders were not slumbering ; every man ²¹¹
 Sat watchful and in arms. As dogs that guard
 Flocks in a sheepfold hear some savage beast
 That comes through thickets down the mountain-
 side ;

Loud is the clamor of the dogs and men, ²¹⁵
 And sleep is frightened thence, — so gentle sleep
 Fled from the eyes of those who watched, that night,
 Sadly, with eyes turned ever toward the plain,
 Intently listening for the foe's approach.

The aged Nestor saw them, and rejoiced, ²²⁰
 And thus encouraged them with wingèd words : —
 “ Watch thus, dear youths, let no one yield to sleep,
 Lest we become the mockery of the foe.”

He spake, and crossed the trench ; and with him
 went

The Grecian leaders, they who had been called ²²⁵
 To council. With them went Meriones
 And Nestor's eminent son, for they had both
 Been summoned. Crossing to the other side
 Of that deep trench, they found an open space
 Clear of the dead, in which they sat them down, —
 Just where the fiery Hector, having slain ²³¹

Many Achaians, turned him back when night
 Came o'er him. There they sat to hold debate ;
 And thus spake Nestor the Gerenian knight : —

“ Friends ! is there none among you who so far 235
 Trusts his own valor that he will to-night
 Venture among the Trojans ? He perchance
 Might capture on the borders of the camp
 Some foeman wandering, or might bring report
 Of what they meditate, and whether still 240
 They mean to keep their station far from Troy
 And near our ships, or, since their late success,
 Return to Ilium. Could he safely bring
 This knowledge back to us, his meed were great, —
 Glory among all men beneath the sky, 245
 And liberal recompense. As many chiefs
 As now command our galleys, each would give
 A black ewe with a suckling lamb, — such gifts
 No one hath yet received, — and he should sit
 A guest at all our banquets and our feasts.” 250

He spake ; and all were silent for a space.
 Then Diomed, the great in battle, said : —

“ Nestor, my resolute spirit urges me
 To explore the Trojan camp, that lies so near ;
 Yet, were another warrior by my side, 255
 I should go forth with a far surer hope,
 And greater were my daring. For when two
 Join in the same adventure, one perceives
 Before the other how they ought to act ;
 While one alone, however prompt, resolves 260

More tardily and with a weaker will."

He spake ; and many a chief made suit to share
The risk with Diomed. The ministers
Of Mars, the chieftains Ajax, asked to go ;

Meriones desired it ; Nestor's son 265

Greatly desired to join the enterprise ;

Atrides Menelaus, skilled to wield

The spear, desired it ; and that hardy chief,

Ulysses, longed to explore the Trojan camp, 270

For full of daring aims was the great soul

Within his bosom. Agamemnon then,

The king of men, took up the word and said : —

“ Tydides Diomed, most dear of men,

Choose from the many chiefs, who ask to bear

A part with thee, the bravest. Be not moved 275

By deference to take the worse and leave

The abler warrior. Pay no heed to rank,

Or race, or wide extent of kingly rule.”

Thus spake the king ; for in his heart he feared

For fair-haired Menelaus. Diomed, 280

The great in battle, then addressed them all : —

“ Ye bid me choose : how, then, can I o'erlook

Godlike Ulysses, prudent in resolve,

And firm in every danger, well beloved

By Pallas. Give me him, and our return 285

Is sure, though from consuming flames ; for he

Is wise to plan beyond all other men.”

Ulysses, nobly born and hardy, spake

In turn : “ Tydides, praise me not too much,

Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the Greeks, 290
 Who know me. Meantime let us haste to go,
 For the night wears away, and morn is near.
 The stars are high, two thirds of night are past, —
 The greater part, — and scarce a third remains.³

He spake ; and both arrayed themselves for fight.
 The mighty warrior Thrasymedes gave 295
 The two-edged sword he wore to Diomed, —
 Whose own was at the galleys, — and a shield.
 The hero then put on his helmet, made
 Of tough bull-hide, with neither cone nor crest, —
 Such as is worn by beardless youths. A bow, 300
 Quiver, and sword Meriones bestowed
 Upon Ulysses, placing on his brows
 A leathern helmet, firmly laced within
 By many a thong, and on the outer side 305
 Set thickly with a tusky boar's white teeth,
 Which fenced it well and skilfully. A web
 Of woollen for the temples lined the work.
 This helm Autolycus once bore away
 From Eleon, the city where he sacked 310
 The stately palace of Amyntor, son
 Of Ormenus. The captor gave the prize
 To the Cytheran chief, Amphidamas,
 Who bore it to Scandeia, and in turn
 Bestowed it upon Molus as his guest, 3
 And Molus gave it to Meriones,
 His son, to wear in battle. Now at last
 It crowned Ulysses' temples. When the twain

Were all accoutred in their dreadful arms,
 Forward they went, and left the assembled chiefs,
 While, sent by Pallas forth, upon their right 321
 A heron flew beside their path. The bird
 They saw not, for the night was dark, but heard
 Its rustling wings. Ulysses at the sound
 Rejoiced, and supplicated Pallas thus :— 325

“ Hear ! daughter of the Ægis-bearer Jove !
 Thou who art near me in all dangers, thou
 Whose eye is on me wheresoe'er I go,
 Befriend me, Pallas, yet again, and grant
 That, laden with great glory, we return 330
 Safe to the galleys, mighty deeds performed,
 And woe inflicted on the Trojan race.”

Next Diomed, the great in battle, prayed :—
 “ Daughter invincible of Jove, give ear
 Also to me. Be with me now, as once 335
 Thou didst attend on Tydeus nobly born,
 My father, when he bore an embassy
 To Thebè from the Achaians. He beside
 The Asopus left the Achaians mailed in brass,
 And bore a friendly message to the sons 340
 Of Cadmus, and on his return performed
 Full many a mighty deed with aid from thee,
 Great goddess ! for thou stoodest by his side.
 Stand now by me ; be thou my shield and guard ;
 And I, in turn, will offer up to thee 345
 A yearling heifer, broad between the horns,
 Which never ploughman yet hath tamed to bear

The yoke. Her to thine altar will I bring,
With gilded horns, to be a sacrifice."

So prayed they. Pallas listened to their prayers;
And, having supplicated thus the child 351
Of Jove Almighty, the two chiefs went on
Like lions through the darkness of the night,
Through slaughter, heaps of corpses, and black blood.

Nor now had Hector suffered the brave sons 355
Of Troy to sleep, but summoned all the chiefs,
Leaders, and princes of the host, and thus
Addressed the assembly with well-ordered words:—

“Who of you all will promise to perform
The task I set him, for a large reward? 359
For ample shall his meed be. I will give
A chariot and two steeds with lofty necks,
Swifter than the swift galleys of the Greeks.
Great glory will be his whoever dares
Approach those ships and bring the knowledge
thence 365

Whether the fleet is guarded as before,
Or whether, yielding to our arms, the foe
Is meditating flight, and, through the night
O'ercome with weariness, keeps watch no more.”

He spake; and all were silent for a space. 369
Now there was one, among the Trojan chiefs,
Whose father was Eumedes, of the train
Of reverend heralds. Dolon was his name.
And he was rich in gold and brass, deformed
In face but swift of foot, an only son 375

Among five sisters. He stood forth among
The Trojans, and replied to Hector thus : —

“ My daring spirit, Hector, urges me
To visit the swift ships and learn the state
Of the Greek host. But hold thy sceptre forth, ³⁸⁰
And solemnly attest the gods that thou
Wilt give to me the horses, and the car
Engrailed with brass, which bear the illustrious son
Of Peleus. I shall not explore in vain,
Nor balk thy hope of me ; for I will pass ³⁸⁵
Into the camp until I reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where the chiefs are now
Debating whether they shall fly or fight.”

He spake ; and Hector held the sceptre forth,
And swore : “ Be Jupiter the Thunderer, ³⁹⁰
Husband of Juno, witness, that those steeds
Shall bear no other Trojan than thyself.
That honor I confirm to thee alone.”

He spake. It was an idle oath, yet gave
New courage to the spy, who instantly ³⁹⁵
Upon his shoulders hung his crooked bow,
And round him flung a gray wolf's hide, and placed
A casque of otter-skin upon his head,
And took his pointed javelin, and made haste
To reach the Grecian fleet. Yet was he doomed ⁴⁰⁰
Never to leave that fleet again, nor bring
Tidings to Hector. Soon was he beyond
The crowd of men and steeds, and eagerly
Held on his way. Ulysses first perceived

His coming, and thus spake to Diomed :— 407

“Some one, Tydides, from the enemy’s camp
Is coming, either as a spy, or else
To spoil the dead. First let us suffer him
To pass us by a little on the plain,
Then let us rush and seize him. Should his speed
Be greater than our own, let us attack 411
The fugitive with spears, and drive him on
To where our ships are lying, from his camp,
Lest, flying townward, he escape our hands.”

He spake ; and both lay down without the path,
Among the dead, while he unwarily 416

Passed by them. When he now had gone as far
As two yoked mules might at the furrow’s end
Precede a pair of oxen, — for by mules 419

The plough is drawn more quickly through the soil
Of the deep fallow, — then they rose, and rushed
To seize him. As he heard their steps he stopped,
In hope that his companions had been sent
From Troy by Hector to conduct him back.

But when they came within a javelin’s cast, 425
Or haply less, he saw that they were foes,

And moved his nimble knees, and turned to flee,
While rapidly they followed. As two hounds,
Sharp-toothed, and trained to track their prey, pursue
Through forest-grounds some fawn or hare that runs
Before them panting, so did Diomed 431

And terrible Ulysses without stop
Follow the fugitive, to cut him off

From his own people. In his flight he came 434
 Where soon he would have mingled with the guards,
 Close to the fleet. Then Pallas breathed new strength
 Into Tydides, that no other Greek
 Might boast that he had wounded Dolon first,
 And steal the honor. Therefore, with his spear
 Uplifted, Diomed rushed on and spake : — 440

“ Stop, or my spear o’ertakes thee, nor wilt thou
 Escape a certain death from this right hand.”

He spake, and hurled his spear — but not to
 smite —

At Dolon, over whose right shoulder passed
 The polished weapon, and, descending, pierced 445
 The ground. Then Dolon, pale and fear-struck,
 stopped,
 And quaked, with chattering teeth and stammering
 speech.

They, breathless with the chase, came up and seized
 His hands, while, bursting into tears, he spake : —

“ Take me alive, and ye shall have from me 450
 A ransom : there is store of brass and gold
 And well-wrought steel, of which a princely share
 My father will bestow when he shall hear
 Of me alive and at the Grecian fleet.”

The crafty chief Ulysses answered thus : — 455
 “ Take heart, and cease to think of death, but tell,
 And truly, why thou camest to our fleet :
 Was it to strip the bodies of the dead ?
 Camest thou, sent by Hector, as a spy

Among our ships, or of thine own accord?" 460

And Dolon answered, trembling still with fear:—
 "Hector, against my will and to my hurt,
 Persuaded me. He promised to bestow
 On me the firm-paced coursers, and the car
 Engrailed with brass, which bear the illustrious son
 Of Peleus, and enjoined me by the aid 465
 Of darkness to approach the foe and learn
 Whether ye guard your galleys as before,
 Or, overcome by us, consult on flight,
 And, wearied with the hardships of the day, 470
 Have failed to set the accustomed nightly watch."

The man of craft, Ulysses, smiled, and said:—
 "Truly, thy hope was set on princely gifts, —
 The steeds of war-renowned Æacides,
 Hard to be reined by mortal hands, or driven 475
 By any, save by Peleus' son himself,
 Whom an immortal mother bore. But come,
 Tell me, — and tell the truth, — where hast thou left
 Hector, the leader of the host, and where
 Are laid his warlike arms; where stand his steeds;
 Where are the sentinels, and where the tents 480
 Of other chiefs? On what do they consult?
 Will they remain beside our galleys here,
 Or do they meditate, since, as they say,
 The Greeks are beaten, a return to Troy?" 485

Dolon, Eumedes' son, made answer thus:—
 "What thou requirest I will truly tell.
 Hector is with his counsellors, and now,

Apart from all the bustle, at the tomb
 Of Ilus the divine, he plans the war. 490
 Sentries, of whom thou speakest, there are none ;
 No chosen band, O hero ! has in charge
 To guard the camp. By all their blazing fires,
 Constrained by need, the Trojans keep awake,
 And each exhorts his fellow to maintain 495
 The watch : not so the auxiliar troops who came
 From far : they sleep, and since they have no wives
 Nor children near, they let the Trojans watch."

Then thus the man of wiles, Ulysses, spake : —
 "How sleep they, — mingled with the knights of
 Troy 500
 Or by themselves? Tell me, that I may know."

Dolon, Eumedes' son, made answer thus : —
 "What thou requirest I will truly tell.
 On one hand, toward the sea, the bowmen lie
 Of Caria and Pæonia, and with them 505
 Lelegans, Caucons, and the gallant tribe
 Of the Pelasgians. On the other hand,
 Toward Thymbra, are the Lycians, the proud race
 Of Mysia, Phrygia's knights, and cavalry
 Of the Mæonians. Why should ye inquire 510
 The place of each? If ye design to-night
 To penetrate into the Trojan camp,
 There are the Thracians, newly come, apart
 From all the others : with them is their king,
 Rhesus, the son of Eioneus ; his steeds 515
 Are far the largest and most beautiful

I ever saw, — the snow is not so white,
 The wind is not so swift. His chariot shines
 With gold and silver, and the coat of mail
 In which he came to Troy is all of gold, 525
 And gloriously and marvellously bright,
 Such as becomes not mortal men to wear,
 But the gods only. Now to your swift ships
 Lead me ; or bind me fast with thongs, and here
 Leave me till your return ; and ye shall know 528
 Whether the words I speak be true or false.”

Then sternly spake the gallant Diomed : —
 “ Once in our hands a prisoner, do not think,
 O Dolon ! to escape, though thou hast told
 Things that shall profit us. For if we now 530
 Release thee thou wilt surely come again
 To the Greek fleet, a spy, or openly
 To fight against us. If I take thy life,
 ’T is certain thou wilt harm the Greeks no more.”

He spake. And as the suppliant took his chin 535
 In his large hand, and had begun a prayer,
 He smote him with his sword at the mid-neck,
 And cut the tendons both : the severed head,
 While yet he spake, fell, rolling in the dust.
 And then they took his helm of otter-skin, 540
 The wolf's-hide, sounding bow, and massive spear.
 The nobly born Ulysses in his hand
 Lifted the trophies high, devoting them
 To Pallas, deity of spoil, and prayed : —

“ Delight thyself, O goddess, in these arms, 545

For thee we first invoke, of all the gods
 Upon Olympus. Guide us now to find
 The camp and coursers of the sons of Thrace."

He spake ; and, raising them aloft, he hung
 The spoils upon a tamarisk, and brake 559
 Reeds and the spreading branches of the tree
 To form a mark, that so on their return
 They might not, in the darkness, miss the spot.
 Then onward, mid strewn arms and pools of blood,
 They went, and soon were where the Thracians lay.
 There slept the warriors, overpowered with toil ; 556
 Their glittering arms were near them, fairly ranged
 In triple rows, and by each suit of arms
 Two coursers. Rhesus slumbered in the midst.
 Near him were his fleet horses, which were made
 Fast to the chariot's border by the reins. 561
 Ulysses saw them first, and, pointing, said : —

"This is the man, O Diomed, and these
 The steeds, described by Dolon whom we slew.
 Come, then ; put forth thy strength of arm, for ill
 Doth it become thee to stand idle here, 566
 Armed as thou art. Loose thou the steeds ; or else
 Slay thou the men, and leave the steeds to me."

He spake. The blue-eyed Pallas straightway gave
 Strength to Tydides, who on every side 570
 Dealt slaughter. From the smitten by the sword
 Rose fearful groans ; the ground was red with blood.
 As when a ravening lion suddenly
 Springs on a helpless flock of goats or sheep,

So fell Tydides on the Thracian band, 575
 Till twelve were slain. Whomever Diomed
 Approached and smote, the sage Ulysses seized,
 And drew him backward by the feet, that thus
 The flowing-manèd coursers might pass forth
 Unhindered, nor, by treading on the dead, 580
 Be startled ; for they yet were new to war.
 Now when the son of Tydeus reached the king, —
 The thirteenth of his victims, — him he slew
 As he breathed heavily ; for on that night
 A fearful dream, in shape (Enides' son, 585
 Stood o'er him, sent by Pallas. Carefully
 Ulysses meantime loosed the firm-paced steeds,
 And, fastening them together, drave them forth,
 Urging them with his bow : he had not thought
 To take the showy lash that lay in sight 590
 On the fair chariot-seat. In going thence
 He whistled, as a sign to Diomed,
 Who lingered, pondering on his next exploit, —
 Whether to seize the chariot where was laid
 The embroidered armor, dragging it away ; 595
 Or, lifting it aloft, to bear it thence ;
 Or take more Thracian lives. As thus his thoughts
 Were busy, Pallas, standing near him, spake : —
 “ O son of large-souled Tydeus, think betimes
 Of thy return to where the galleys lie ; 600
 Else may some god arouse the sons of Troy,
 And thou be forced to reach the ships by flight.”
 She spake. He knew the goddess by her voice,

And leaped upon a steed. Ulysses lashed
 The horses with his bow, and on they flew 605
 Toward the swift galleys of the Grecian host.

Apollo, bearer of the silver bow,
 Kept no vain watch, and, angry when he saw
 Minerva at the side of Diomed,
 Down to the mighty host of Troy he came, 610
 And roused from sleep a Thracian counsellor, —
 Hippocoön, a kinsman of the house
 Of Rhesus. Leaping from his couch, he saw
 The vacant spot where the swift steeds had stood,
 And, weltering in their blood, the dying chiefs. 615
 He saw, and wept aloud, and called by name
 His dear companion. Then a clamor rose,
 And boundless tumult, as the Trojans came
 All rushing to the spot, and marvelling
 At what the daring warriors, who were now 620
 Returning to the hollow ships, had done.

And when these warriors now had reached the spot
 Where Hector's spy was slain, Ulysses, dear
 To Jupiter, reined in the fiery steeds,
 And Diomed leaped down and took the spoil 625
 Blood-stained, and gave it to Ulysses' hands,
 And mounted. Then again they urged the steeds,
 Which, not unwilling, flew along the way.
 First Nestor heard the approaching sound, and
 said : —

“Friends, chiefs and princes of the Greeks, my
 heart — 630

Truly or falsely — urges me to speak.
 The trampling of swift steeds is in my ears.
 O that Ulysses and the gallant son
 Of Tydeus might be bringing at this hour
 Firm-footed coursers from the enemy's camp ! 635
 Yet must I fear that these, our bravest chiefs,
 Have met disaster from the Trojan crew."

While he was speaking yet, the warriors came.
 They sprang to earth ; their friends, rejoicing, flocked
 Around them, greeting them with grasp of hands 640
 And with glad words, while the Gerenian knight,
 Nestor, inquired : " Declare, illustrious chief,
 Glory of Greece, Ulysses, how ye took
 These horses : from the foe ; — or did some god
 Bestow them ? They are glorious as the sun. 645
 Oft am I midst the Trojans, for, though old,
 I lag not idly at the ships ; yet ne'er
 Have my eyes looked on coursers like to these.
 Some god, no doubt, has given them, for to Jove,
 The God of storms, and Pallas, blue-eyed child 650
 Of ægis-bearing Jove, ye both are dear."

Then sage Ulysses answered : " Pride of Greece !
 Neleian Nestor, truly might a god
 Have given us nobler steeds than even these.
 All power is with the gods. But these of which 655
 Thou askest, aged man, are brought from Thrace,
 And newly come. Brave Diomed hath slain
 Their lord, and twelve companions by his side, —
 All princes. Yet another victim fell, —

A spy whom, near our ships, we put to death, — 660
 A man whom Hector and his brother chiefs
 Sent forth by midnight to explore our camp.”

He spake, and gayly caused the firm-paced steeds
 To pass the trench ; the other Greeks, well pleased,
 Went with him. When they reached the stately tent
 Of Diomed, they led the coursers on 666

To stalls where Diomed's fleet horses stood
 Champing the wholesome corn, and bound them there
 With halters neatly shaped. Ulysses placed
 Upon his galley's stern the bloody spoil 670
 Of Dolon, to be made an offering

To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,
 They washed from knees and neck and thighs the
 grime

Of sweat ; and when in the salt wave their limbs
 Were cleansed, and all the frame refreshed, they
 stepped 675

Into the polished basins of the bath,
 And, having bathed and rubbed with fragrant oil
 Their limbs, they sat them down to a repast,
 And from a brimming jar beside them drew,
 And poured to Pallas first, the pleasant wine. 680

BOOK XI.

NOW did the Morning from her couch beside
 Renowned Tithonus rise, that she might bring
 The light to gods and men, when Jupiter
 To the swift galleys of the Grecian host
 Sent baleful Strife, who bore in hand aloft 5
 War's ensigns. On the huge black ship that brought
 Ulysses, in the centre of the fleet,
 She stood, where she might shout to either side, —
 To Telamonian Ajax in his tents
 And to Achilles, who had ranged their ships 10
 At each extreme of the Achaian camp,
 Relying on their valor and strong arms.
 Loud was the voice, and terrible, in which
 She shouted from her station to the Greeks,
 And into every heart it carried strength 15
 And the resolve to combat manfully
 And never yield. The battle now to them
 Seemed more to be desired than the return
 To their dear country in their roomy ships.
 Atrides called aloud, exhorting them 20
 To gird themselves for battle. Then he clad
 Himself in glittering brass. First to his thighs
 He bound the beautiful greaves with silver clasps,
 Then fitted to his chest the breastplate given
 By Cinyras, a pledge of kind intent ; — 25
 For, when he heard in Cyprus that the Greeks

Were bound for Ilium in their ships, he sent
This gift, a homage to the king of men ; —
Ten were its bars of tawny bronze, and twelve
Were gold, and twenty tin ; and on each side 30
Were three bronze serpents stretching toward the
neck,

Curved like the colored bow which Saturn's son
Sets in the clouds, a sign to men. He hung
His sword, all glittering with its golden studs,
About his shoulders. In a silver sheath 35
It nestled, which was slung on golden rings.
And then he took his shield, a mighty orb,
And nobly wrought and strong and beautiful,
Bound with ten brazen circles. On its disk
Were twenty bosses of white tin, and one 40
Of tawny bronze just in the midst, where glared
A Gorgon's-head with angry eyes, round which
Were sculptured Fear and Flight. Along its band
Of silver twined a serpent wrought in bronze,
With three heads springing from one neck and
formed 45

Into an orb. Upon his head he placed
A helmet rough with studs on every side,
And with four bosses, and a horse-hair plume
That nodded fearfully on high. He took
In hand two massive spears, brass-tipped and sharp,
That shone afar and sent their light to heaven, 51
Where Juno and Minerva made a sound
Like thunder in mid-sky, as honoring

The sovereign of Mycenæ rich in gold.

Each chief gave orders to his charioteer 53
 To stay his horses firmly by the trench,
 While they rushed forth in arms. At once arose,
 Ere yet the sun was up, a mighty din.
 They marshalled by the trench the men on foot ;
 The horse came after, with short space between. 60
 The son of Saturn sent among their ranks
 Confusion, and dropped down upon the host
 Dews tinged with blood, in sign that he that day
 Would send to Hades many a valiant chief.

The Trojans, on their side, in the mid-plain 65
 Drew up their squadrons on a hill, around
 The mighty Hector, and Polydamas
 The blameless, and Æneas, who among
 The sons of Troy was honored like a god,
 And three sons of Antenor, who were named 72
 Agenor and the noble Polybus
 And the young Acamas of godlike bloom,
 There Hector in the van uplifted bore
 His broad round shield. As some portentous star
 Breaks from the clouds and shines, and then again
 Enters their shadow, Hector thus appeared 76
 Among the foremost, issuing his commands,
 Then sought the hindmost. All in brass, he shone
 Like lightnings of the Ægis-bearer, Jove.

As when two lines of reapers, face to face, 80
 In some rich landlord's field of barley or wheat
 Move on, and fast the severed handfuls fall,

So, springing on each other, they of Troy
 And they of Argos smote each other down,
 And neither thought of ignominious flight. 85
 They met each other man to man ; they rushed
 Like wolves to combat. Cruel Strife looked on
 Rejoicing ; she alone of all the gods
 Was present in the battle ; all the rest,
 Far off, sat quiet in their palaces, 90
 The glorious mansions built for them along
 The summits of Olympus. Yet they all
 Blamed Saturn's son that he should honor thus
 The Trojans. The All-Father heeded not
 Their murmurings, but, seated by himself 95
 Apart, exulting in his sovereignty,
 Looked on the city of Troy, the ships of Greece,
 The gleam of arms, the slayers, and the slain.

While yet 't was morn, and still the holy light
 Of day was brightening, fast the weapons smote 100
 On either side, and fast the people fell ;
 But at the hour when on the mountain-slope
 The wood-cutter makes ready his repast,
 Weary with felling lofty trees, and glad
 To rest, and eager for the grateful meal, 105
 The Greeks, encouraging each other, charged
 And broke the serried phalanxes of Troy.
 First Agamemnon, springing forward, slew
 The shepherd of his people and their chief,
 Bienor, and his trusty comrade next, — 110
 The charioteer Oileus, who had leaped

Down from his chariot to confront the king.
 Him Agamemnon with his trenchant spear
 Smote in the forehead as he came. The helm
 Of massive brass was vain to stay the blow : 115
 The weapon pierced it and the bone, and stained
 The brain with blood ; it felled him rushing on.
 The monarch stripped the slain, and, leaving them
 With their white bosoms bare, went on to slay
 Isus and Antiphus, King Priam's sons, — 120
 One born in wedlock, one of baser birth, —
 Both in one chariot. Isus held the reins
 While Antiphus, the high-born brother, fought.
 These had Achilles once on Ida's height
 Made prisoners, as they fed their flocks ; he bound
 Their limbs with osier bands, but gave them up 126
 For ransom to the Trojans. Now the king
 Of men, Atrides Agamemnon, pierced
 Isus above the nipple with his spear,
 And with his falchion smiting Antiphus 130
 Beside the ear, he hurled him from his car.
 Then hastening up, and stripping from the dead
 Their shining mail, he knew them ; he had seen
 Both at the ships to which the fleet of foot,
 Achilles, brought them bound from Ida's side. 135
 As when a lion comes upon the haunt
 Of a swift hind, to make an easy prey
 Of her young fawns, and, with his powerful teeth
 Seizing them, takes their tender lives ; while she,
 Though nigh, can bring no aid but yields herself 140

To mortal fear, and, to escape his rage,
 Flies swiftly through the wood of close-grown oaks,
 With sweaty sides, — thus none of all the host
 Of Trojans could avert from Priam's sons
 Their fate, but fled in terror from the Greeks. 145

Next on Pisander and Hippolochus
 Atrides rushed, — brave warriors both, and sons
 Of brave Antimachus, the chief who took
 Gold and rich gifts from Paris, and refused
 To let the Trojans render Helen back 150
 To fair-haired Menelaus. His two sons,
 Both in one car, and reining their fleet steeds,
 Atrides intercepted ; they let fall
 The embroidered reins, dismayed, as, lion-like,
 Forward he came ; and, cowering, thus they
 prayed : — 155

“ Take us alive, Atrides, and accept
 A worthy ransom, for Antimachus
 Keeps in his halls large treasures, — brass and gold,
 And well-wrought steel ; and he will send, from these,
 Large ransom, hearing we are at the fleet 160
 Alive.” So prayed they with bland words, and met
 Harsh answer : “ Since ye call Antimachus
 Your father, who in Trojan council once
 Proposed that Menelaus, whom we sent
 A legate with Ulysses the divine, 165
 Should not return to Greece, but suffer death,
 Your blood must answer for your father's guilt.”

So spake the king, and, striking with his spear

Pisander's breast, he dashed him from the car.
 Prone on the ground he lay. Hippolochus 175
 Leaped down and met the sword. Atrides lopped
 His hands and drave the weapon through his neck,
 And sent the head to roll among the crowd.
 And then he left the dead, and rushed to where
 The ranks were in disorder; with him went 175
 His well-armed Greeks; there they who fought on
 foot

Slaughtered the flying foot; the horsemen there
 Clove horsemen down; the coursers' trampling feet
 Raised the thick dust to shadow all the plain;
 While Agamemnon cheered the Achaians on, 180
 And chased and slew the foe. As when a fire
 Seizes a thick-grown forest, and the wind
 Drives it along in eddies, while the trunks
 Fall with the boughs amid devouring flames,
 So fell the flying Trojans by the hand 185
 Of Agamemnon. Many high-maned steeds
 Dragged noisily their empty cars among
 The ranks of battle, never more to bear
 Their charioteers, who lay upon the earth
 The vulture's feast, a sorrow to their wives. 190

But Jove beyond the encountering arms, the dust,
 The carnage, and the bloodshed and the din
 Bore Hector, while Atrides in pursuit
 Was loudly cheering the Achaians on.
 Meantime the Trojans fled across the plain 195
 Toward the wild fig-tree growing near the tomb

But when Atrides, wounded by a spear 225
 Or arrow, shall ascend his chariot, then
 Will I nerve Hector's arm with strength to slay
 Until he come to the good ships of Greece,
 And the sun set, and hallowed night come down."

He spake ; and she, whose feet are like the wind
 In swiftness, heeded the command, and flew 231
 From Ida's summit to the sacred town
 Of Troy, and found the noble Hector, son
 Of warlike Priam, standing mid the steeds
 And the strong chariots, and, approaching, said : —

“ O Hector, son of Priam, and like Jove 236
 In council ! Jove the All-Father bids me say,
 As long as thou shalt see the king of men,
 Atrides, in the van, and dealing death
 Among the ranks of warriors, thou shalt still 240
 Give way, encouraging thy men to hold
 Unflinching battle with the enemy ;
 But when Atrides, wounded by a spear
 Or arrow, shall ascend his chariot, then
 Will Jove endue thy arm with strength to slay 245
 Until thou come to the good ships of Greece,
 And the sun set, and hallowed night come down."

So the fleet Iris spake, and went her way ;
 While Hector, leaping from his car in arms,
 And wielding his sharp spears, went everywhere 250
 Among the Trojan ranks, exhorting them
 To combat, and renewed the stubborn fight.
 They rallied and stood firm against the Greeks.

The Greeks, in turn, made strong their phalanxes.
 The battle raged again, as front to front 255
 They stood, while Agamemnon eagerly
 Pressed forward, proud to lead the van in fight.

Say, Muses, dwellers of Olympus! who
 First of the Trojans or their brave allies
 Encountered Atreus' son? Iphidamas, 260
 Son of Antenor, strong and daring, bred
 On the rich soil of Thrace, the nurse of flocks.
 His grandsire Cisseus, from whose loins the fair
 Theano sprang, had reared him from a child
 Within his palace; and, when he attained 265
 Youth's glorious prime, still kept him, giving him
 His child to wife. He wedded her, but left
 At once the bridal chamber when he heard
 Of the Greek war on Ilium, and set sail
 With twelve beaked galleys. These he afterward 270
 Left at Percopè, — marching on to Troy.
 And he it was who came to meet the son
 Of Atreus. As the heroes now drew near
 Each other, Agamemnon missed his aim;
 His thrust was parried. Then Iphidamas 275
 Dealt him beneath the breastplate on the belt
 A vigorous blow, and urged the spear with all
 His strength of arm; yet through the plated belt
 It could not pierce, for there it met a plate
 Of silver, and its point was turned like lead. 280
 With lion strength, Atrides seized and drew
 The weapon toward him, plucked it from the hand

That held it, and let fall his falchion's edge
 Upon the Trojan's neck and laid him dead.
 Unhappy youth ! he slept an iron sleep, — 287
 Slain fighting for his country, far away
 From the young virgin bride yet scarcely his,
 For whom large marriage-gifts he made, — of beeves
 A hundred, — and had promised from the flocks
 That thronged his fields a thousand sheep and goats.
 Atrides Agamemnon spoiled the slain, 291
 And bore his glorious armor off among
 The Argive host. Antenor's elder son,
 Illustrious Coön, saw, and bitter grief
 For his slain brother dimmed his eyes. He stood
 Aside, with his spear couched, while unaware 296
 The noble Agamemnon passed, and pierced
 The middle of the monarch's arm below
 The elbow ; through the flesh the shining point
 Passed to the other side. The king of men, 300
 Atrides, shuddered, yet refrained not then
 From combat ; but with his wind-seasoned spear
 He rushed on Coön, who, to drag away
 His father's son Iphidamas, had seized
 The body by the feet, and called his friends, 305
 The bravest, to his aid. Atrides thrust
 His brazen spear below the bossy shield,
 And slew him as he drew the corpse, and o'er
 The dead Iphidamas struck off his head.
 Thus were Antenor's sons — their doom fulfilled —
 Sent by Atrides to the realm of death. 311

And then he ranged among the enemy's ranks
 With wielded lance and sword and ponderous stones,
 While yet the warm blood issued from his wound.
 But when the wound grew dry, and ceased to flow ³¹⁵
 With blood, keen anguish seized his vigorous frame.
 As when a woman feels the piercing pangs
 Of travail brought her by the Ilythian maids,
 Daughters of Juno, who preside at births,
 And walk the ministers of bitter pains, — ³²⁰
 Such anguish seized on Agamemnon's frame ;
 And, leaping to his chariot-seat, he bade
 The guider of the steeds make haste to reach
 The roomy ships, for he was overcome ³²⁴
 With pain ; but first he shouted to the Greeks : —

“ O friends, the chiefs and princes of the Greeks !
 Yours is the duty to drive back the war
 From our good ships, since all-disposing Jove
 Forbids me, for this day, to lead the fight.”

He spake. The charioteer applied the lash, ³³⁰
 And not unwillingly the long-maned steeds
 Flew toward the hollow ships ; upon their breasts
 Gathered the foam ; beneath their rapid feet
 Arose the dust, as from the battle's din
 They bore the wounded warrior. Hector saw ³³⁵
 The flight of Agamemnon, and aloud
 Called to the Trojans and the Lycians thus : —

“ Trojan and Lycian warriors, and ye sons
 Of Dardanus, who combat hand to hand,
 Be men ; be mindful of your fame in war. ³⁴⁰

Our mightiest foe withdraws ; Saturnian Jove
Crowns me with glory. Urge your firm-paced steeds
On the brave Greeks, and win yet nobler fame."

He spake. His words gave courage and new
strength

To every heart. As when a hunter cheers 345
His white-toothed dogs against some lioness
Or wild boar from the forest, Hector thus,
The son of Priam, terrible as Mars
The slayer of men, cheered on the gallant sons
Of Troy against the Greeks. Himself, inspired 350
With fiery valor, rushed among the foes
In the mid-battle foremost, like a storm
That swoops from heaven, and on the dark-blue sea
Falls suddenly, and stirs it to its depths.

Who then was slain the first, and who the last, 355
By Hector, Priam's son, whom Jove designed
To honor? First, Asæus ; Dolops, son
Of Clytis ; and Autonoüs ; and then
Opites and Opheltius ; next to whom
Æsymnus, Agelaus, Orus fell, 360
And resolute Hipponoüs the last.
All these, the princes of the Greeks, he slew,
Then smote the common crowd. As when a gale
Blows from the west upon the mass of cloud
Piled up before the south-wind's powerful breath, 365
And tears it with a mighty hurricane,
While the swoln billows tumble, and their foam
Is flung on high before the furious blast,

So by the sword of Hector fell the heads
 Of the Greek soldiery ; and there had been 370
 Ruin and ravage not to be repaired,
 And the defeated Greeks had flung themselves
 Into their ships, had not Ulysses then
 Exhorted thus Tydides Diomed :—

“Tydides ! what has quenched within our hearts
 Their fiery valor? Come, my friend, and take 376
 Thy stand beside me : foul disgrace were ours
 Should crested Hector make our fleet his prize.”

And thus the valiant Diomed replied :—
 “Most willingly I stand, and bear my part 380
 In battle ; but with little hope, for Jove,
 The God of storms, awards the day to Troy.”

He spake, and pierced Thymbræus with his spear
 Through the left breast, and dashed him from his car.
 Meanwhile Ulysses struck Molion down, 385
 The prince’s stately comrade. These they left
 Never to fight again, and made their way
 Through the thick squadrons, carrying, as they went,
 Confusion with them. As two fearless boars
 Rush on the hounds, so, mingling in the war, 390
 They bore the foe before them, and the Greeks
 Welcomed a respite from the havoc made
 By noble Hector. Next they seized a car
 Which bore two chiefs, the bravest of their host,—
 Sons of Percosian Merops, who was skilled 395
 Beyond all men in portents. He enjoined
 His sons to keep aloof from murderous war.

Yet did they not obey him, for the fate
 That doomed the twain to death impelled them on ;
 And Diomed, the mighty with the spear, 430
 Spoiled them of life, and bore their armor off,
 A glittering prize. Meantime Ulysses slew
 Hippodamus, and next Hypirochus.

The son of Saturn looked from Ida's height,
 And bade the battle rage on either side 445

With equal fury : both the encountering hosts
 Slew and were slain. Tydides with his spear
 Smote on the hip the chief Agastrophus,

The son of Pæon, thoughtless wretch, whose steeds
 Were not at hand for flight ; his charioteer 450

Held them at distance, while their master rushed
 Among the foremost warriors till he fell.

Hector perceived his fall, as through the files
 He looked, and straightway hastened to the spot
 With shouts ; and after him came rapidly 455

The phalanxes of Trojans. Diomed,
 The great in battle, shuddered as he saw,
 And thus addressed Ulysses, who was near : —

“ Lo ! the destroyer, furious Hector, comes !
 Let us stand firm, and face and drive him back.” 460

He said, and cast his brandished lance, nor missed
 The mark : it smote the helm on Hector's head.

The brass glanced from the brass ; it could not pierce
 To the fair skin ; the high and threefold helm —

A gift from Phœbus — turned the point aside. 465
 The chief fell back, and, mingling with the throng,

Dropped on one knee, and yet upheld himself
 With one broad palm upon the ground, while night
 Darkened his eyes. The son of Tydeus sprang
 To seize his spear, which now stood fixed in earth
 Among the foremost warriors. In that time ⁴³¹
 Did Hector breathe again, and, having leaped
 Into his chariot, he avoided death,
 By mingling with the crowd ; while, spear in hand,
 Brave Diomed pursued him, shouting thus : — ⁴³⁵

“ This time, thou cur, hast thou escaped thy
 doom,

Though it was nigh thee. Phœbus rescues thee —
 The god to whom thou dost address thy prayers —
 When'er thou ventur'est mid the clash of spears. ⁴⁴⁰
 Yet will I surely slay thee when we meet,
 If any god be on my side ; and now
 I go to strike where'er I find a foe.”

He spake, and struck the son of Pæon down,
 Skilful to wield the spear. But now the spouse
 Of fair-haired Helen — Alexander — stood ⁴⁴⁵
 Leaning against a pillar by the tomb
 Of the Dardanian Ilus, who had been
 An elder of the people ; and he bent
 His bow against the monarch Diomed,
 Who at that moment knelt to strip the slain ⁴⁵⁰
 Of the rich breastplate, and the shield that hung
 Upon his shoulders, and the massive casque.
 The Trojan drew the bow's elastic horn,
 And sent an arrow that not vainly flew,

But, striking the right foot, pierced through, and
reached 455

The ground beneath. Then Paris, with a laugh,
Sprang from his ambush, shouting boastfully : —

“ Lo, thou art smitten ! Not in vain my shaft
Has flown ; and would that it had pierced thy groin
And slain thee ! Then the Trojans had obtained 460
Reprieve from slaughter, — they who dread thee now
As bleating goats a lion.” Undismayed,
The valiant Diomed made answer thus : —

“ Archer and railer ! proud of thy smart bow,
And ogler of the women ! wouldst thou make 465
Trial of valor hand to hand with me,
Thy bow should not avail thee, nor thy sheaf
Of many arrows. Thou dost idly boast
That thou hast hit my foot. I heed it not.
It is as if a woman or a child 470
Had struck me. Lightly falls the weapon-stroke
Of an unwarlike weakling. ’T is not so
With me, for when one feels my weapon’s touch,
It passes through him, and he dies ; his wife
Tears with her hands her cheeks ; his little ones 475
Are orphans ; earth is crimsoned with his blood ;
And flocking round his carcass in decay,
More numerous than women, are the birds.”

He spake. Ulysses, mighty with the spear,
Came near and stood before him while he sat 480
Concealed, and drew the arrow from his foot.
Keen was the agony that suddenly

Shot through his frame : he leaped into his car,
 And bade his charioteer make haste to reach
 The roomy ships : the pain had reached his heart.
 Ulysses, the great spearman, now was left 486
 Alone, no Greek remaining by his side ;
 For fear had seized them all. With inward grief
 The hero thus addressed his mighty soul : —

“ What will become of me ? A great disgrace 490
 Will overtake me if I flee in fear
 Before this multitude ; and worse will be
 My fate if I am taken here alone,
 While Jove has driven away the other Greeks
 In terror. Why these questions, since I know 495
 That cowards skulk from combat, while the brave,
 Wounded or wounding others, keeps his ground ? ”

While thus he reasoned with himself, the ranks
 Of Trojans armed with bucklers came and closed
 Around their dreaded enemy. As when 500
 A troop of vigorous dogs and youths assail
 From every side a wild boar issuing forth
 From a deep thicket, whetting the white tusks
 Within his crooked jaws ; they press around,
 And hear his gnashings, yet beware to come 505
 Too nigh the terrible animal, — so rushed
 The Trojans round Ulysses, the beloved
 Of Jupiter. Then first the hero smote
 Deïopites on the shoulder-blade,
 And next struck Thoön down, and Ennomus, 510
 And in the navel pierced Chersidamas

With his sharp spear, below the bossy shield,
 When leaping from his chariot. In the dust
 He fell, and grasped the earth with dying hands.
 Ulysses left them there, and with his spear 585
 He wounded Charops, son of Hippasus,
 And brother of brave Socus. Socus saw,
 And hastened to his aid, and, standing near,
 The godlike chief bespake Ulysses thus : —

“ Renowned Ulysses ! of whose arts and toils 590
 There is no end, thou either shalt to-day
 Boast to have slain two sons of Hippasus,
 Brave as they are, and stripped them of their arms,
 Or, smitten by my javelin, lose thy life.”

He spake, and smote the Grecian's orb'd shield.
 The swift spear, passing through the shining disk, 595
 And fixed in the rich breastplate, tore the skin
 From all his side ; yet Pallas suffered not
 The blade to reach the inner parts. At once
 The chief perceived that Socus had not given 600
 A mortal wound, and, falling back a step,
 Thus spake : “ Unhappy youth, thy doom will soon
 O'ertake thee. Though thou forcest me to pause
 From combat with the Trojans, I declare,
 This day thou sufferest the black doom of death. 605
 Thou, smitten by my spear, shalt bring to me
 Increase of glory, and shalt yield thy soul
 To the grim horseman Pluto.” Thus he spake,
 While Socus turned to flee : and as he turned,
 Ulysses with the spear transixed his back, 610

And drave the weapon through his breast : he fell,
 With armor clashing, to the earth, while thus
 The great Ulysses gloried over him : —

“ O Socus ! son of warlike Hippasus
 The horseman ! death has overtaken thee, 545
 And thou couldst not escape. Unhappy one !
 Now thou art dead thy father will not come
 To close thy eyes, nor she, the honored one
 Who gave thee birth ; but birds of prey shall flap
 Their heavy wings above thee, and shall tear 550
 Thy flesh, while I in dying shall receive
 Due funeral honors from the noble Greeks.”

He spake, and from his wounded side drew forth,
 And from his bossy shield, the ponderous spear
 Which warlike Socus threw. A gush of blood 555
 Followed, and torturing pain. Now, when they saw
 Ulysses bleed, the gallant sons of Troy
 Called to each other, rushing in a crowd
 To where he stood. Retreating as they came,
 He shouted to his comrades. Thrice he raised 560
 His voice as loud as human lungs could shout ;
 Thrice warlike Menelaus heard the cry,
 And spake at once to Ajax at his side : —

“ Most noble Ajax, son of Telamon,
 Prince of thy people ! to my ear is brought 565
 The cry of that unconquerable man,
 Ulysses, seemingly as if the foe
 Had hemmed him round alone, and pressed him sore
 In combat. Break we through the crowd, and bring

Succor, lest harm befall him, though so brave, — 572
 Fighting among the Trojans thus alone, —
 And lest the Greeks should lose their mighty chief.”

He spake, and led the way; his godlike friend
 Followed. They found Ulysses, dear to Jove, —
 The Trojans thronging round him like a troop 575
 Of ravening jackals round an antlered stag
 Which one who hunts upon the mountain-side
 Hath stricken with an arrow from his bow :
 By flight the stag escapes, while yet the blood
 Is warm and easily the limbs are moved ; 580
 But when at last the shaft hath quelled his strength,
 The hungry jackals in the forest-shade
 Among the hills attack him, till by chance
 The dreaded lion comes ; alarmed, they flee,
 And he devours the prey. So in that hour, 585
 Many and brave, the sons of Troy pursued
 Ulysses, skilled in war and wiles ; while he
 Wielded the spear and warded off the day
 Of death. Then Ajax, coming near him, stood,
 With his tall buckler, like a tower of strength 590
 Beside him, and the Trojans fled in fear
 On all sides. Warlike Menelaus took
 Ulysses by the hand, and led him forth
 From the thronged spot, while his attendant brought
 The chariot near him. Ajax sprang upon 595
 The Trojans, slaying Doryclus, a son
 Of Priam, basely born. Then Pandocus
 He wounded ; next he struck Lysander down,

Pyrasus and Pylartes. As a stream,
 Swoln to a torrent by the showers of Jove, 600
 Sweeps down, from hill to plain, dry oaks and pines,
 And pours into the sea a muddy flood,
 So mighty Ajax routed and pursued
 The Trojans o'er the plain, and cut his way
 Through steeds and warriors. Hector knew not this.
 He fought where, on the battle's left, beside 606
 The Xanthus, fastest fell the slain, and round
 Great Nestor and the brave Idomeneus
 Arose a mighty tumult. In that throng
 Did Hector mingle with his spear and steeds, 610
 Performing feats of valor, and laid waste
 The ranks of youthful warriors. Yet the Greeks
 Would not have yielded ground, if Paris, spouse
 Of fair-haired Helen, had not forced the chief
 Machaon, fighting gallantly, to pause ; 615
 For with an arrow triple-barbed he pierced
 The chief's right shoulder, and the valiant Greeks
 Feared lest the battle turn and he be slain.
 And thus Idomeneus to Nestor said :—

" Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks, 620
 Haste, mount thy chariot ; let Machaon take
 A place beside thee ; urge thy firm-paced steeds
 Rapidly toward the fleet ; a leech like him,
 Who cuts the arrow from the wound and soothes
 The pain with balms, is worth a host to us." 625

He spake ; and the Gerenian knight obeyed,
 And climbed the car in haste. Machaon, son

Of Æsculapius the peerless leech,
 Mounted beside him ; Nestor lashed the steeds,
 And toward the roomy ships, which well they knew,
 And longed to reach, they flew with eager speed.

Meantime Cebriones, who had his seat 638
 By Hector in the chariot, saw the ranks
 Of Troy disordered, and addressed the chief : —

“ While we, O Hector, here are mid the Greeks
 Just in the skirts of the tumultuous fray, 639
 The other Trojans, men and steeds, are thrown
 Into confusion where the warriors throng,
 For Telamonian Ajax puts their ranks
 To rout ; I know him well by that broad shield 640
 Borne on his shoulders. Thither let us drive
 Our steeds and chariot, where in desperate strife
 Meet horse and foot and hew each other down,
 And a perpetual clamor fills the air.” 644

He spake ; and with the whistling lash he struck
 The long-maned steeds, and, as they felt the stroke,
 Forward they flew with the swift car among
 The Greeks and Trojans, trampling in their way
 Corpses and shields. The axle underneath 649
 Was steeped in blood ; the rim of the chariot-seat
 Was foul with the red drops which from their hoofs
 The coursers sprinkled and the wheels threw up.
 Then Hector strove, by rushing on the crowd,
 To pierce it and break through it. To the Greeks
 His coming brought destruction and dismay ; 652
 And well his spear was wielded. Through the ranks

Of other warriors with the spear he ranged,
 With sword and ponderous stones ; yet warily
 He shunned the fight with Ajax Telamon.

Then Father Jove Almighty touched with fear ⁶⁶⁰
 The heart of Ajax. All amazed he stood,
 And cast his sevenfold buckler of bull's-hide
 Upon his back, and, terrified, withdrew.

Now casting glances like a beast of prey
 From side to side, he turned to right and left, ⁶⁶⁵
 And, slowly yielding, moved knee after knee.

As when the rustics with their hounds drive off
 A hungry lion from their stalls of kine,
 Whom, watching all the night, they suffer not
 To make their herd a prey ; but he, intent ⁶⁷⁰
 On ravin, rushes forward, yet in vain ;

For many a javelin flies from daring hands
 Against him, many a blazing torch is swung,
 At which, though fierce, he trembles, and at morn
 Stalks off in sullen mood ; — so Ajax, sad ⁶⁷⁵
 At heart, and fearing for the Grecian fleet,
 Unwillingly fell back before the foe.

And as, when entering in a field, an ass
 Slow-paced, whose flanks have broken many a shaft
 To splinters, crops the harvest as it grows, ⁶⁸⁰
 And boys attack him with their rods, — though small
 Their strength, — but scarce, till he has browsed
 his fill,

Can drive him forth, — so did the gallant sons
 Of Troy, and their allies from distant lands,

Continually pursue the mighty son 685
 Of Telamon, and hurl their spears against
 The centre of his shield. And now he wheeled,
 As conscious of great valor, and repulsed
 The crowding phalanxes ; and now again
 He turned to flee. And thus he kept the foe 690
 From reaching the swift galleys, while he stood
 Between the Greeks and Trojans, terrible
 In wrath. The javelins hurled by daring hands
 Against him — some hung fixed in his broad shield ;
 And many, ere they came to his fair skin, 695
 Fell midway, — eager though they were to pierce
 The warrior's side, — and plunged into the earth.

Eurypylos, Evæmon's noble son,
 Saw Ajax sorely pressed with many darts,
 And came and stood beside him, taking aim 700
 With his bright spear, and in the liver smote,
 Beneath the midriff, Apisaon, son
 Of Phausias, and a prince among his tribe.
 His knees gave way, and down he sank in death.
 But godlike Alexander, who beheld 705
 The slayer stripping Apisaon's corpse
 Of armor, at that moment bent his bow,
 And pierced Eurypylos in the right thigh.
 The reed brake in the wound. He writhed with pain,
 And mingled with his fellows in the ranks, 710
 Avoiding death, yet shouting to the Greeks :—

“ O friends, the chiefs and leaders of the Greeks,
 Rally and keep your ground : ward off the fate

Of death from Ajax, who is sorely pressed
 With darts, and, much I fear, may not escape 715
 Safe from this stormy conflict. Stand ye firm
 Around the mighty son of Telamon."

So spake the wounded warrior ; while his friends
 Rallied around him, with their shields inclined
 Against their shoulders, and with lifted spears. 720
 And Ajax came and joined them ; then he turned,
 And firmly faced the foe. The Greeks renewed
 The combat with a rage like that of fire.

Now meantime the Neleian coursers, steeped
 In sweat, were bearing Nestor and the prince 725
 Machaon from the battle. On the prow
 Of his great ship, Achilles, swift of foot,
 Looked forth, and, gazing on the hard-fought fray
 And the sad rout, beheld them. Then he called
 His friend Patroclus, shouting from the ship. 730
 Patroclus heard, within the tent, and came,
 Glorious as Mars ; — yet with that day began
 His woes. The gallant Menœtiades
 Made answer thus : " Why callest thou my name,
 Achilles, and what needest thou of me ?" 735

And thus rejoined Achilles, swift of foot : —
 " Son of Menœtius, nobly born, and well
 Beloved by me, the Greeks, I deem, will soon
 Be at my knees, imploring aid ; for now
 A hard necessity besets their host. 740
 But go, Patroclus, dear to Jove, and ask
 Of Nestor who it is that he hath brought

Thus wounded from the field. Seen from behind,
 His form was like Machaon, — wholly like
 That son of Æsculapius ; but the face 745
 I saw not, as the rapid steeds flew by."

He spake. Patroclus hearkened to his friend,
 And hastened to the Grecian tents and ships.

Now when they reached the tent of Neleus' son,
 The warriors in the chariot set their feet 750
 Upon the nourishing earth. Eurymedon,
 The old man's charioteer, took from the mares
 Their harness ; while the chieftains cooled themselves,
 And dried their sweaty garments in the breeze,
 Facing the border of the sea, and then, 755
 Entering the tent of Nestor, sat them down
 On couches. Hecamedè, bright of hair,
 Prepared for them a mingled draught ; the maid,
 A daughter of the great Arsinoüs, came
 From Tenedos with Nestor, when the town 760
 Was ravaged by Achilles, and the Greeks
 Gave her to Nestor, chosen from the rest
 For him, as wisest of their counsellors.
 First she drew forth a table fairly wrought,
 Of polished surface, and with steel-blue feet, 765
 And on it placed a brazen tray which bore
 A thirst-provoking onion, honeycomb,
 And sacred meal of wheat. Near these she set
 A noble beaker which the ancient chief
 Had brought from home, embossed with studs of
 gold. 770

Four were its handles, and each handle showed
 Two golden turtles feeding, while below
 Two others formed the base. Another hand
 Could scarce have raised that beaker from its place,
 But Nestor lifted it with ease. The maid, 775
 Fair as a goddess, mingled Pramnian wine,
 And grated o'er it, with a rasp of brass,
 A goat's-milk cheese, and, sprinkling the white flour
 Upon it, bade them drink. With this they quenched
 Their parching thirst, and then amused the time 780
 With pleasant talk. Patroclus to the door
 Meantime, a godlike presence, came, and stood.
 The old man, as he saw him, instantly
 Rose from his princely seat and seized his hand,
 And led him in and bade him sit ; but he 785
 Refused the proffered courtesy, and said :—
 “ Nay, 't is no time to sit : persuade me not,
 Nursling of Jove ; for he is to be feared,
 And prone to wrath, who sent me to inquire
 What wounded man is with thee ; but I know, — 790
 Now that I see Machaon sitting here,
 The shepherd of the people. I must haste
 Back to Achilles, bearing my report.
 Thou knowest, ancient chief, how quick he is
 To take offence and blame the innocent.” 795
 Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, rejoined :—
 “ Why does Achilles pity thus the sons
 Of Greece when wounded? Little can he know
 What sorrow reigns throughout the Grecian host

While, smitten in the close or distant fight, 800
 Our bravest lie disabled in their ships.
 The valiant son of Tydeus — Diomed —
 Is wounded — wounded Agamemnon lies,
 And the great wielder of the javelin,
 Ulysses. By an arrow in the thigh 805
 Eurypylos is smitten, and I now
 Bring home this warrior with an arrow-wound.
 Yet doth Achilles, valiant as he is,
 Care nothing for the Greeks. Will he then wait
 Till our swift galleys, moored upon the shore, 810
 After a vain defence shall feed the flames
 Lit by the enemy's hand, and we be slain,
 And perish, heaps on heaps? My strength is now
 Not that which dwelt in these once active limbs.
 Would I were strong and vigorous as of yore, 815
 When strife arose between our men and those
 Of Elis for our oxen driven away,
 And, driving off their bees in turn, I slew
 The Elean chief, the brave Itymoneus,
 Son of Hypirochus! For, as he sought 820
 To save his herd, a javelin from my arm
 Smote him the first among his band. He fell;
 His rustic followers fled on every side;
 And mighty was the spoil we took: of bees
 We drave off fifty herds, as many flocks 825
 Of sheep, of swine as many, and of goats
 An equal number, and of yellow steeds
 Thrice fifty: — these were mares, and by their sides

Ran many a colt. We drave them all within
 Neleian Pylos in the night. Well pleased 830
 Was Neleus, that so large a booty fell
 To me, who entered on the war so young.
 When morning brake, the heralds' cry was heard
 Summoning all the citizens to meet
 To whom from fruitful Elis debts were due ; 835
 And then the princes of the Pyleans came,
 And made division of the spoil. For much
 The Epeians owed us : we were yet but few
 In Pylos, and had suffered grievously.
 The mighty Hercules in former years 840
 Had made us feel his wrath, and of our men
 Had slain the bravest : of the twelve who drew
 Their birth from Neleus, I alone am left ;
 The others fell. The Epeians brazen-mailed
 Saw this, delighted, and insulted us 845
 And did us wrong. When now the spoil was shared
 The old man for himself reserved a herd
 Of oxen, and a numerous flock of sheep, —
 Three hundred, with their shepherds, — for to him
 Large debts were due in Elis. He had sent 850
 Four horses once, of peerless speed, with cars,
 To win a tripod, the appointed prize.
 Augeias, king of men, detained them there,
 And sent the grieving charioteer away.
 My father, angered at the monarch's words 855
 And acts, took large amends, and gave the rest
 To share among the people, that no one

Might leave the ground, defrauded of his right.
 All this was justly done, and we performed
 Due sacrifices to the gods, throughout 860
 The city ; — when the third day came, and brought
 The Epeians all at once, in all their strength, —
 Both men on foot and prancing steeds. With these
 Came the Molions twain, well armed, though young
 And yet untrained to war. There is a town 865
 Named Thryoëssa, on a lofty hill
 Far off beside Alpheius, on the edge
 Of sandy Pylos. They beleaguered this,
 And sought to overthrow it. As they crossed
 The plain, Minerva came, a messenger, 870
 By night from Mount Olympus, bidding us
 Put on our armor. Not unwillingly
 The Pyleans mustered, but in eager haste
 For battle. Yet did Neleus not consent
 That I should arm myself, — he hid my steeds ; 875
 For still he deemed me inexpert in war.
 Yet even then, although I fought on foot,
 I won great honor even among the knights ;
 For so had Pallas favored me. A stream
 Named Minyëius pours into the sea 880
 Near to Arena, where the Pylean knights
 Waited the coming of the holy morn,
 While those who fought on foot came thronging in.
 Thence, with our host complete, and all in arms,
 We marched, and reached at noon the sacred
 stream 885

Alpheius, where to Jove Omnipotent
 We offered chosen victims, and a bull
 To the river-god, another to the god
 Of ocean, and a heifer yet unbroke
 To blue-eyed Pallas. Then we banqueted, 890
 In bands, throughout the army, and lay down
 In armor by the river-side to sleep.
 Meantime the brave Epeians stood around
 The city, resolute to lay it waste.
 But first was to be done a mighty work 895
 Of war ; for as the glorious sun appeared
 Above the earth we dashed against the foe,
 Praying to Jove and Pallas. When the fight
 Between the Eleans and the Pylean host
 Was just begun, I slew a youthful chief, — 900
 Mulius, — and bore away his firm-paced steeds.
 The fair-haired Agamedè, eldest-born
 Of King Augeias' daughters, was his spouse ;
 And well to her each healing herb was known
 That springs from the great earth. As he drew near,
 I smote him with my brazen lance : he fell 906
 To earth : I sprang into his car, and stood
 Among the foremost warriors ; while, around,
 The brave Epeians, as they saw him fall, —
 The leader of their knights, their mightiest 910
 In battle, — turned and, panic-stricken, fled,
 Each his own way. I followed on their flight
 Like a black tempest ; fifty cars I took,
 And from each car I dashed two warriors down,

Pierced by my spear. And now I should have slain
 The young Molions also, Actor's sons, 216
 Had not their father, he who shakes the earth,
 Enshrouded them in mist, and hidden them
 From all pursuit. Then with victorious might
 Did Jove endue our arms, while we pursued 220
 The foe across a region strewn with shields, —
 Slaying, and gathering spoil, — until our steeds
 Came to Buprasium, rich in fields of wheat,
 And to the Olenian rock, and to the hill
 Alesium in Colonè. Pallas there 225
 Stayed our pursuit, and bade our host return.
 There slew I the last man, and left him there.
 And then the Achaians, guiding their swift steeds
 Homeward to Pylos from Buprasium, gave
 Great thanks to Jupiter among the gods, 230
 And Nestor among men. Such was I then
 Among the heroes ; but Achilles keeps
 His valor for himself alone, — and yet
 Bitterly must he grieve when he beholds
 Our people perish. O my friend ! how well 235
 Menœtius charged thee when he sent thee forth,
 From Phthia, to Atrides ! We were both —
 The nobly born Ulysses and myself —
 Within the palace, and we clearly heard
 What he commanded thee. For we had come 240
 To Peleus' stately dwelling, on our way
 Gathering a host in fertile Greece, and saw
 The great Menœtius there, and there we found

Achilles with thee. There the aged knight
 Peleus was burning, in the palace-court, 945
 A steer's fat thighs to Jove the Thunderer,
 And lifted up a golden cup and poured
 Dark wine upon the blazing sacrifice.

And both of you were busy with the flesh
 When we were at the threshold. As he saw 950
 Our coming, in surprise Achilles sprang
 Toward us, and took our hands and led us in,
 Bade us be seated, and before us placed
 The generous banquet due to stranger-guests.

Then, having feasted, I began discourse, 955
 Exhorting you to join us. Both of you
 At once consented, and your fathers gave
 Their admonitions. Aged Peleus charged
 His son Achilles to excel the rest

In valor, while Menœtius, in his turn, 960
 The son of Actor, gave thee this command : —

“ ‘ My son, Achilles is the nobler born,
 But thou art elder. He surpasses thee
 By far in warlike might, but thou must prompt
 His mind with prudent counsels ; thou must warn 965
 And guide him ; he will hearken to thy words
 Meant for his good.’ The old man charged thee
 thus.

Thou hast forgotten it. Yet speak thou now
 To Peleus' warlike son ; and haply he
 May heed thy counsels. Thou perchance mayst
 bend 970

His will — who knows? — by thy persuasive words;
 For wholesome are the warnings of a friend.
 Yet, if he shrink from some predicted doom,
 Or if his goddess-mother have revealed
 Aught of Jove's counsels to him, then, at least 575
 Let him send thee to war, and let his troop
 Of Myrmidons go with thee, so that thou
 Mayst carry succor to the Greeks. Yet more, —
 Let him permit thee in the field to wear
 His glorious armor, that the Trojan host, 580
 Beholding thee so like to him, may shun
 The combat, and the warlike sons of Greece,
 Hard-pressed, may breathe again, and find at length
 A respite from the conflict. Ye, who still
 Are fresh and vigorous, shall assault and drive 585
 Townward the weary foe from camp and fleet."

He spake. The spirit of the youth took fire,
 And instantly he hastened toward the ships
 Of Peleus' son. But when he came where lay
 The galleys of Ulysses the divine, 590
 Where was the assembly-place and judgment-seat,
 And where the altars of the immortals stood,
 Evæmon's noble son, Eurypylus,
 Met him as from the battle-field he came
 Halting, and with an arrow in his thigh. 595
 The sweat ran down his shoulders and his brow,
 And the black blood was oozing from his wound,
 Yet was his spirit untamed. The gallant youth,
 Son of Menœtius, saw with grief, and said: —

" Unhappy chiefs and princes of the Greeks ! 1000
 Are ye then doomed to feast with your fair limbs
 The famished dogs of Ilium, far away
 From friends and country ? Tell me, child of Jove,
 Gallant Eurypylus, will yet the Greeks
 Withstand the mighty Hector, or give way 1005
 And perish, overtaken by his spear ?"

And thus the wise Eurypylus replied : —
 " Nursling of Jove, Patroclus ! for the Greeks
 There is no help, and all at their black ships
 Must perish ; for within them even now 1010
 All those who were our bravest warriors lie,
 Wounded in close encounter, or from far,
 By Trojan hands, whose strength with every hour
 Becomes more terrible. Give now thine aid
 And take me to my ship, and cut away 1015
 The arrow from my thigh, and from the part
 Cleanse with warm water the dark blood, and shed
 Soothing and healing balms upon the wound,
 As taught thee by Achilles, who had learned
 The art from Chiron, righteous in his day 1020
 Beyond all other Centaurs. Now the leech
 Machaon lies, I think, among the tents,
 Wounded, and needs the aid of others' skill,
 And Podalirius out upon the plain
 Helps stem the onset of the Trojan host." 1025

Then spake the valiant Menœtiades : —
 " O brave Eurypylus ! what yet will be
 The end of this, and what are we to do ?

Even now I bear a message on my way
 From reverend Nestor, guardian of the Greeks, 1030
 To the great warrior, Peleus' son ; and yet
 I must not leave thee in thine hour of need."

He spake ; and, lifting in his arms the prince,
 He bore him to his tent. A servant spread,
 Upon his entering, hides to form a couch ; 1035
 And there Patroclus laid him down and cut
 The rankling arrow from his thigh, and shed
 Warm water on the wound to cleanse away
 The purple blood, and last applied a root
 Of bitter flavor to assuage the smart, 1040
 Bruising it first within his palms : the pangs
 Ceased ; the wound dried ; the blood no longer
 flowed.

BOOK XII.

THUS in the camp Menecius' valiant son
 Tended Eurypylus, and dressed his wounds ;
 While yet in mingled throngs the warriors fought, —
 Trojans and Greeks. Nor longer was the trench
 A barrier for the Greeks, nor the broad wall
 Which they had built above it to defend
 Their fleet ; for all around it they had drawn
 The trench, yet not with chosen hecatombs
 Paid to the gods, that so it might protect

The galleys and the heaps of spoil they held. 20
 Without the favor of the gods it rose,
 And therefore was not long to stand entire.
 As long as Hector lived, and Peleus' son
 Was angered, and King Priam's city yet
 Was not o'erthrown, so long the massive wall 15
 Built by the Greeks stood firm. But when at length
 The bravest of the Trojans had been slain,
 And many of the Greeks were dead, — though still
 Others survived, — and when in the tenth year
 The city of Priam fell, and in their ships 20
 The Greeks went back to their beloved land,
 Then did Apollo and the god of sea
 Consult together to destroy the wall
 By turning on it the resistless might
 Of rivers, all that from the Idæan heights 25
 Flow to the ocean, — Rhesus, Granicus,
 Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,
 Æsepus, and Scamander's hallowed stream,
 And Simoïs, in whose bed lay many shields
 And helms and bodies of slain demigods. 30
 Phœbus Apollo turned the mouths of these
 All toward one spot ; nine days against the wall
 He bade their currents rush, while Jupiter
 Poured constant rain, that floods might overwhelm
 The rampart ; and the god who shakes the earth. 35
 Wielding his trident, led the rivers on.
 He flung among the billows the huge beams
 And stones which, with hard toil, the Greeks had laid

For the foundations. Thus he levelled all
Beside the hurrying Hellespont, destroyed 40
The bulwarks utterly, and overspread
The long broad shore with sand ; and then he
brought

Again the rivers to the ancient beds
In which their gently flowing waters ran.

This yet was to be done in time to come 45
By Neptune and Apollo. Meanwhile raged
Battle and tumult round that strong-built wall.
The towers in all their timbers rang with blows ;
And, driven as by the scourge of Jove, the Greeks,
Hemmed closely in beside their roomy ships, 50
Trembled at Hector, the great scatterer
Of squadrons, fighting, as he did before,
With all a whirlwind's might. As when a boar
Or lion mid the hounds and huntsmen stands,
Fearfully strong, and fierce of eye, and they 55
In square array assault him, and their hands
Fling many a javelin ; — yet his noble heart
Fears not, nor does he fly, although at last
His courage cause his death ; and oft he turns,
And tries their ranks ; and where he makes a rush
The ranks give way ; — so Hector moved and
turned 60

Among the crowd, and bade his followers cross
The trench. The swift-paced horses ventured not
The leap, but stood upon the edge and neighed
Aloud, for the wide space affrighted them ; 65

And hard it was to spring across, or pass
 From side to side, for on each side the brink
 Was steep, and bristled with sharp stakes, close set
 And strong, which there the warrior sons of Greece
 Had planted, a defence against the foe. 70

No steed that whirled the rapid car along
 Could enter, but the soldiery on foot
 Eagerly sought to pass, and in these words
 Polydamas to daring Hector spake : —

“ Hector, and ye who lead the troops of Troy 75
 And our auxiliars ! rashly do we seek
 To urge our rapid steeds across the trench
 So hard to pass, beset with pointed stakes, —
 And the Greek wall so near. The troops of horse
 Cannot descend nor combat there : the space 80
 Is narrow : they would all be slain. If Jove,
 The Thunderer of the skies, design to crush
 The Greeks and succor Troy, I should rejoice
 Were the design at once fulfilled, and all
 The sons of Greece ingloriously cut off, 85
 Far from their Argos. But if they should turn
 Upon us, and repulse us from their fleet,
 And we become entangled in the trench,
 I deem no messenger would e'er go back
 To Troy from fighting with the rallied Greeks. 90
 Heed, then, my words, and let the charioteers
 Stay with the coursers at the trench, while we,
 Armed, and on foot, and all in close array,
 Follow our Hector. For the Greeks in vain

Will strive to stem our onset if, in truth,
The hour of their destruction be at hand." 95

So spake Polydamas ; and Hector, pleased
To hear the prudent counsel, leaped to earth
With all his arms, and left his car. The rest
Rode with their steeds no more, but, hastily 100

Dismounting, as they saw their noble chief,
Each bade his charioteer hold back his steeds,
Reined at the trench, in ranks. And then, apart,
They mustered in five columns, following close
Their leaders. First, the largest, bravest band, 105

Those who, with resolute daring, longed to break
The rampart and to storm the fleet, were led
By Hector and the good Polydamas,
Joined with Cebriones, — for Hector left
His chariot to the care of one who held 110
An humbler station than Cebriones.

Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led
A second squadron. Helenus, a son
Of Priam, and Deiphobus, a youth
Of godlike form, his brother, took command 115

Of yet a third, — with whom in rank was joined
The hero Asius, son of Hyrtacus,
Whose bright-haired coursers, of majestic size,
Had borne him from Arisba and the banks
Of Selleis. Æneas led the fourth, — 120

The brave son of Anchises ; and with him
Were joined Archilochus and Acamas,
Sons of Antenor, skilled in arts of war.

The band of Troy's illustrious allies
 Followed Sarpedon, who from all the rest 125
 Had chosen, to partake in the command,
 Glaucus and brave Asteropæus. These
 He deemed the bravest under him ; yet he
 Stood foremost of them all in warlike might.

Then all, with their stout bucklers of bull's-hide
 Adjusted to each other, bravely marched 131
 Against the Greeks, who, as they deemed, must fly
 Before them, and must fall by their black ships.
 Then all the other Trojans, and the allies
 From foreign shores, obeyed the counsel given 135
 By good Polydamas ; but Asius, son
 Of Hyrtacus, and prince of men, chose not
 To leave his chariot and his charioteer,
 But drave with them against the roomy ships.
 Vain youth ! — he was not destined to return, 140
 Borne by his steeds and chariot, from the fleet,
 And from the fate he braved, to wind-swept Troy.
 His evil fate o'ertook him from the spear
 Of great Idomeneus, Deucalion's son ;
 For toward the galleys moored upon the left 145
 He hastened by the way in which the Greeks,
 With steeds and cars, retreated from the plain.
 Thither he drave his coursers ; there he found
 The gates not closed, nor the long bar across,
 But warriors held them open to receive 150
 In safety their companions as they fled
 From battle to the fleet. Exultingly

He turned his coursers thither, and his men
 Followed him, shouting; for they thought the Greeks
 Could not abide their onset, but must yield, 133
 And perish by their ships. Deluded men! —
 They met two mighty warriors at the gate, —
 The brave descendants of the Lapithæ,
 That warlike tribe: Pirithoüs' gallant son
 Was one, named Polypætēs; with him stood 140
 Leonteus, strong as Mars the slayer of men.
 By the tall gates they stood, as giant oaks
 Stand on the mountains and abide the wind
 And the tempestuous rains of all the year,
 Firm-planted on their strong and spreading roots. 145
 So they, confiding in their strength of arm,
 Waited for mighty Asius hasting on,
 And fled not. Onward came the hostile troop,
 With their tough shields uplifted, and with shouts:
 All rushing toward the massive wall they came, 150
 Following King Asius, and Iamenus
 Orestes, Thoön, Acamas the son
 Of Asius, and Cænomaüs. Meanwhile
 Leonteus and his comrade had retired
 Within, encouraging the well-armed Greeks 155
 To combat for the fleet; but when they saw
 The rout and panic of their flying host,
 They darted forth and fought before the gates. —
 Fought like wild boars that in the mountains meet
 A clamorous troop of men and dogs, and dart 160
 Sideway at their assailants, break the trees

Close to the root, and fiercely gnash their tusks,
Until some javelin strikes them, and they die.
So on the breasts of the two warriors rang
The shining brass, oft smitten ; for they fought 185
Fearlessly, trusting in the aid of those
Who held the wall, and their own valiant arms.
And they who stood on the strong towers hurled down
Stones, to defend the Achæans and their tents
And their swift ships. As snow-flakes fall to earth 190
When strong winds, driving on the shadowy cloud,
Shower them upon the nourishing glebe, so thick
Were showered the weapons from the hands of
Greeks

And Trojans ; and the helms and bossy shields,
Beaten by stones, resounded. Asius then — 195
The son of Hyrtacus — in anger groaned,
And smote his thighs impatiently, and said : —
“ O Father Jove ! thou then art wholly false.
I did not look to see the men of Greece
Stand thus before our might and our strong arms ; 200
Yet they, like pliant-bodied wasps or bees,
That build their cells beside the rocky way,
And quit not their abode, but, waiting there
The hunter, combat for their young — so these,
Although but two, withdraw not from the gates, 205
Nor will, till they be slain or seized alive.”

He spake ; but moved not thus the will of Jove,
Who planned to give the glory of the day
To Hector. Meanwhile, at the other gates

Fought other warriors, — but 't were hard for me, 210
 Were I a god, to tell of all their deeds ;
 For round the wall on every side there raged,
 Fierce as consuming fire, a storm of stones.
 The Greeks, in bitter anguish, yet constrained,
 Fought for their fleet ; and sorrowful were all 215
 The gods who in the battle favored Greece.

Now the two Lapithæ began the fight.
 Pirithoüs' son, brave Polypoetes, cast
 His spear at Damasus ; it broke its way
 Through the helm's brazen cheek, — nor that alone :
 Right through the temple went the brazen blade, 220
 And crushed the brain within. He left him slain,
 And next struck Pylon down, and Ormenus.
 Leonteus, of the stock of Mars, assailed
 Hippomachus, who from Antimachus 225
 Derived his birth ; he pierced him at the belt,
 And, drawing forth his trenchant sword, hewed down,
 In combat hand-to-hand, Antiphates ;
 He dashed him backward to the ground, and next
 Smote Menon and Iamenus ; and last 230
 He slew Orestes: at his feet they lay,
 A pile of dead, upon their mother Earth.

Then, as the twain were stripping from the dead
 Their glittering arms, the largest, bravest band
 Of those who eagerly desired to break 235
 The rampart and to burn the ships with fire,
 Following Polydamas and Hector, stood
 Consulting at the trench. An augury,

Just as they were in act to cross, appeared
 Upon the left : an eagle high in air, 240
 Between the armies, in his talons bore
 A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive
 And palpitating, — nor disabled yet
 For combat ; for it turned, and on the breast
 Wounded the eagle, near the neck. The bird 245
 In pain let fall his prize amid the host,
 And flew away, with screams, upon the wind.
 The Trojans shuddered at the spotted snake
 Lying among them, and Polydamas
 Said thus to fearless Hector, standing near : — 250
 “ Hector, thou almost ever chidest me
 In council, even when I judge aright.
 I know it ill becomes the citizen
 To speak against the way that pleases thee,
 In war or council, — he should rather seek 255
 To strengthen thy authority ; yet now
 I will declare what seems to me the best :
 Let us not combat with the Greeks, to take
 Their fleet ; for this, I think, will be the end, —
 If now the omen we have seen be meant 260
 For us of Troy who seek to cross the trench ; —
 This eagle, flying high upon the left,
 Between the hosts, that in his talons bore
 A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive,
 Hath dropped it mid our host before he came 265
 To his dear nest, nor brought it to his brood ; —
 So we, although by force we break the gates

And rampart, and although the Greeks fall back,
 Shall not as happily retrace our way ;
 For many a Trojan shall we leave behind, 270
 Slain by the weapons of the Greeks, who stand
 And fight to save their fleet. Thus will the seer,
 Skilled in the lore of prodigies, explain
 The portent, and the people will obey."

Sternly the crested Hector looked, and spake :—
 " Polydamas, the thing that thou hast said 276
 Pleases me not, and easily couldst thou
 Frame better counsels. If thy words convey
 Thy earnest thought, the gods assuredly
 Have made thee lose thy senses. Thou dost ask
 That I no longer reverence the decree 282
 Of Jove, the Thunderer of the sky, who gave
 His promise, and confirmed it. Thou dost ask
 That I be governed by the flight of birds,
 Which I regard not, whether to the right 285
 And toward the morning and the sun they fly,
 Or toward the left and evening. We should heed
 The will of mighty Jupiter, who bears
 Rule over gods and men. One augury
 There is, the surest and the best, — to fight 290
 For our own land. Why dreadest thou the war
 And conflict? Though we all should fall beside
 The galleys of the Greeks, there is no fear
 That thou wilt perish, for thou hast no heart
 To stand against the foe ;— no warrior thou ! 298
 Yet, if thou dare to stand aloof, or seek

By words to turn another from the fight,
The spear I wield shall take thy life at once."

He spake, and went before ; and all his band
Followed with fearful clamor. Jupiter, 300

The God of thunders, sending a strong wind
From the Idæan summits, drave the dust
Full on the galleys, and made faint the hearts
Of the Greek warriors, and gave new renown
To Hector and the men of Troy. For these, 305

Trusting in portents sent from Jupiter,
And their own valor, labored to break through
The massive rampart of the Greeks : they tore
The galleries from the towers, and levelled down
The breastworks, heaved with levers from their
place 310

The jutting buttresses which Argive hands
Had firmly planted to support the towers,
And brought them to the ground ; and thus they
hoped

To force a passage to the Grecian camp.
Not yet did they of Greece give way : they fenced 315

The rampart with their ox-hide shields, and smote
The enemy from behind them as he came
Under the wall. The chieftains Ajax flew
From tower to tower, and cheered the Achaians on,
And roused their valor, — some with gentle words,
And some with harsh rebuke, — whome'er they saw
Skulk from the toils and dangers of the fight. 322

“ O friends ! ” they said, “ ye great in war, and ye

Of less renown, and ye of little note! —
 For all are not alike in war, — the time 385
 Demands the aid of all, as well ye know :
 And now let no man turn him toward the fleet
 Before the threats of Hector, but press on,
 And each exhort his fellow : so may Jove,
 Who flings the lightning from Olympus, grant 390
 That, driving back their onset, we may chase
 The enemy to the very walls of Troy.”

Thus in the van they shouted, and awoke
 New courage in the Greeks. As when the flakes
 Of snow fall thick upon a winter-day, 395
 When Jove the Sovereign pours them down on men,
 Like arrows, from above ; — he bids the wind
 Breathe not ; continually he pours them down,
 And covers every mountain-top and peak,
 And flowery mead, and field of fertile tilth, 400
 And sheds them on the havens and the shores
 Of the gray deep ; but there the waters bound
 The covering of snows, — all else is white
 Beneath that fast-descending shower of Jove ; —
 So thick the shower of stones from either side 405
 Flew toward the other, — from the Greeks against
 The Trojans, and from them against the Greeks ;
 And fearful was the din along the wall.

Yet would illustrious Hector and the men
 Of Troy have failed to force the gates and burst 410
 The bar within, had not all-seeing Jove
 Impelled his son Sarpedon to attack

The Greeks as falls a lion on a herd
 Of hornèd beeves. The warrior held his shield,
 A brazen orb, before him, — beautiful, 355
 And fenced with metal ; for the armorer laid
 Broad plates without, while under these he sewed
 Bull's-hides the toughest, edged with golden wires
 Upon the rim. With this the warrior came,
 Wielding two spears. As when a lion, bred 360
 Among the mountains, fasting long from flesh,
 Comes into the fenced pastures, without fear,
 To prey upon the flock ; and though he meet
 The shepherds keeping watch with dogs and spears,
 Yet will he not be driven thence until 365
 He makes a spring into the fold and bears
 A sheep away, or in the act is slain,
 Struck by a javelin from some ready hand ;—
 Sarpedon, godlike warrior, thus was moved
 By his great heart to storm the wall and break 370
 Through the strong barrier ; and to Glaucus, son
 Of Lycia's king Hippolochus, he said : —
 “ Why, Glaucus, are we honored, on the shores
 Of Lycia, with the highest seat at feasts,
 And with full cups ? Why look men up to us 375
 As to the gods ? And why do we possess
 Broad, beautiful enclosures, full of vines
 And wheat, beside the Xanthus ? Then it well
 Becomes us, foremost in the Lycian ranks
 To stand against the foe, where'er the fight 380
 Is hottest ; so our well-armed Lycian men

Shall say, and truly : ' Not ingloriously
 Our kings bear rule in Lycia, where they feast
 On fatlings of the flock, and drink choice wine ;
 For they excel in valor, and they fight 385
 Among our foremost.' O my friend, if we,
 Leaving this war, could flee from age and death,
 I should not here be fighting in the van,
 Nor would I send thee to the glorious war
 But now, since many are the modes of death 390
 Impending o'er us, which no man can hope
 To shun, let us press on and give renown
 To other men, or win it for ourselves ! "

He spake ; and Glaucus not unwillingly
 Heard and obeyed. Right on the warriors pressed,
 Leading the Lycian host. Menestheus, son 395
 Of Peteus, saw, and trembled ; for they came
 With evil menace toward his tower. He looked
 Along the Grecian lines in hope to see
 Some chieftain there whose ready help might save 400
 His comrades from their danger. He beheld
 The rulers Ajax, never tired of war,
 Standing with Teucer, who just then had left
 His tent ; and yet they could not hear his shout,
 So fearful was the din that rose to heaven 405
 From all the shields, and crested helms, and gates,
 Smitten with missiles, — for at all the gates
 The Lycians thundered, struggling hard to break
 A passage through them. Then Menestheus called
 A herald near, and bade Thoötes bear 410

A message to the leaders Ajax, thus :—

“Go, nobly born Thoötes, and in haste
 Call Ajax, — call them both, for that were best, —
 Since terrible will be the slaughter here,
 So fiercely are the Lycians pressing on, 415
 Impetuous ever in assault. If there
 The fight be also urgent, then at least
 Let the brave Telamonian Ajax come,
 And Teucer, the great archer, follow him.

He spake. The herald listened and obeyed, 420
 And flew along the summit of the wall
 Built by the Greeks. He reached, and stood beside,
 The chieftains Ajax, and addressed them thus :—

“Ajaces, leaders of the warlike Greeks,
 The honored son of noble Peteus asks 425
 That ye will come, though for a little space,
 To aid him and to share his warlike toils ;
 For terrible will be the slaughter there,
 So fiercely are the Lycians pressing on,
 Impetuous ever in assault. If here 430
 The fight be also urgent, then at least
 Let the brave Telamonian Ajax come,
 And Teucer, the great archer, follow him.”

He ended. Ajax, son of Telamon,
 Harkened, and to his fellow-warrior said :— 435

“Here, where the gallant Lycomedes stands,
 Ajax ! remain, and, cheering on the Greeks,
 Lead them to combat valiantly. I go
 To stem the battle there, and when our friends

Are succored I will instantly return." 440

So speaking, Ajax, son of Telamon,
 Departed thence, and with him Teucer, sprung
 From the same father. With them also went
 Pandion, carrying Teucer's crooked bow.
 They came to brave Menestheus at his tower, 445
 And went within the wall and met their friends,
 Hard-pressed, — for gallantly the Lycian chiefs
 And captains, like a gloomy tempest, rushed
 Up the tall breastworks ; while the Greeks withstood
 Their onset, and a mighty clamor rose. 450

Then Telamonian Ajax smote to death
 Epicles, great of soul, Sarpedon's friend :
 Against that chief he cast a huge, rough stone,
 That lay high up beside a pinnacle
 Within the wall. No man with both his hands, — 455
 Such men as now are, — though in prime of youth,
 Could lift its weight ; and yet he wielded it
 Aloft, and flung it. Through the four-coned helm
 It crashed, and brake the skull within. Down plunged
 The Lycian, like a diver, from his place 460
 On the high tower, and life forsook his limbs.
 Then Teucer also wounded with a shaft
 Glaucus, the brave son of Hippolochus,
 As he leaped forth to scale the lofty wall, —
 Wounded him where the naked arm was seen, 465
 And made him leave the combat. Back he sprang,
 Hiding amid the crowd, that so the Greeks
 Might not behold the wounded limb, and scoff.

With grief Sarpedon saw his friend withdraw,
 Yet paused not from the conflict, but took aim 470
 At Thestor's son, Alcmaon, with his spear ;
 Pierced him ; and drew the weapon out. The Greek,
 Following the spear, fell headlong ; and his arms,
 Studded with brass, clashed round him as he fell.
 Then did Sarpedon seize, with powerful hands, 475
 The battlement ; he wrenched it, and it came
 To earth, and laid the rampart's summit bare,
 To make a passage for the assailing host.
 Ajax and Teucer saw, and both took aim
 Together at Sarpedon : Teucer's shaft 480
 Struck in the midst the buckler's glittering belt,
 Just at the bosom ; but Jove warded off
 The death-stroke from his son, lest he should fall
 Beside the galleys. Ajax, springing, struck
 The buckler with his spear, and pierced its folds, 485
 And checked the eager warrior, who gave way
 A little, yet retreated not, but turned,
 Encouraging the godlike Lycians thus : —

“ Where, Lycians, is your fiery valor now ?
 Were I the bravest, it were hard, alone, 500
 For me to force a passage to the fleet,
 Though I have cleared the way. Come on with me !
 Light is the task when many share the toil.”

He spake ; and they who revered his words
 Of exhortation drew more closely round 495
 Their counsellor and sovereign, while the Greeks
 Above them made their phalanxes more strong

Within the wall, — for urgent was the need ;
Since neither could the gallant Lycians break
The barrier of the Greeks, and cut their way 594
Through to the fleet, nor could the warlike Greeks
Drive back the Lycians when they once had reached
The rampart. As two men upon a field,
With measuring-rods in hand, disputing stand
Over the common boundary, in small space, 595
Each one contending for the right he claims,
So, kept asunder by the breastwork, fought
The warriors over it, and fiercely struck
The orbèd bull's-hide shields held up before
The breast, and the light targets. Many a one 597
Was smitten when he turned and showed the back
Unarmed, and many wounded through the shield.
The towers and battlements were steeped in blood
Of heroes, — Greeks and Trojans. Yet were not
The Greeks thus put to flight ; but, as the scales 598
Are held by some just woman, who maintains,
By spinning wool, her household, — carefully
She poises both the wool and weights, to make
The balance even, that she may provide
A pittance for her babes, — thus equally 599
Were matched the warring hosts, till Jupiter
Conferred the eminent glory of the day
On Hector, son of Priam. He it was
Who first leaped down into the space within
The Grecian wall, and, with far-reaching voice, 600
Thus shouted, calling to the men of Troy : —

“Rush on, ye knights of Troy! rush boldly on,
And break your passage through the Grecian wall,
And hurl consuming flames against their fleet!”

So spake he, cheering on his men. They heard,
And rushed in mighty throngs against the wall, ⁵³¹
And climbed the battlements, to charge the foe
With spears. Then Hector stooped, and seized a
stone

Which lay before the gate, broad at the base ⁵³⁴
And sharp above, which two, the strongest men, —
As men are now, — could hardly heave from earth
Into a wain. With ease he lifted it,

Alone, and brandished it: such strength the son
Of Saturn gave him, that it seemed but light.
As when a shepherd carries home with ease ⁵⁴⁰
A wether's fleece, — he bears it in one hand,
And little is he cumbered with its weight, —
So Hector bore the lifted stone, to break

The beams that strengthened the tall folding-gates.
Two bars within, laid crosswise, held them firm, — ⁵⁴⁵
Both fastened with one bolt. He came and stood
Before them; with wide-parted feet he stood,
And put forth all his strength, that so his arm
Might drive the missile home; and in the midst
He smote the folding-gates. The blow tore off ⁵⁵⁰
The hinges; heavily the great stone fell
Within: the portals crashed; nor did the bars
Withstand the blow: the shattered beams gave way
Before it; and illustrious Hector sprang

Into the camp. His look was stern as night ; 555
And terribly the brazen armor gleamed
That swathed him. With two spears in hand he
 came,
And none except the gods — when once his foot
Was on the ground — could stand before his might.
His eyes shot fire, and, turning to his men, 560
He bade them mount the wall ; and they obeyed :
Some o'er the wall, some through the sculptured gate,
Poured in. The Achaians to their roomy ships
Fled, and a fearful uproar filled the air.



LGr
H766i
.Ebr

Homer. Iliad
The Iliad; tr. by Bryant. Vol.1.1.

50588

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

Do not

remove

the card

from this

Pocket.

Acme Library Card Pocket

Under Pat. "Ref. Index File."

Made by LIBRARY BUREAU, Boston

M. Olga

